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# **WILLARD PRICE**

# **INCREDIBLE**

# **AFRICA**

*With 64 pages of photographs*

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The John Day Company

New York

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## *Incredible Continent*

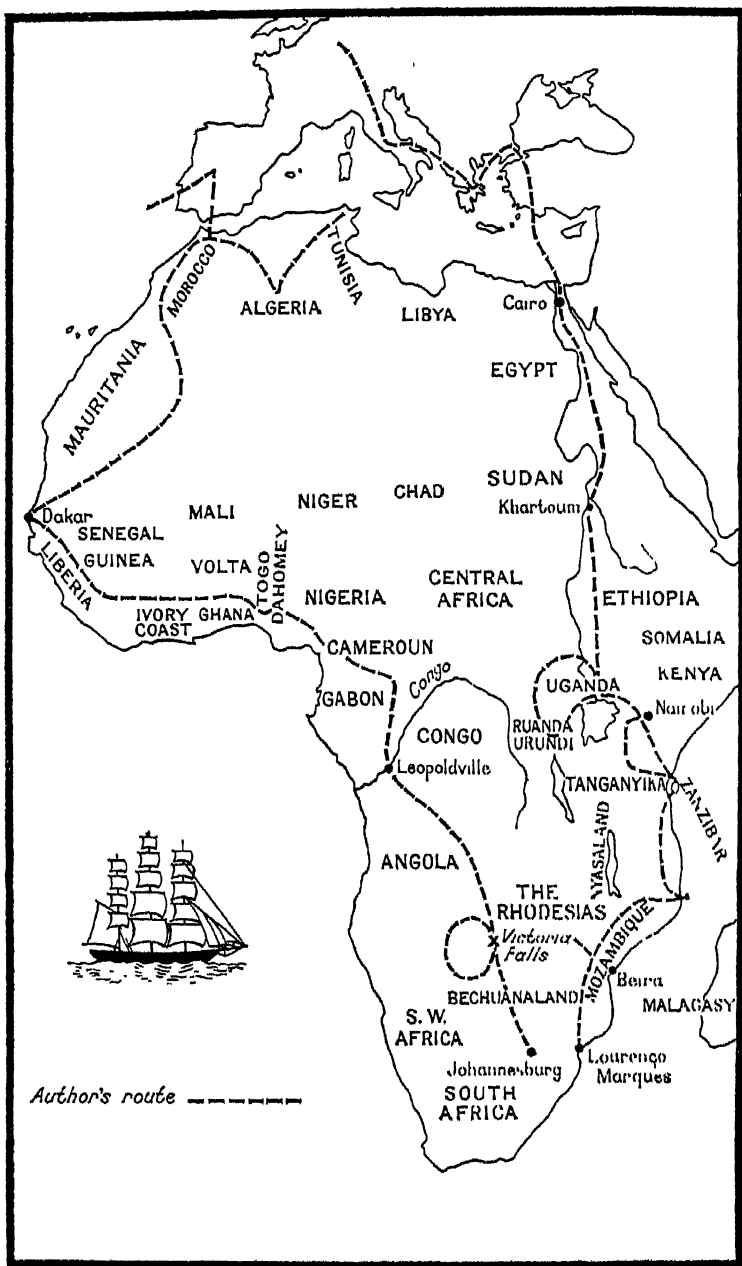
If Africa hung in the sky in place of the moon our nights would be considerably brighter. The illuminated face of the full moon is only one fifth the face of Africa. We see but 2,250,000 square miles of moon. Africa's area is 11,684,000 square miles. The small yellow saucer would leap to the size of a platter. Candlelight would become searchlight.

The jungles of an aerial Africa would not reflect much light. But contrary to common belief most of Africa is not jungle. The Sahara alone would provide a reflector fifty per cent larger than the lunar one. The Kalahari Desert, the open veld, the tawny savannahs, the bare plateaus, the Serengeti Plain, the snows of Kilimanjaro, the icy Atlas and glacier-clad Mountains of the Moon, the sparkling mirrors of the great lakes and rivers, would make a competing satellite look painfully small and dim.

'In Africa, think big,' said Cecil Rhodes.

The British empire in Africa which he helped to carve out was thirty times the size of Britain. French Africa was twenty times as large as France. The Belgian Congo would hold eighty-eight Belguims. Portuguese possessions in Africa covered twenty-three times as much of the world map as Portugal.

One fifth of all the land in the world is in Africa. It is the second largest continent on earth, barely exceeded by



Author's route - - - - -



Asia. It could very nearly swallow two South Americas.

It is as far around the African coast as around the globe. The extreme distance from one side of Africa to the other is the same as from Portugal to India. From Algiers to Cape Town the journey would be as long as from Boston to Buenos Aires – or from New York to Hawaii.

The Sahara alone is larger than the United States. The new nations, Ghana, Nigeria, Congo, Tanganyika and the rest, are giants compared with the Lilliputian nations of Europe.

‘Think big.’ The injunction relates also to the natural features of Africa. Lake Victoria is, next to Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe. Lake Tanganyika is the world’s longest lake, 400 miles – and nearly a mile deep, exceeded only by Baikal.

The Nile is judged the longest river in the world. The Congo pours out a greater column of water than any other on earth except the Amazon. Victoria Falls are twice as high and nearly twice as wide as Niagara. The Suez is the world’s longest ship canal, twice the length of Panama (one hundred miles against fifty).

Africa is the most impregnable of the continents – or was until the days of the airplane. On the north it was bounded by inhospitable desert shores made more forbidding by Barbary pirates. Behind the narrow coastal shelf rose the formidable Atlas ranges. Behind them stretched the blazing Saharan wastes 1,400 miles southward until they gave way to a new barrier, the tangled jungle. Only in Egypt was the continent penetrable from the north, and even there the habitable land was limited to a narrow strip along the Nile.

Most of the rest of Africa faces open ocean. European explorers, unable to penetrate it from the north, sailed along its stormy coasts. Heavy surf made landing dangerous. The breakers had piled up sand bars hundreds of miles long.

If the explorers found a way in between the sand bars, they were not much better off. The shore was defended by man-

grove swamps which formed a palisade of interlacing roots defying the axe and the knife. The dense thickets were the home of insects that offered malaria, yellow fever and sleeping sickness. Once through the palisade, there were new obstacles, savages who extended no welcome to visitors except as additions to their diet, and in many places cliffs hundreds of feet high barring advance into the interior.

A river should be an easy avenue to the heart of the continent. This is not true of most African rivers. They build up deltas that are as formidable as the sand bars. Even if a way is found through the delta to the mouth of the river, progress is then blocked by waterfalls and rapids. The Congo is impassable for a hundred miles from the sea to the top of the escarpment that walls in the continent.

Like a great castle protected by ramparts surrounded by a moat, Africa seldom lets down a drawbridge to receive visitors. No other part of the world has been so effectively sealed off from intruders. The result is that Africa has been a world to itself, developing forms of life and ways of life quite different from any others on earth.

The animal life alone is so extraordinary as to make Africa seem almost a separate planet. This is the home of the greatest land animal, the African elephant, which in size, weight and power makes its Indian counterpart look half-grown.

Other land monsters favour the shut-away continent. It is the exclusive home of the hippopotamus. Here alone Nature was free to invent the fantastic giraffe. The white rhinoceros, one of the largest mammals in the world, is at home only in Africa. The lion, 'king of beasts', once ranged through Europe but now survives and prospers in large numbers only in the walled continent. The buffalo, considered by some hunters the most dangerous of wild game, is quite different from the meek, plough-pulling beast of the same name in Asia. The largest living reptile, the crocodile, was worshipped in Egypt when alive and embalmed when dead.

The giant python is venerated by many tribes and tended in temples. The gorilla, largest of the anthropoid apes, is African, as is the cleverest and most manlike ape, the chimpanzee.

But Africa is notable not only for its unique animal types, but for their abundance. Nowhere else can one see thousands of wild animals in a day, pull up within fifteen feet of a family of lions, watch a herd of a hundred elephants push down trees to get at the succulent leaves, feel the boat heave as hippos nudge it from beneath. In no other continent are there twenty great animal reserves where wild animals live, not as prisoners in cages, but enjoying the complete freedom they once knew everywhere before man arrived to harass them.

Possibly it was the unique suitability of Africa to animal life that made it the first home of human life. It has been commonly supposed that man originated in Asia, but Darwin was more inclined to fix upon Africa.

'In each great region of the world,' he writes in *The Descent of Man*, 'the living mammals are closely related to the extinct species of the same region. It is therefore probable that Africa was formerly inhabited by extinct apes closely allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee; and as these two species are now man's nearest allies, it is somewhat more probable that our early progenitors lived on the African continent than elsewhere.' He says almost in the same breath, 'But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey.'

For more than half a century scientists were inclined to doubt the first statement and ignore the second. Asia was preferred to Africa, and the notion was spread abroad that Darwin believed man had descended from apes – this in spite of his very plain declaration to the contrary. Actually he believed that modern man and apes had descended from

a common ancestral line the home of which was probably in Africa.

It is amazing how often Darwin's guesses have been borne out by later evidence. He had an uncanny instinct for the truth. His theories were still unproved when he died – the 'missing link' had not been found. Since that time not one but many missing links have been discovered – all in Africa. In 1925 the fossil skull of an almost human anthropoid was found in Bechuanaland. In 1936 similar skulls and skeletal parts were located together with ashes which seemed to indicate that the being had learned how to make fire – something no ape has ever accomplished. In 1949 an anthropologist found bones of a form so nearly human that he called it *Telanthropus* (*teleos*: perfect; *anthropos*: man). In 1959 the British anthropologist Leakey uncovered in Tanganyika the most convincing missing link yet to be found – an ape-like, man-like creature that walked erect and not only used tools but made them.

What has happened in Africa during the million or more years since man stood up on his hind feet we shall learn only slowly, if at all, from the ever-delving archaeologists. There are shadowy evidences of high civilization succeeded by barbarism. For man does not inevitably go forward, he sometimes goes backward. How often we have seen this happen in historic times. Egypt, Greece and Rome went backward, as did the Aztecs, the Mayans and the Incas.

But there must have been some greatness in Africa and adjacent lands on the east to give rise to the civilization of Egypt and Babylonia. Asia comes off poorly in this competition. China's recorded history begins with the founding of the first dynasties about 2200 B.C. Egypt's story reaches 3,000 years farther back into the mystery of Africa. The cradle of civilization, as we know it, was in Africa. The first and chief of 'the Seven Wonders of the World' was the Pyramid of Cheops built in Egypt some 4,000 years before

Christ. The other wonders are newcomers by comparison. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were built in 600 B.C. and more recent still were the Statue of Zeus, the Temple of Diana, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos of Alexandria. And, of all these, the pyramid is not merely by far the oldest, but the only one to survive.

It is one of Africa's incredible contradictions that this continent which gave rise to the first known civilization is now the most backward of all continents. The too-easy explanation is that a dark-skinned man is basically inferior to a light-skinned. This is not the place to go into that question. Modern historians and archaeologists offer other explanations that may seem more valid.

The founders of Egypt, who were dark-skinned, as indicated by early paintings on temple walls, were crowded into the narrow but rich Nile valley. Density of population is necessary to create a civilization. There must be enough people close enough together so that each may benefit from the knowledge of the others, and all may co-operate. Only then can a man specialize in one kind of work and become expert in it. It is this specialization that makes a civilization.

When lighter-skinned people from the Near East began to press into this man-made paradise, many of the Nilcdwellers worked their way south into the heart of the continent. Here they must have had a new sense of freedom. They were free from population pressure, free from hampering laws and heavy taxes, free from the tyranny of the Egyptian priesthood, free to choose their own land and do with it as they pleased.

They had too much freedom. They were free of the millions of assistants who make a civilized society possible. They were on their own. Living in small, isolated communities, they lost whatever specializations they had had, for here a man must do everything, not too well, instead of one thing well.

They had cut themselves off from the experts of the Nile.

The currents of learning and change did not reach them. They may at first have scorned the savage folk who already lived in this great land, so great that each group was cut off by miles of forest or plain from the next. But in a few generations the people from the north must have succumbed to the environment and become much like the scattered inhabitants they found when they arrived.

The continent was just too big. Each tiny settlement lay perhaps ten to fifty miles from the next. Each had a tendency to develop its own language. This alone raised a wall of separation and enmity between one group and the next. Creative ability was spent mainly on intertribal war.

When one patch of land was exhausted its cultivators were free to move on to another. They had no time to put down roots. It was easy to give up cultivation for hunting, since there was much wild game. When game grew scarce, they moved on. A hunting economy has never yet built a civilization.

Africa was just too big, and it is still too big. People can get too far away from their neighbours, so far that they develop their own speech, their own peculiarities, their own superstitions, their own ignorance.

It is believed that Africa may at one time have had only two or three languages. Now it has 2,000. Missionaries have struggled to put them into writing – but at least 700 of them are still ‘blind’.

There is too much room for too few people. The population of Africa is 225,000,000. That is only nineteen to the square mile. In the Netherlands there are 882 people to the square mile, in Belgium 763, in Japan 642, in the United Kingdom 552. Over-population can be stifling; under-population is starvation.

Some of Africa's great needs today are more roads, fewer languages, more urbanization, less isolation, education that opens the doors of the world, training in special skills,

scientific agriculture and industry to utilize those skills.

Sentimentalists who have never set foot in an African village are inclined to rhapsodize with Rousseau over the 'noble savage' who lives in a paradise on earth free from the strains and stresses of the modern world. There alone, it would seem, may pure happiness be found.

The picture is false. The jungle-bound village, insulated from outside knowledge, lives a life of superstition and terror. The crowding forest is full of unseen monsters. Every rock and tree and animal has its devil. The spirits of the dead take a malicious delight in torturing the living. Pain and disease are caused by evil, crawling creatures that find their way into the body, and only powerful magic can get them out. The power of witchcraft is not reserved to professional witches – anyone may lay a spell upon another and the victim who knows or fears that he has been bewitched dies of sheer terror. Add to these imaginary dangers the night visits of prowling leopards and lions, the hazards of hunting big game, the likelihood of attack at any moment by hostile tribes. The stress and strain of modern life are mild by comparison.

The poverty of the African village must be seen to be believed. Mud-and-dung huts, dirt floors, complete lack of household conveniences, a sudden glut of food when an elephant is killed followed by weeks of near-starvation – Africa lets her people scratch the surface for a living while beneath lie fabulous riches unequalled in any other continent.

## *Rags to Riches*

Isolated villages could not get at these riches. They could be reached only by highly organized and concerted effort. The industrialized nations of Europe sent the men and machines that could do the job. Along with them came governors, soldiers, policemen and priests – in a word, colonialism.

Colonialism has been the greatest curse and greatest blessing to Africa. It meant the virtual enslavement of African workers for the enrichment of Europe. But it meant also the uncovering of undreamed-of treasures which will remain in African hands after the colonizers have departed.

From Africa come ninety-eight per cent of the world's diamonds, half of the world's gold, two thirds of the world's ivory. Emeralds in the greatest quantity and of the purest quality, more valuable than diamonds per carat of weight, were found as recently as 1958 in Southern Rhodesia.

Nearly all the world's cobalt comes from Africa. The columbite without which jet planes could not fly is African. Africa turns out four times as much chromium as the world's second largest producer, Turkey.

America has only three per cent of the manganese she needs to make steel – she gets most of the rest from Africa. Guinea is the third largest producer of aluminium. During World War II Britain would have been in desperate straits



without African iron ore. When war cut off the supply of tungsten from the Far East, Africa supplied the same need with tantalum. In copper production Northern Rhodesia is second only to Chile and will soon surpass it. Nigerian tin is better than Bolivian. The Katanga in the Congo is conceded to be the richest mining centre in the world.

Even the bleak Sahara has its hidden treasures. Huge oil-fields have recently been discovered beneath the sands. Nine foreign companies from the United States, Britain, Canada and the Netherlands have obtained concessions in partnership with French firms. A reserve amounting to ten billion barrels, one third the reserve in the United States, has been found, and this is the result of only the first stage of exploration. Prospecting firms are confident that the world's largest supply of oil will be found beneath the Sahara. Oil at Europe's back door will relieve her of dependence upon Near East oil uncomfortably close to Russia's back door.

Another Saharan discovery no less important is that a vast subterranean lake underlies the great desert. It covers an area equal at least to the whole of France. Fed by the snows of the Atlas Mountains, it lies at depths from 1,000 to 4,000 feet below the surface. As soon as a hole is bored in the ground it gushes up in a perpetual fountain. Artesian wells are giving birth to new oases. The apparently arid soil of the desert is actually rich and fertile, requiring only water to become a land of abundance. Every new well means a new oasis. A current plan calls for the creation of 1,500 new oases to accommodate more than 1,500,000 settlers. Chief product of the oases will be Deglet Noor dates. But many other crops grow equally well. A project to reclaim the southern wastelands with forests of peach trees was launched by a campaign to persuade Europeans to eat peaches and contribute the pits. The public co-operated and the peach planters set out for the Sahara with great expectations and 2,000,000 stones.

Twelve crops of alfalfa a year can be raised in East Africa,

which provides the best alfalfa land in the world. The finest grade cotton comes from Africa. A large share of the world's rubber. More cocoa than from any other continent. Half of the world's sisal. Seventy-five per cent of the world's palm oil.

Communist troubles in the Orient prompted British tea-growers to switch to Africa. African tea now undercuts Asian prices. African coffee is cheaper than Brazilian. The wide use of instant coffee in the United States means swiftly increasing cultivation of African 'Robusta' which makes the best instant. Coffee exports to the United States have climbed 800 per cent in the last ten years.

Greatest of all the potential resources of Africa is power – the hydro-generation of electricity. Dozens of Niagaras await harnessing. Africa's total power capacity is estimated to equal that of North and South America and Europe combined.

The new reservoir of the Kariba has four times the capacity of Hoover Dam's Lake Mead. The biggest power project in the world is planned at Inga on the Congo with ten times the potential of the Grand Coulee, the largest in the United States. This dam could produce as much power as is consumed in all Western Europe, and at a fraction of present cost.

In a period of twelve years the Belgian Congo's earnings rose from £330,000 to £8,600,000; Nigeria's from £1,000,000 to £12,300,000; the Gold Coast's from £2,000,000 to £21,300,000. Portuguese Angola's from £55,000 to £3,300,000; Liberia's from £330,000 to £4,600,000.

American private investments in Africa have increased 50 per cent in the last eight years and show promise of increasing several hundred per cent within the next decade. Dozens of great American corporations such as Goodyear, Firestone, Parke Davis, International Harvester, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, General Motors, are establishing factories in Africa because there the necessary raw materials are at the door, and labour, even if paid double the customary wage, costs but a fraction of the prevailing scale in America.

Millions of Africans remain untouched in their hermit villages – but hundreds of thousands have left their bush homes to find jobs in the new industries. It is to the interest of these industries to train their men and move them up the ladder of efficiency as rapidly as possible. A case in point is the copper mining industry which in three years has placed 765 Africans in jobs formerly reserved for whites.

‘It’s a difficult educational task,’ reports a mining engineer. ‘Often workers must even be taught how to flush a toilet, use electric lights and to eat the white man’s food rather than the protein-short native diets. Some fellows don’t even know the use of the wheel. They think a wheelbarrow is something to use like a basket and try to pick it up and lug it on their backs.’

But they learn fast. They still get absurdly low wages compared with whites who had to be offered absurdly high wages in order to lure them from the easy life of Europe to the harder life of the African frontier. It will be some time yet before Africans and whites are paid according to merit rather than according to colour. But real progress is being made.

Because this is a rich country and can afford to pay richly, the skilled African sometimes draws pay considerably higher than that of workers of the same skill in England. The result is rapidly improving living conditions, better houses, better sanitation, better food, better health, less superstition and terror, a settled existence and a new-born passion for education. This is the general picture, though there are still many dark shadows across it. Total capital investments in this richest of continents now amount to 20 per cent of the continent’s gross product – an average well above the figure for the Western world.

Such have been some of the fruits of colonialism. Others have not been so savory – exploitation, discrimination, massacre – but these come to an end when the colonizers move out. What is left is a great gain for Africa. Her treasures have

been found and are now laid at the feet of the Africans. They may or may not use them wisely – the decision is theirs. In a single century they have graduated from rags to riches. The future staggers the imagination. For here is not a land like India so smothered by people that there is not enough wealth to go around. Africa's tapped and still untapped resources beneath the square mile to be divided up among only nineteen people makes the African, if he takes advantage of his opportunities, the richest man on the planet.

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### 3

## *Surge of Freedom*

Never in the long history of nations has there been so sudden and sweeping a revolution as is now afoot in Africa.

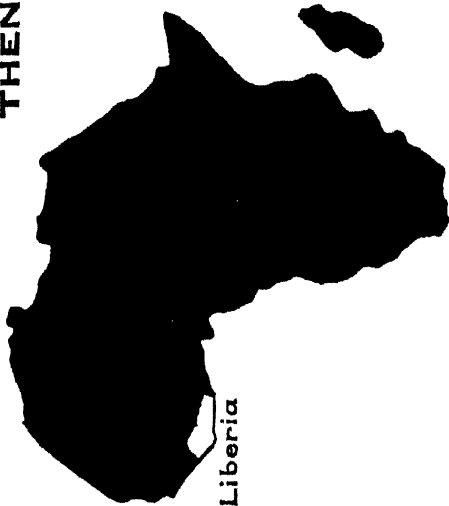
When before in the short span of five years have twenty-two nations won independence?\*

The world record had previously been held by South America whose stampede to independence brought ten new nations into being within fifteen years. This phenomenal success is quite eclipsed by the African miracle. The Africans are taking Africa back. They lost it when European powers carved up the continent, appropriating every square inch of it with the exception of tiny Liberia.

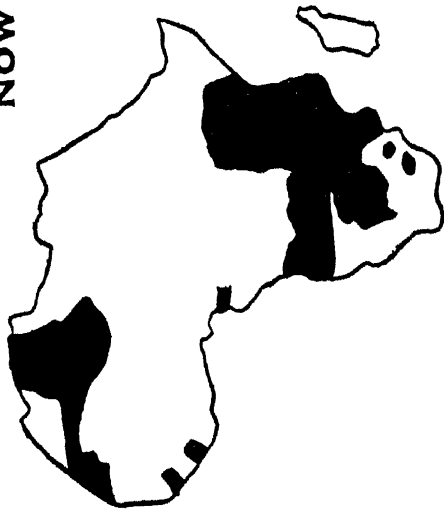
There were voices raised against the plan to gobble up Africa. Wise old Gladstone believed that Africa would give Europe indigestion. There were others who saw no reason why Africa should not become a white man's continent. Cecil Rhodes was ambitious to see Britain not only take over all of Africa but become master of the world. White colonists streamed into the Dark Continent. So long as they associated with other white colonists they could delude themselves with the notion that Africa was becoming white. The dream has

\* The 22 countries which within five years (1956 to 1960 inclusive) became independent: Sudan, Morocco, Tunisia, Ghana, Guinea, Somalia, Nigeria, Malagasy, Mauritania, Mali, Senegal, Niger, Chad, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Cameroun, Togo, Dahomey, Central Africa, Gabon, Congo (French), Congo (Belgian).

**THEN**



**NOW**



When colonialism was in full flower all of Africa was Europe-owned with the exception of tiny Liberia. Today most of the continent is locally governed. Some of the new nations remain in the British Commonwealth or French Community, but as independent and sovereign powers. Still held by European powers are Algeria in the north, Spanish West Africa, small Portuguese Guinea, Sierra Leone and Spanish Guinea, huge Portuguese Angola, central Bechuanaland; then proceeding up the east coast, tiny Basutoland and Swaziland, Portuguese Mozambique, British East Africa. Many of these territories are destined for freedom within the next few years.

faded. The flow of colonists has stopped. There are only 5,000,000 European whites in a land of 225,000,000. They are not holding their own. The continent is becoming darker, not lighter. As regions pass out of colonial hands, colonists are returning to Europe.

Meanwhile the black population is multiplying as never before. Modern medicine has cut infant mortality and extended life expectancy. Every day that passes makes it more certain that Africa is and will be the black man's continent.

Perhaps the European powers were not wise to enter Africa – they are showing themselves wise now to get out before they are driven out.

Britain was the first to see the writing on the wall. In 1922 she declared Egypt an independent and sovereign state. There were a few ifs and buts in the agreement, and when the present writer was shipwrecked in the Nile in 1938 and charged his Nubian crew with negligence the case was tried by the Commandant of the Cairo Police in the person of Russell Pasha, an Englishman. It was not until Egypt became a republic in 1953 that the British completely withdrew from Egyptian affairs.

This long-drawn-out parting, with many a lingering backward glance, was quite natural since no other European power at that time showed any inclination to leave Africa unless compelled to do so. Italy was so compelled in 1941 when the British and Ethiopian troops ejected Mussolini's officials from Ethiopia. Italy also had a brief fling in Libya which she took in World War I and lost in World War II. It was proclaimed an independent nation under King Idris I in 1951.

The pace quickened in 1956. In that year both Britain and Egypt took their hands off the Sudan, France recognized the independence of Tunisia, and both France and Spain had painful second thoughts about Morocco. Three years before they had exiled the troublesome Sultan to Madagascar.

Now they were forced to allow him to return and be crowned King Mohammed V of an independent Morocco.

In the following year Britain, with a very polite bow, withdrew from the Gold Coast (Ghana) without so much as a lingering look at its fabulous wealth in cocoa, lumber, gold, diamonds, manganese and bauxite. The country became a pretend democracy under the brilliant leader Kwame Nkrumah, who quite evidently does not consider the democratic methods of the United States, where he was educated, as being suited to the control of a new African state.

Then came the landslide. *In 1958 no less than eighteen new nations were launched in Africa.* Of these, fifteen were former overseas territories of France. President Charles de Gaulle, whom some regard as the greatest statesman in the modern history of France and others consider a profligate lunatic, boldly trusted the future of French territories south of the Sahara to the vote of the African.

By plebiscite they made their own free choice. They might remain completely under French control, they might cut all ties with France, or they might become independent republics affiliated with France in what was to be called the 'French Community', similar to the British Commonwealth in which great countries like Canada and Australia, though completely autonomous, remain loosely linked with Britain.

De Gaulle knew his Africans. For years he had lived in Africa. My wife and I saw his home in the uplands of Brazzaville looking down upon the Congo River. That had been during the war years the headquarters of the Free French, those hardy spirits who had refused to fit their necks to the yoke of Hitler. Therefore de Gaulle not only knew Africa, he knew what the passion for freedom can do in the heart of a man. He knew that with or without the consent of France, Africa would be free. If France bloodily opposed the change and departed under a cloud of bitter hate, she need not expect the friendship of any of the newly independent nations. On



the other hand, if the Africans were given a free choice, many might be moved by this generosity to trust France as a friendly neighbour.

His confidence was borne out by the result. Only one territory, Guinea, chose to go completely on its own way. It elected to become a republic without any ties to anybody. The other fourteen territories became independent republics within the French Community. Thus were suddenly added to the world's roster of nations Guinea, Senegal, Mali, Mauritania, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Togo, Cameroun, Gabon, Congo (not to be confused with the Belgian Congo), Central Africa, Chad and Malagasy (formerly Madagascar). These fifteen new nations cover an area larger than that of the United States, and double the size of Europe excluding Russia.

In 1960 the world's greatest black nation came into being, the Republic of Nigeria with a population of 40,000,000. Somalia, which had been administered by Italy under a U.N. trusteeship, threw off Italian apronstrings. In 1961 Sierra Leone achieved independence.

Most sensational was the leap to freedom of the Belgian Congo. Even the Congolese are dazed by their sudden success. In fact it is an open question whether they jumped or were pushed.

Until the riots of January 1959 the Belgians had always congratulated themselves on their skill and generosity in dealing with the Congolese. The atrocities under King Leopold had long since been forgotten – or at least so the Belgians supposed. For fifty years an almost idyllic peace had rested upon the Congo. Africans were given greater opportunity and better wages than in most other African states. True, they did not have the vote, but neither did the whites. Belgian immigration and ownership of land were strictly limited.

'This is a black man's country,' said Governor Pétillon. 'Before a white man may buy Congo land he must prove to the Government that no native is using it and that it will not be needed for native settlement.'

In some parts of the Congo the infant mortality rate was down to 60 per thousand – better than Italy's figure. More than a million children attended school, 40 per cent of the school-age population (compared with 10 per cent in French Africa). Black employees in Congo industries rose to positions of trust and earned up to £50 a month – more than most workers in Europe.

'The fascination of becoming a skilled worker handling precision machinery,' said Governor Pétillon, 'drives out of the negro's mind the need for politics.'

He said that before the January riot. The riot was a great surprise to the Belgians, and to most Congolese as well. Three days of vicious street fighting in Leopoldville took forty-two lives (all African). A few other scattered riots followed. None of them was very serious. Most Congolese went about their ordinary affairs in the ordinary way, unaware that disturbances were taking place here and there in this vast country as big as India, but with only 14,000,000 people compared with India's 415,000,000.

Though the Congo was scarcely disturbed, Belgium was. The Government summoned forty-four Congolese delegates to Brussels for a conference. These delegates were the leaders of the new-born campaign for independence. They came to Brussels with their speeches well prepared. They worked themselves up into a fine lather of indignation and demanded the vote, some degree of self-government, and complete independence within ten years.

'Very well,' said Belgium, 'but why wait ten years? Why not be independent now?'

The black politicians stood aghast. They began to plead for more time. It would take time to prepare for independence.

The Belgian Government insisted upon getting the thing over quickly. 30 June 1960 was fixed as the birthday of the new nation.

Said the astonished *New York Times*, 'On the afternoon of 5 January 1959 when the first word of rioting in the Belgian Congo reached the State Department, there was not an old African hand in Washington – nor anywhere else in the world – who would have predicted that within eighteen months the vast central African colony would be an independent state . . . Nothing previous in the headlong history of the sub-Sahara in the past few years had so tremendously dramatized the surge of African nationalism.'

Why was Belgium in such a hurry to get rid of the fabulously rich Congo? Why was France so liberal? Why has Britain for many years been deliberately training her black subjects for independence? Why is colonialism on its deathbed?

Because it cost too much. Britain left Egypt because to remain would have been too expensive. More and more and more troops would have been necessary to keep down the rising tide of nationalism. Bloody suppression would have embittered Britain's relationships around the world. Of course there were Britons who believed in self-determination on principle – but the conclusive argument was in terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

De Gaulle, knowing Africa, felt it was better to ride the tidal wave than to resist it. Now France has more than a dozen friendly allies in Africa rather than a dozen enemies. Belgium's immense mining industries will be safer under a native government, no matter how badly managed, than in a state of civil war.

Getting out is not easy. 'It is almost as difficult to get rid of an empire as to build one,' said a British governor. A German diplomat expressed satisfaction that war had deprived Germany of its colonial empire and left it free to do business on an equal basis with newly-independent states.

It is the policy of 'Give - and keep' rather than 'Take - and lose.'

Only three areas remain strongly opposed to this policy - the Republic of South Africa, the Rhodesias and Kenya. The reason is easy to understand. All three areas have large white populations. White residents who have worked hard for all they have, and whose fathers and grandfathers may also have toiled to make Africa productive, consider that Africa belongs as much to them as to the negro. But sheer numbers are against them. South Africa is 80 per cent black and brown; the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, 70 per cent; Kenya, 97 per cent. It is obvious that here too the dam will break and whether the white man will gain the shore in time or will be swept away in the bloody swirl of the black tide is an unhappy dilemma the outcome of which only he can decide.

Uganda and Tanganyika are due for independence by 1962. Algeria may be independent before this book sees print. Bringing up the rear of the freedom parade may be the Portuguese colonies, Angola and Mozambique. Here the rulers try to hold off the fatal day by maintaining not a colour line but a culture line. There is officially no colour bar. A man's rights depend not upon his pigmentation but the degree of his civilization. If he can pass certain literacy and intelligence tests and can support himself and his family according to European standards he qualifies, theoretically at least, for full citizenship.

The Portuguese have made this policy work in Brazil where white, black, grey and brown stand on the same level. Whether it can be done where the population is 95 per cent black remains to be seen.

The sweep of freedom in all other parts of Africa is bound to be felt here and the temptation to duplicate the easy triumphs of the rest of black Africa will almost certainly be too strong to resist.

*What price freedom?*

What will the African have to pay for his freedom? Will it cost more than it is worth? Is he ready for it? Does he realize that there is actually no such thing as freedom? No one, under any form of society, is free to do as he pleases. De Gaulle, visiting the new republic of Senegal, emphasized this sombre fact.

'In today's world,' he said, 'which interferes so much with itself, total independence belongs in truth to nobody.'

Woodrow Wilson inoculated the world with the idea of self-determination. There could hardly be a shibboleth more inspiring. Wilson himself tried to make plain that self-determination had limits, but his qualifications have been forgotten and only the catchword remains. Without the ifs and buts that should hedge it round, self-determination is an absurdity.

For example, how could self-determination be applied in the new republic of Ghana? The three great divisions of the country cordially hate each other. Under self-determination each would become a separate republic. And yet that would not be self-determination because in Ghana each tribe has been for centuries a separate entity and it would be hard to find a tribal chief who would not prefer to run his own tribe in his own way. That for him would be self-determination. The central government has had to stifle by the harshest methods the desire of the chiefs for self-determination. But in the tribes still under the rule of chiefs many families, especially those with some education, chafe under this control. *They* want self-determination.

And if self-determination is right for the nation, the province, the tribe, the family, why not for the individual? Why should the young man who has been to school and put on a white shirt listen to the wisdom of the head of the family? If self-determination is a valid principle, why shouldn't every man do as he damn well pleases without regard to the welfare of anyone else?

Carried to its logical conclusion, self-determination is complete anarchy. It is a question whether self-determination, as the term is used by every African agitator, has not done more harm than good. It is self-centred. It gives no hint of the co-operation, teamwork, regard for the rights of others, without which no government can be a success.

'Self-determination' has been translated into every African language and is chanted back and forth between speaker and audience like an antiphony. It is sung and it is danced and it is drunk in every form of home brew. The agitator naturally tries to convince his followers that all their shackles will drop away and all their troubles end with independence.

Their real troubles may lie not behind them, but ahead. Romain Gary, a French consul wise in the ways of Africa, predicts that African leaders will reduce the population to a status of slavery and of forced labour that no European colonial system has ever dared to impose. He points out that it was the Egyptian Pharaohs themselves who forced their own people to build the pyramids, at the price of terrible suffering.

Stuart Cloete asked the Governor-General of the Congo: 'Your Excellency, what will happen if the white man leaves the Congo? How long will it last?'

'A few years.'

'And then?'

'Then, Monsieur, the forest will return.'

In newly-independent Nigeria the many clashing interests may result in civil war. In Cameroun civil disturbances immediately broke out at the dawn of independence. French Congo turned its first elections into a blood-bath. The Watussi and Bahuti are ready to fly at each other's throats as soon as the white hand is removed. Uganda would already be free if it were not for internal rivalries that promise civil war. Tribal antipathies are so intense in Kenya that the country will almost certainly explode when British control

is lifted. The Belgian Congo, following independence in 1960, is a tragic shambles of warring tribes and power-hungry politicians – no more disgraceful or ridiculous spectacle has ever marked the birth of a nation. Personal rivalry between leaders has already split the two-year-old Mali Federation into two nations, Mali and Senegal. Somalia no sooner attained independence in 1960 than she adopted a flag with a five-pointed star, each point representing an area beyond her borders which she expects to win by conquest.

Congo covets Congo – the Congo Republic, once French, aspires to take over the dismembered and demoralized Congo Republic, once Belgian. Ghana threatens to absorb Togo. Ambition rises to its dizzy climax in the breasts of three men, Touré, Nkrumah and Nasser. Each hopes to be the Napoleon of the Dark Continent, the founder of a United States of Africa. This, if it can be done at all, will be accomplished only by war. No local boss will meekly accept a continental boss. Nigeria's Premier has said so plainly, and a Congo commissioner criticizing Nkrumah's efforts to steer Lumumba cried:

'We denounce colonialism of African countries by Africans.'

Will freedom go to Africa's head as it seems already to have gone to the heads of some of its leaders? Azikiwe, first native Governor-General of independent Nigeria, has declared that by the year 2944 Black Africa will have destroyed Europe and brought the United States to the verge of extinction. Then, he predicts, negro missionaries will redeem the world. There is a concerted effort to promote *Negritude*, that is to emphasize the superior virtues of the black. It is common doctrine in Africa that though the white may be above the negro in this world the situation will be reversed in the next.

Not one of the independent countries, new or old, is a real democracy. Tribalism is no preparation for democracy. Africans look up to their leaders as near-gods, and that is not democracy. The near-gods take full advantage of their sud-

denly exalted position. Nkrumah, who had much to say about democracy before Ghana became independent, now dissolves parliament at will, throws opposing leaders into jail, and does not blush to be compared with Jesus Christ.

A wily trick has been played upon the white man. We of Europe and America have exalted democracy – the will of the majority, regardless of the mental qualifications of the majority. Numbers rule, not brains. The Africans caught the idea. Very well, if numbers rule, why should not the Africans rule, for they have the numbers? African agitators have therefore based their claim to independence on the West's notion of democracy. Thus they have reached the Western conscience. But very soon after attaining independence they have abandoned the democratic mask.

They know very well that democracy, which may work in a land of evenly spread education, cannot work where the majority is steeped in superstition and ignorance. Attempts to apply it fail miserably. Officials have a hard time explaining the ballot and the privilege of the vote to natives who have never known any law except the will of their chief. In a Congo election a voter retired into the booth and did not come out. A commissioner went in to see what was the matter. He found the man stark naked, under the impression that he was to have a medical examination.

Elsbeth Huxley, who grew up in Africa and has written much about it, predicts that in ten years democracy will be dead. She made that prediction in February 1959. Events have moved so fast since that time that, if she were to revise her prediction, she might make it two or three years instead of ten. Several of the new nations have started out with democratic institutions but not one has managed to maintain them. Already Elspeth Huxley has been proved right in her forecast that 'government will be in the hands of small cliques of power wielders supported by parties prepared to stamp out ruthlessly any challenge. This autocratic rule is more



congenial to Africa at present than our Western forms of democracy.'

It is more congenial because it is the old familiar pattern. Africans have been ruled by men, not by parties; by chiefs, not by parliaments; by colonial governors, not by themselves. Even before colonialism the traditions were despotic rather than democratic. With such a background, Africa can hardly be expected to learn self-government in one lesson.

*Dreamland of the Moor*

We hung suspended over the Strait of Gibraltar. Behind was the Rock and, behind that, Spain. Ahead lay the coast of Africa and the gleaming city of Tangier. This has always been a pivotal point of geography, as well as in history. Behind, the known; ahead, the unknown. For several thousand years Europe remained ignorant of Africa.

Just over yonder, where the Strait opens into the Atlantic, was the end of the world. So said the Greeks. Greek sailors had come this far. Here they saw Atlas holding up the heavens on his shoulders – or at least they saw a mountain range lost in the clouds. Imagination turned it into the fabled giant, and the name Atlas has stuck to it ever since. We can see the giant, far to the south-west, his snowy head defying the African sun.

Peering out of the plane window, a small boy behind us demands:

‘Will we see cannibals?’

‘The Moroccans aren’t cannibals,’ his father assures him.

‘But they’re savages, aren’t they?’

‘Not exactly. In fact these savages, as you call them, civilized Europe.’

A woman’s voice: ‘Now really, Henry! Don’t confuse the boy.’

But it is true. Greece was highly civilized, but Greece died. Her culture lived on for a while in Rome, but Rome died.

The Dark Ages closed over Europe. The monks who controlled whatever intellectual life was left wiped out every vestige of Greek science, literature and philosophy. To them, anything Greek was pagan, and therefore evil.

But on the other side of the Mediterranean, Greek knowledge was cherished by the Arabs. To it was added the learning of Egypt. In the seventh century the Arabs made their first sweep through North Africa all the way to what is now Morocco. Since it appeared to be the end of the world, they called it Maghreb el-Aksa, 'the Extreme West-land'.

The Arab found the Berber in Morocco, blended with him, and the blend was called the Moor. The crossbred Moor combined Berber stamina with Arab aggressiveness and set out to conquer Spain. Leader of the invasion was the great Tariq. Because he landed his troops at the Rock, it was named Mt Tariq, *Jebel Tariq*, now Gibraltar.

That was in 711. For seven centuries the Moors held Spain, much to the benefit of all Europe. They kept the spark of civilization alive at a time when it had almost perished north of the Mediterranean. The Moorish Empire and China carried the world over an abyss of barbarism. We owe them both an eternal debt.

The Moors preserved much of Greek learning, and added their own to it. Aristotle was studied in the Moslem universities when he had been forgotten elsewhere. Philosophy, mathematics and medicine were cultivated. Agriculture was taught as a science rather than as a magical art of prayers and incantations. Irrigation systems made Andalusia famous for its gardens. Moorish vessels ruled the Mediterranean and traded with all the known world. And the visitor to the Alhambra stands speechless before the glory of Moorish architecture and art.

But the Moors became self-satisfied. They were the best people and they knew it. Since they had reached the top, why keep on climbing? They became lazy. Black slaves did their

work. Prosperity led to dissipation and decadence. They were finally expelled from Spain in the year of the memorable voyage of Columbus, 1492. But they had done their work. They had lit the fuse of the Renaissance. An awakened Europe reached back to Greek culture, dusted off Greek statues, translated Greek literature, revived Greek science. The Greeks had ventured to believe that the world was round. Dark Europe had made it flat, because the earth was God's footstool and who could imagine a round and whirling footstool? Now it became round once more. The sun had gone around the earth. Now the earth began to go around the sun. Anyone who experimented with chemicals had been a witch or wizard and apt to be burned at the stake. Now a laboratory was no longer a den of the devil.

Who will explain the tides that carry men up and down? As Europe rose, the Moorish world sank, or at least rested. It was as if it had passed on its torch to Europe and had no light left for itself.

Landing at Tangier, we found a city of magnificent palaces, minarets and gardens, but they were redolent of the past. White-robed figures stood about in the sunset like so many pillars of salt. Many women were veiled to the eyes. For decades Tangier has been an international city controlled by Britain, France and Spain. Now it is an integral part of an independent Morocco. It is losing its cosmopolitan character, putting aside coat and trousers, settling back in burnous and babouches to read the Koran.

We remarked on this to the Frenchman at the next table on the rooftop dining terrace with its stunning view across the white city and the purple sea to the black Rock in the distance.

'Yes,' he said, 'but Tangier is modern compared with some cities in the interior. Take Fez. I've just been reading a book written in the fourteenth century about the Fez of that day. The customs it describes have not changed. The book might

be republished with this year's imprint and it would still be up-to-date.'

Over after-dinner coffee an English girl said:

'I heard that man say Tangier is modern. Look at this.'

She drew up her skirt to reveal two legs bruised black-and-blue.

'I was taking pictures in the Casbah,' she said. 'Just views of the houses and streets, but of course there were some people in the pictures. Some of the women began to scream at me. Then some men and boys attacked me and gave me a good kicking.'

'The old superstition,' I said. 'They believe the camera takes their soul. The first time I came to Morocco a man nearly cracked my pate with a club because he thought I had taken his picture. I really hadn't – but he was convinced that I had, and demanded that I return it. I made some magical passes over the camera, repeated some abracadabra, pulled out an imaginary soul and gave it to him. He went off grumbling something – perhaps the Arab's favourite curse.'

'What's that?'

'May a pig die on the grave of your grandmother!'

The superstition of the soul-stealing camera is fairly common all over the world. But in Moslem countries there is an added factor – religion. In orthodox Moslem art there are no representations of human beings – only geometrical forms. The Koran forbids human representations on the basis that God is unseen and it is presumptuous for man to be displayed when God is not.

I explained this, but the English girl was not satisfied.

'I see pictures of the Sultan on the wall in shops everywhere. There's one above the concierge's desk in this hotel.'

'The Sultan is an exception,' said the Frenchman who had spoken to us before. 'He is semi-divine – the rules for ordinary humans don't apply to him. But I still insist Tangier is going modern – or was until independence slowed it down. Young

people who take their religion lightly go to studios to have their pictures taken. The old traditions are falling apart. The American invasion had a good deal to do with it.'

'What American invasion?'

'Don't forget, you have 20,000 airmen in Morocco. There are four American Strategic Air Force bases and one American Naval Air Base. Of course they won't stay. When Morocco became independent the Sultan demanded that U.S. bases be evacuated – in spite of the fact that they bring Morocco £6,600,000 a year. President Eisenhower promised that they would be closed by 1964. But in the meantime we have American servicemen all over the place, and they all have money to spend, and they exert quite an influence on young Moroccans.'

'Young women as well as men?' asked the English girl.

'Well, no,' admitted the Frenchman. 'They don't have much effect on the women. Principally because they can't get at the women. It would be dangerous for them to try. Any Yank making eyes at a woman would quite probably get a knife in his back.'

We realized as we walked the streets of Tangier that the lonely serviceman must be sorely tempted. Black eyes flashed behind the lattice of a balcony. Faces appeared and disappeared behind the parapet of a flat roof. Women dressed in Western style did not ravage the heart so much as those who concealed their charms in the long white *haik* and the veil that covers all the face with the exception of the eyes.

It is hard to judge by a pair of eyes alone. The owners of them may be as homely as sin, or as beautiful as the desert gazelle with which women are so often compared in Arab love poems. The veil may be a curse to the Moslem woman, but it is also a boon. It gives her the benefit of the doubt. Since only her eyes are revealed, she lavishes endless care upon them. She massages the corners with cream, she makes lustrous the lashes with oil, she enlarges the pupils with belladonna, she

darkens the lids with *kohl*, a powder of antimony. She makes her eyes two dark, gleaming jewels calculated to set any man dreaming.

But if there is a dreaming Yank within range, he quits dreaming when his hand in his pocket encounters his rule book. For he knows what the little book has to say on the subject of women:

‘Never discuss women with a Moslem.

‘Never stare at one.

‘Never jostle her in a crowd.

‘Never speak to her in public.

‘Never try to remove the veil.

‘This is most important. Serious injury if not death at the hands of Moslem men may result if these few rules are not followed.’

We talked with educated Moors. They seemed bewildered and confused. They wanted Morocco to go ahead; in the same breath, they insisted that she must go back. Back to the Koran, back to Arab traditions.

It seems clear that, for the time being at least, Morocco is going back. Since Morocco became independent in 1956, women have been returning to the veil and the harem, international playboys have been leaving Tangier, French and Spanish administrators have been going home and their places are being taken by poorly prepared native personnel, American rock ‘n’ roll has worn out its welcome and in the cinema theatres American westerns are giving way to films made in Cairo.

All Arab Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea is unifying and raising barriers against the outside world. Some intelligent Moslems deplore this tendency. A Moslem newspaper editor told us:

‘We need Europe and America. We can’t afford to get along without them. We can’t shut others out without imprisoning ourselves. Take customs duties – they used to be low. But

they've been increased to the point where they've completely stifled trade in many kinds of goods. And port dues – fees for handling and warehousing goods – are to be raised. These barriers against imports will increase the cost of living in Morocco. Already millions of our people don't have enough to live on. The proposed Arab federation of North African countries is a step towards communism.'

'Why so?'

'In Morocco prosperity was expected to come in with independence. It didn't come. In fact poverty has increased. Just so a completely Arab North Africa without the help of Europe is apt to be driven by worsening economic conditions towards communism.'

It is not safe to put such things in print. Editors who have dared have gone to jail. During our passage through Morocco two newspapers were closed down and their editors arrested. Another newspaper, the *Tangier Gazette*, risked the same fate by boldly challenging the Government for shackling freedom of the Press. The editor cited Press freedom in Britain.

We flew on to Rabat, capital of Morocco. There we drew the last available room in the Government-owned Hotel Tour de la Hassan, the price a phenomenally low eighteen shillings a night.

The public rooms, lobby, staircase, balconies, bar, dining-room, were marvels of carved wood and plaster, sumptuous tile mosaics, rich carpets, fittings worthy of a palace – arches, alcoves, pillars, painted-beam ceilings, mirrors, gracefully outlined windows. The food was fine, *à la carte*, *assez* expensive. There was a paradise of a garden, packed with flowers, where we had breakfast every morning. It was all the last thing in Moorish-French luxury. The Moorish influence could have been spared in the toilet which offered only a hole in the floor and two treads for the feet. However, this inadequacy was not repeated anywhere else in Morocco nor at any time during the rest of our African journey.



The traveller need have no fear of Moroccan hotels. France, which controlled all of Morocco except Tangier, where she shared rule with Britain and Spain, has eased the way for visitors with no less than 255 tourist hotels.

Chief of the architectural beauties of this lovely, semi-tropical city is the palace of the Sultan, or more properly King, of Morocco. Perhaps the preference for the word King stems from the desire to forget certain excesses of Sultans of the past.

Sultan Moulay Ismail, who ruled from 1672 to 1727, built a capital rivalling Versailles—even the stables were three miles long with stalls for 12,000 horses. Moulay had 550 wives and some thousands of concubines. In one period of six weeks he became the father of thirty children. Sons were saved, daughters were strangled. Of his several hundred thousand slaves 25,000 were Christians captured by Barbary pirates. He boasted that with his own hands he had killed 36,000 persons. His favourite method was to tie the victim between two planks, then saw him in half. A visiting ambassador from France found him bloody to the elbows, having just lopped off the heads of eight slaves. When he wore anything yellow, it meant he was about to kill everyone he could lay his hands on.

Mohammed V, incumbent of the throne at the time of our visit,\* was not of that stamp; at least we came away from a brief interview with him with our heads still securely attached to our bodies. Preferring to dress in patriarchal white rather than in suit and shirt, he represented the best in Arab traditions and was a man of fine presence, friendly and intelligent.

He stood for Arab culture and conservatism, and was shocked by pictures of his sons wearing shorts at European swimming-pools. His children were educated only in Rabat,

\* Mohammed V died in February 1961, and was succeeded by his son, Moulay Hassan.

though they have travelled abroad. Even his daughters have some freedom. His eldest went with him to America some years ago and appeared on television. The compère tried in vain to make her smile. It appeared that she was too conscious of her dignity as a princess – but it is more likely that she was just shy. For a Moslem woman accustomed to strict privacy to be stared at by millions must have been a novel and distressing experience.

The King spoke of Morocco's campaign against illiteracy. Arabic, he said, is easy to learn because every letter is pronounced. A special newspaper for beginners is published. It has become so popular that it is now distributed throughout the Arab world.

Before independence, the Sultan so insistently demanded freedom for Morocco that the French exiled him to Madagascar. In two years he was back, as king. But he did not seem too happy about it. When he was fighting for independence all of his people were behind him. When Morocco became free, endless divisions and rivalries developed. The much harassed ruler thought wistfully of his peaceful existence on Madagascar.

'I'd like to go back there – but voluntarily next time.'

He smilingly confessed that the French never gave him half as much trouble as his own people. To them he kept preaching:

'It is not going to rain gold and silver. The seeds of independence will not yield their fruit in a day. Our sons and grandsons will pick them.'

That is good counsel, for Morocco will richly reward the patient. This is no Saharan desert. As we fly south, we look down on a sort of Californian Ohio. Fields of grain are broken only by thriving orchards of almonds, walnuts, oranges, olives, figs and pomegranates. Vineyards are plentiful, for, although the Koran frowns upon wine, it has nothing to say against the fresh grape.

Morocco is a garden, and before us, as we go toward

Marrakesh, we see the garden wall. It is some 12,000 feet high. The Atlas Mountains shoot up abruptly from the plains to snowy heights. Behind them is the Sahara. Before it, like a small stage against a stupendous backdrop, is the city of Marrakesh. A great rampart seven miles long girdles the city. It is forty feet high and is punctuated by two towers and ten gates. The clay of which the wall and towers were made was once red; now it has faded to the colour of withered rose-petals. Marrakesh was the great capital of old Morocco. Out through these gates came armies that conquered Spain. Here the Sultans reigned in splendour. It was the centre of art and learning.

Arriving about nine p.m. outside the great walls we were gratified to be met by the uniformed Mamounia Hotel representative who saw our baggage into a car and whisked us to the hotel – a relief from the usual procedure of waiting about in various lines, collecting baggage, seeing it gets on the airport bus, buying bus tickets, waiting for the bus to leave, riding it to the town office, waiting for baggage to be removed, engaging a porter to get it to a taxi, driving to the hotel, paying the taxi (through the nose), getting the baggage into the hands of a hotel porter.

The Hotel Mamounia, long a favourite of Winston Churchill is quite fabulous, described by John Gunther as 'one of the most romantic and satisfying hotels in the world'. Its palatial public rooms are peacock-beautiful with the rich hues of fine tile mosaic and ornate fountains. Our huge room (at the modest price of £2-15s a day) had a large bathroom, separate toilet room, a phalanx of wardrobes, twin beds, seven arm-chairs, and a private terrace.

We breakfasted each morning on the terrace, looking out into the famous Mamounia Garden, a tropical fairyland of flowers, palms, olive-trees, cypresses, Bougainvillaea and big frogs that made sounds like African drums. Small birds in rainbow colours lit on the table to pick up the fragments.

All this in a city of 250,000, but you might imagine yourself

in uninhabited jungle.

The meals were excellent and very expensive, but the bar sold sandwiches, so we had breakfast and one full meal, then a light snack from the bar.\* Our room even had what looked like a cat door. However it proved to be not for the cat but for the egress and ingress of shoes. It was a double-walled affair with a small closet between. You put your shoes in the closet at night and the boot-boy unlocked the door from the hall side and removed the shoes in the morning. When you looked for them they were gone and you put on another pair of shoes. Later, when you didn't need them, a key turned in the lock of the little door and you found your shoes back in the closet. When you saw the boot-boy you tipped him, therefore from his point of view the whole scheme worked perfectly.

We carried an introduction to Boris Maslow, a Russian who did not care for the Soviet, educated in the Beaux Arts in Paris, for twenty-three years architect on restorations of ancient monuments in Morocco. He knew the palaces of Marrakesh more intimately than any Sultan had ever known them. He could explain the finest details of tile mosaic, ornamented ceilings, cornices, pillar heads, plaster sculptured so delicately that it looked like fine lace. In his little Citroën we visited otherwise forbidden palaces, pavilions, tombs and exotic gardens of past Sultans. Also a palace that seemed vaguely familiar.

'I've been here before,' I said. 'Wasn't this the home of Pasha? I met him and his son.'

'If you don't want to get into trouble,' said Mr Maslow, 'you'd better forget that you ever knew them.'

\* Since we seem to be rather lavish in praise of the Mamounia, this may be as good a place as any to state plainly that not one cent of 'payola', nor one per cent of 'journalist's discount', was ever requested or received during this African journey. If there is any praise or criticism of hotels, airlines or what not, it is as unbiased as human prejudice will permit, and is offered solely as a service to the prospective traveller who has a right to be told what he may expect.

‘Why?’

‘He was always at odds with the Sultan. He was suspected of heading a conspiracy against him. If he hadn’t died just in time he might have been executed. His sons are in prison. Any former friends of his are suspect.’

I told Maslow of my odd encounter with the famous Pasha El Glaoui on my first visit. The Pasha was the native ruler of Marrakesh, under the light French supervision.

An American friend and I called upon him by appointment, leaving tethered outside his gate the donkey upon which we had brought some motion-picture equipment. The great man entertained us with a dance of the famous Chleuh boys, who dress, rouge, lipstick, and perfume themselves to appear as girls. He showed us the wonders of his palace with its exquisite beauty of rainbow mosaic, sculptured plaster, and carved wood on which the artists were still occupied after seventeen years of continued labour. We passed out of the orange-scented garden through the dark corridor to the outer gate into the street, only to make a shocking discovery.

Our donkey was gone!

The big Senegalese doorman of the palace saw our discomfiture and said courteously,

‘The Pasha expresses his gratitude for your gift.’

If we felt like protesting, we curbed the impulse. Shouldering our heavy equipment, we set out for the hotel. That evening we dined with a Britisher who had made Marrakesh his home for many years. He laughed heartily over our experience.

‘I lost a dozen good horses that way,’ he said. ‘You see, it is the custom to make presents in this country. An official expects you to bribe him with a gift either for himself, or for his servants or slaves.’

‘While the Sultan was in his palace in Fez there was a time when I was called in almost daily. I would leave my horse outside the gate in charge of the black slaves. Every time

when I returned I found it gone.

'After this had occurred repeatedly, I lost my temper, and once, when a horse I prized highly had been taken, I plunged back into the palace, demanded an audience with the Sultan, and told him forcefully what I thought of such piracy.

'He was bland and soothing, and instructed the Grand Vizier to have the guilty slaves punished so that they would never trouble me again.

'The Grand Vizier accompanied me to the street. He ordered the bastinado to be administered to the slaves, but, at my request, it was applied so lightly that no one was really hurt. Then, with many bows, the Grand Vizier retired into the palace.

'I turned to mount my horse. It was gone again!

'It had been taken by the slaves who had administered the bastinado. Now they demanded money for the work of flogging their fellow-slaves, and the latter demanded money for having been flogged!

'I paid through the nose and got my horse back.

'After that, I went to the palace on foot.'

There is a dramatic contrast between the Marrakesh of gardens and palaces and the Marrakesh of the most savage tribesmen of Morocco. For in this old fortified town the Mediterranean world meets the harsh influences of the nearby Atlas ranges and the dark spells of the desert beyond.

A rough tide sweeps through the miles of *souks*, lattice-covered, each street given to one trade, leather, wood, rope, fabrics, spices, silver, and so on. In one street they sell nothing but olives, and in another they do nothing but fry fish. Surprisingly, all the *souks* are clean and well ventilated. The women, closely veiled by the *n'gab*, and the men under whose *djellaba* is concealed a long straight knife, leave not one scrap of litter on the ground.

What a romantic, artistic, sweating, flowery, ancient and half-savage city it is – visited every day by some 15,000 of the

wild people of the mountain tribes who swarm through the *souks* and use the Djemaa el Fna, (Great Square) as their casino for every manner of barter and entertainment.

It has now become more savage, not less – more Moroccan.

‘All my French friends have gone back to France since independence,’ said Mr Maslow. ‘As for me, I have no home but this. Moorish architecture has been my life and has become my love. I wouldn’t want to go anywhere else. Yet I do get very lonely at times.’

From the oldest Moorish city we leap to the newest. Casablanca is so spanking new that when a Casablanca girl moved to New York and was asked what she thought of it she replied:

‘Well, of course, coming from a new country as I do, it’s very hard to get used to all these old houses here in New York. I had no idea New York was so *old*.’

Casa’s population approaches a million. Its harbour, man-made with jetties on a coast unsuitable for navigation, is one of the largest in Africa. Buildings reach eighteen storeys, white or green against an intense blue sky, and modern or ultramodern in design. Even the Bousbier, quarter of the prostitutes, has an air of distinction and proudly claims to be the largest red-light district of any city in the world.

The number one hotel, El Mansour, has a lobby as imposing as a church with ‘seeing’ doors that open as you approach like the doors of a California supermarket. The rooms are big and sumptuously modern with private bath and buttons for everything including service, running iced water, and air conditioning. You might be in Dallas, Texas – there is no hint of the Moorish elegance of the Mamounia or the Tour de la Hassan.

Marshal Lyautey made Casablanca, and the dynamism of the French has developed it. But it’s quite natural that with independence the Moroccans should prefer to remove the names of Lyautey, Joffre, Foch, Leclerc and the rest from the boulevards and substitute Moroccan names. Who

knows, perhaps the Boulevard Franklin Roosevelt will go next.

The buildings may be ultramodern but the people are not. There is none of the eager rush of Times Square or Piccadilly. The street crowd is tranquil and nonchalant, stopping to look into every shop window. Whether they get to the office or not seems to be a matter of no great concern. The chief ambition of the easygoing Moor would seem to be to make every day a holiday.

They do not quite accomplish this feat; as a matter of fact, only eight of our fifteen days were holidays. To begin with, there were two sets of Sabbaths, three to a set. The Moslem Sabbath of course was on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and the Christian on Sunday. Since ordinary customers had no way of knowing whether the proprietor of a store was Moslem, Jewish or Christian, he might close up on any one of these days or all of them. Also during our stay occurred the Moroccan National Day, and the Fête of the Ascension. The first closed everything. The second, though Catholic, was seized upon by Moslems and Jews as an opportunity for a well-deserved rest. It happened to be our last day in Casablanca and we had counted on exchanging more dollars into Moroccan francs to pay our hotel bill. But the banks were closed. The hotel was quite willing to exchange our dollars and did so at the murderous rate of 415 francs to the dollar whereas we could ordinarily have obtained a rate of 458 or better.

Even lifelong citizens have no way of telling what will be closed and what open, for it is entirely up to the whim and mood of the boss. The camera store was open in the morning – even the girl behind the counter didn't know whether it would be closed in the afternoon and had to ask the proprietor. He said yes – it would be closed.

I had left my watch at a jeweller's to be picked up at three p.m. Learning of the holiday, we stopped in during the



morning. It was lucky we did so, for in the meantime the jeweller had decided to close for the afternoon, which would have left me watchless, since we were flying to Dakar that night.

We took off at 10.30 p.m. by Air France. Luckily we could get in a little sleeping since the plane was not crowded and each of us could stretch across three seats.

5

*Sahara to Ivory Coast*

But it was impossible to waste the whole night in sleep while one of the most romantic and mysterious regions on earth was passing beneath.

Below was the mighty Sahara. I looked from the window. The plane was dark and the chandeliers of the Saharan sky were so bright that a ghostly radiance spread over the yellow dunes of Spanish Sahara and Mauritania. Now and then an oasis, as compact and well defined as an island, slipped by. From its dark groves of date-palms peeped a few last midnight lights, perhaps of cafés where the *Ouled Nail* danced. A camel caravan half a mile long wound through the yellow wilderness. It brought back memories. I started thinking about Gertrude.

I had met her on a previous visit to the Sahara. She had great brown eyes whose look of trusting innocence was contradicted by a sneering nose and a pouting lower lip. She had large yellow teeth, halitosis, and a neck like a swan's. We had organized a caravan for a trip from the oasis of Biskra to the south. The camcleers introduced me to my beast. I asked her name. Before they could reply she herself answered with a gargling sound. It sounded more like Gertrude than anything else, so Gertrude she was from that time on.

I never got on intimate terms with Gertrude. To her I was nothing more personal than a sack of flour. The Arabs can tell

you why the camel is so supercilious. It is because he knows one hundred names for God. The most pious human knows only ninety-nine.

Riding a camel is not so easy as it looks when a Bedouin does it. Past experience on horseback did me no good. The motion of the camel was a complete surprise. It is a violent catapult forward, then backward. The wave passes up the spine like the crack of a whip. The neck becomes tired from the effort of the head to adhere to the body.

Gertrude had no bridle. A cord was tied about her nose. If I wanted her to go to the right I pulled her head to the right, whereupon she went where she pleased. If I wished her to go left I pulled her head left, but that did not prevent her body from proceeding to the right. She did not need to see where she was going. She would plod calmly along while turning her head completely around to look at me with her great sorrowful eyes, or putting her head upside down beneath her body to bite at a fly.

Finding the nose-cord unsatisfactory, I began to imitate the Arabs, who use their toes. To do this effectively, one's feet should be bare. The toes are wriggled against the left side of the camel's neck for a right turn, and on the right side for a left. The aristocrats of the camel world are taught to turn when the rider shifts his weight to one side or the other. Gertrude was no aristocrat.

The illusion that this is a ship of the desert is heightened by a great swishing of bilge water below decks. Gertrude's water reserve pitched back and forth in her stomach and occasionally some of it came burbling up into her throat. She took all this as a matter of course, and showed not the slightest embarrassment. No doubt she was proud of what she could do with water. She could store enough of it to last her for a week or ten days. She could store food as well, packing it into her hump in the form of fat. If the hump is high and hard, as Gertrude's was, the animal is well fed. At the end of

a hard journey of a month or more a camel's hump may droop like an empty bag.

It took all day to cover the mere twenty-five miles to the sand dunes of Oumache. These were quite amazing although they were small compared with dunes we were to see later. The sand waves of the desert rise more than 600 feet high. The dunes walk. Grains of sand are blown up one slope and fall down on the other, and in this way the dune steadily moves forward at the rate of some fifty feet a year. Slow but inevitable! If a railroad is in the way it is buried. Many once-prosperous oases have been blotted out by the creeping dunes.

Desert travel is not monotonous. On one night we camped in a green oasis; on another, upon the *hamada*, or rocky desert; on another, on the great dunes; on another, at the edge of a salt lake over which a mirage made weird changing scenes.

In the big dune country south of Shebaba we were hit by a sand-storm. The Arabs drew their burnouses completely over their heads and huddled close to the recumbent camels. Through a slit in my burnous I saw loose sand rush along the ground like a fast-flowing river. Sand bounded up the long slopes of the dunes and streamed off the precipitous edge in giant swirling plumes. Dunes actually melted, writhed, changed their shapes as I watched. One small dune marched up a great dune's back. Another dissolved and disappeared, and where there had been a hill there was only flat ground and driving sand. The air was thick and white as milk and crowded in upon the lungs. The sun was an indistinct blob as if seen through frosted glass.

It was interesting for the first three hours. Then the stifling sensation increased, thirst began to assert itself and the sand penetrated into the ears, nose and throat. There was no chance to get water or food. To rise would mean to be blown away bodily before the wind. The air was like the heat from a blast furnace. The best insulation was the sand that

was piling up around us and on top of us. There was a choice between breathing sand outside the burnous and breathing carbon dioxide inside. We breathed carbon dioxide. It was easy to understand how desert travellers die of suffocation during such storms. It was twenty-eight hours before the screaming, grinding roar of wind and sand abated and we could crawl out, weak and stiff, from our burial mounds.

The Arabs, in their less affectionate moments, call the Sahara 'the land of a thousand horrors'. The description is true enough. And yet the Sahara is one of the great hopes of man.

Irrigation is slowly turning it into one of the garden spots of the globe. Already there are more than 100,000 square miles of oases in the Sahara. This constitutes a territory one and a half times the size of England. Almost anything that grows in California can be grown here.

There is scarcely any limit to the possible multiplication of oases. The Sahara may gradually become what it was in prehistoric times – a tropical country so damp and green that it harboured the hippopotamus, rhinoceros and elephant. The possibilities of this potential granary of the world stagger the imagination when we remember that the Sahara is larger than all Europe.

Dawn found us rolling through green country from the airport to the city of Dakar. Women stripped to the waist worked in the fields. Their breasts hung like collapsed balloons.

'They crush them as early as possible,' said a French traveller, 'to give a look of fertility. A man hesitates to marry a girl with plump breasts. If she hasn't borne any children, who knows that she can?'

As we entered the city, costumes became more complete and more colourful. Women put on their best to go to market.

Black skins – for we were really in Black Africa now – were set off with gorgeous turbans and big, multi-hued billowing robes with an off-the-shoulder effect. Coiffures were elaborate and ornamented with trinkets. The men were large, powerful, and seemed intelligent.

‘You Americans,’ smiled the Frenchman, ‘think America is yours. It doesn’t occur to you that the Africans got there almost as soon as you did – before you did, if your ancestors were on the *Mayflower*. Five years before the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth cargoes of slaves were taken from this port to the tobacco plantations of Virginia.’

The port of Dakar, capital of the new republic of Senegal in the French Community, is a natural shipping point since it is the best harbour on the whole west coast of Africa. Also it is the natural jumping-off place for transatlantic aircraft since here is the shortest distance between the Old World and the New. It is only 1,600 miles from the bulge of Africa to the bulge of South America. New York is actually as close to Dakar as to Southampton – 3,300 miles. Planes of more than a dozen international air services pass through Dakar.

It is a city of modernistic buildings and multitudinous beggars. It is growing too fast to provide for all its people. It is expensive, by African standards – £5 or more for a room at the N’Gor or the Croix du Sud, five shillings for a mango. (But what a mango – as big as a papaw.) The climate reminds one of the Côte d’Azur. And there are no mosquitoes.

On to Guinea.

This was the only one of the fifteen French territories to cut off all ties with France. The others voted to become republics, but within the French Community.

One man, Sekou Touré, thirty-six years old, was responsible. He told his 2,500,000 countrymen how to vote and they obeyed him. They could not do otherwise, for he was supposed to have mystical power. For example, four days after Touré attacked an opponent in a speech, the man dropped dead.

It was plain that the tongue of Touré had the power to kill.

He has a brilliant mind and a magnetic personality. He made a hit on a recent visit to America. Broad-shouldered and handsome, master of words, he is a dynamic platform artist. Once, invited to speak in the French Assembly in Paris, he faced an empty house except for a few members behind newspapers. As he spoke they let the newspapers fall and when he finished the Chamber was full.

He comes by his title of 'Troublemaker' logically, for his grandfather bitterly warred against the French. Sekou, scarcely out of his boyhood, began by organizing a powerful labour union that demanded and won large concessions from French employers. He went to Warsaw and Prague and came back shouting Marxism. Moscow has smiled upon him benevolently ever since.

Just before the great vote was to be cast, de Gaulle visited Guinea to win over Touré. Instead he heard the young fireball thunder from the platform:

'We prefer poverty in liberty to riches in slavery!'

The insulted General cancelled the dinner he was to have with the black leader. Touré, insulted in turn, roused his people to fever pitch. Result: 95 per cent rejection of France. Touré became premier of the new nation.

A French envoy flew down to warn him of chaos – all French public servants and technicians would leave within three months. Touré's answer: 'Remove them in eight days.'

They left, but the country did not go to pieces. French financial aid stopped. French customs duties were slapped on all goods from Guinea. But Guinea had other friends. The Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia came to her aid. From these sources large supplies of goods and arms poured in.

Guinea, even without Communist help, can afford independence. It is the second richest country in what was French Africa. It abounds in agricultural products, gold, iron, and has the world's largest deposits of bauxite. It has great reserves

of hydraulic power. Nigeria is proud of her *per capita* income, but Guinea's is 70 per cent higher.

The young Touré governs with a strong hand. He has dismissed the feudal chiefs and substituted 4,000 village councils elected by universal suffrage. He favours democracy at the village level, so long as it does not interfere with his own autocratic power. As for the national parliament, he expects it to do as he bids, without argument. Parliament should pass bills not discuss them. 'Discussion is for journalists,' he said. He may turn out to be the ablest organizer in Black Africa. His ambitions go far beyond Guinea. He had already linked his country in a loose federation with Ghana and looks forward to a United States of Africa.

'All Africa is my problem,' says Sekou Touré.

Liberia is not a particularly good advertisement for independence. Created as a home for freed American slaves, it has been an independent republic since 1847. No country in Africa has had more independence and has done less with it.

The name Liberia is of course derived from the word liberty. Even in South Africa, notorious for lack of liberty, the average black has more liberty than in Liberia. But here it is not the white man who oppresses the black. Black oppresses black. In a population of 1,500,000, some 15,000 are 'Americo-Liberians', that is, descendants of American slaves. They speak English. They wear American-style woollen clothing, quite unsuited to the steaming climate. They are sticklers for protocol. No matter how sweltering the day, you dare not remove your coat in the presence of an official. A school-teacher was dismissed for appearing before his class without a tie. Every garden party requires top hat and tails.

The sharpest class distinction divides these 15,000 favoured ones from the common herd. Segregation in Arkansas is tolerant compared with segregation in Liberia. 'We must keep



our blood pure,' say the aristocrats. The pseudo-intellectual one per cent despise the ninety-nine per cent as savages. The latter are split into some thirty tribes speaking twenty-five different tongues and are nearly 100 per cent illiterate – and the top-hat 'Americans' are quite satisfied to let them remain illiterate. Naturally there are exceptions – President Tubman himself stands for human rights, but his beneficent gestures accomplish little against a sea of ignorance and prejudice.

The country is not, as some have charged, a colony of the United States – it would be much better off if it were. It is strictly an oligarchy, the one per cent ruling the ninety-nine. Property qualifications deny the vote to the aborigines, and poverty denies property. On the other hand, Liberia prides herself on woman suffrage. This, however, merely means strengthening the hands of the one per cent because by enabling both the man and his wife to vote it doubles the power of the upper class. Where there is any doubt about the result, a little corruption turns the scales. In the election of one president (not Mr Tubman) 15,000 voters cast 243,000 votes!

Liberia, curiously enough, has a sort of upside-down segregation. Whites are completely barred from political activity. Only negroes are allowed to vote. This is no loss to the whites, who could not affect the decision in any event since they constitute only one-tenth of one per cent of the population.

White influence is felt in other ways. The Firestone rubber installations are the chief economic prop of the nation. American engineers have found deposits of gold and diamonds, and Liberian iron ore rates as the highest now mined anywhere (68.8 per cent pure). Liberia receives U.S. technical and financial aid. German firms are developing mineral deposits. To escape home restrictions, shipping companies of many nations register their ships under the Liberian flag.

Politically, they leave Liberia alone. In a way, that is a pity. She would profit by some guidance and control. No one

nation should exercise it – certainly the United States would not relish the responsibility. Some day jobs of this sort will be a function of the United Nations. Even today the U.N. develops backward states under a trusteeship arrangement, and such a guardianship would be a blessing to Liberia.

But the one per cent would never accept it.

After the mud and misery of Liberia, the Ivory Coast Republic is as refreshing as spring water. Surprises began when the plane landed. The fine new airport building is far and away better than Chicago's. Of course that is not saying much.

The capital city, Abidjan, was nothing ten years ago. Now it has 130,000 people and is growing at a fantastic rate. With its pavement cafés and boulevards, white hotels and supermarkets, it is a blend of Paris and Miami Beach. New life came to it when, with the help of Marshall Plan funds, an artificial harbour was built at its front door.

In marked contrast with the natives of Liberia, 100,000 Ivory Coast natives own their own plantations. Only eighty years ago savage kings crucified their slaves upside down. The past is not completely gone – only recently a senator was eaten by his constituents. But along with witch doctors and fetish worshippers, the Ivory Coast is turning out capable young leaders who are not only exploiting the elephant ivory that gave the country its name but are selling bananas, cocoa, coffee, rice, cotton, pineapples, palm oil, manganese and diamonds all over the world.

The Ivory Coast was the richest colony in French Africa. How the new republic will get along remains to be seen. But there are two good signs. There has been no effort to expel the many thousands of Europeans who live in Abidjan, and the Europeans have bent themselves gracefully to the necessity of living and working under black rule.

*By That Sin Fell the Angels*

The chief was discussing aphrodisiacs. He had tried them all – the ones from Arabia, from India, and everywhere else.

‘There’s only one that really works,’ he said.

‘What is it?’

‘A fresh young wife.’

He should know, having had a hundred wives. His predecessors did much better. Sixty years ago one of the kings in the country now called Ghana had 3,333 wives. He was limited to that number by law. A hundred executioners were ready for service whenever it was necessary to replace stale wives with fresh ones. The blood of the victims was caught in a brass bowl five feet across. When the king died three hundred of his wives were strangled so that he might not go into the next world without female company.

Yet out of this barbaric and quite recent past has emerged a nation capable of self-government. Or so think its tutors, the British, who launched Ghana as an independent state in March 1957. The new nation chooses to remain within the British Commonwealth, but is quite as autonomous as Canada.

Ghana is 99 per cent black. Having practically all the colour, and all the power, Ghanaians can afford to be tolerant towards whites. There is no discrimination against the white man on the basis of colour, race or previous condition of servitude.

At the next table to ours in the dining-room of the most exclusive and expensive hotel (£7 for room alone) both colours were represented. The only difference was that the blacks looked somewhat better. The party was made up of six European men and women and five very black Africans. The latter were handsome, well built, and quite evidently educated. They all looked as if they might be college presidents.

Incidentally, the Europeans were in short shirt-sleeves, the blacks wore coats. I don't know what this means unless it is that the coloured feel it a bit more necessary to appear at their best while the whites can afford to be casual.

The blacks appeared to be a superior breed without the extremely flat noses and large lips of some negroes. We were learning the folly of the common notion that a negro is a negro is a negro. There are more diverse types of negro than there are different varieties of European. Both the United States and Brazil were fortunate in that a large proportion of their slaves came from the Gold Coast (now Ghana). Slaves from the Gold Coast taught the Portuguese in Brazil how to cultivate the tropics, and tutored their children.

A white trader known for his sharp practices at the expense of the natives of the Congo moved to the Gold Coast. Presently he returned to the Congo, complaining that he couldn't do anything in the Gold Coast because 'down there nearly every nigger can read and write'. He could not fake weights, and he had to pay the market price for goods.

The Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah, was educated in the United States. Members of his Cabinet are graduates of Oxford, Cambridge and London University. Ghana's beautiful University College is turning out hundreds of bright executives, lawyers, teachers and scientists.

It would be too much to expect that the new-born state should function with the efficiency of a 300-year-old Switzerland or even of a juvenile America. We had a small taste of

Government confusion when the Ghana Ministry of Information volunteered to help us see what should be seen in the capital city of Accra.

The Ministry put a young African official whom we shall charitably call Mr X at our disposal. Unhappily, Mr X didn't know Accra, having just returned to the country after many years in the Belgian Congo. And the driver of the taxi knew even less, we still less. So it was a fine case of the blind leading the blind. Neither guide nor driver knew where the French Consulate was and we blundered expensively about town until we found it. Each blamed the other for not knowing the location of the National Museum. Mr X was sure of one thing – it would be open. We arrived to find it closed. Both were hazy about the location of the State House, the newest and most imposing building in town where large state functions are held. The names of the streets were changed after independence. Neither knew the new names, and both were doubtful about the old ones.

X was a pleasant and agreeable young black and the fault lay not with him but with the office for selecting him as our guide. We got a very vivid impression of childish inefficiency on the part of a Government bureau and suspected that an independent Ghana still has some growing up to do.

But who could remain annoyed for long in this dulcet climate and lovely city? We were now deep in the tropics, only five degrees from the Equator. Accra was a paradise of flamboyant trees in full bloom, flowering orchid-trees, shower of gold, hibiscus, almond trees with yellow, red and green leaves, papayas loaded with fruit, great beautiful mango trees, elephant's ears, cocoa, coconut, banana trees competing with the palms to see which could throw out the larger and more sumptuous leaves.

In this setting rise buildings that achieve the contradiction of being both modernistic and beautiful. The Government buildings provide an example for American state capitals. A

fine memorial arch in honour of independence bears the words, '1957, Freedom and Justice'. The public library is reminiscent of the handsome U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels Fair, and houses a large collection of books, mostly in English. We were gratified to find five W.P. books on the shelves. This was all the more surprising since they had to do with faraway places such as Japan, Patagonia and the Amazon, and most inhabitants of the African continent are strictly self-interested, caring little about what goes on outside the tribal limits. Over the public buildings waved the national flag – red for spilt blood, gold for the Gold Coast, green for agriculture, and a black star for the rising star of freedom for all Africa.

The finest costumes were to be found in the market – gorgeous robes of *kente* cloth, the most beautiful and most expensive fabric made by any people anywhere in Africa. Enough material for a good robe may cost £100. But it lasts – a robe is passed down from generation to generation. Traditionally, only chiefs wore *kente*. Now it is worn by everyone who can afford it.

Through the streets rolled the 'mammy wagons', native buses closely packed, each one bearing a curious inscription: 'See God', or 'Holy, Holy', 'Rock 'n' Roll', 'Prepare to Meet Your God', 'Halaluya', 'Anyway', 'Repent', 'Death is Round the Corner', 'Enter Without Hope', 'Not Today, Oh Lord, Not Today'. The Government looks with disfavour on the slogans – but they do add colour and furnish both amusement and useful admonition.

American influence, such as it is, seems to be exercised mainly by Hollywood movie stars. Joel McCrea was at the Dunia, Wayne Morris at the Globe, Guy Madison and Frankie Laine at the Opera, Randolph Scott and Spencer Tracy at the Ophir, Alan Ladd at the Park, George Raft at the Royal, Douglas Fairbanks Jr at the Gyandu, John Hodiak at the Odeon, Claudette Colbert at the Rex.

The American Ambassador, Wilson C. Flake, told us that the British had left Ghana in healthy condition and the country does not ask or need U.S. financial aid. The United States takes about 25 per cent of Ghana's exports and gives her 10 per cent of her imports, leaving a handsome balance in favour of Ghana. The United Kingdom, United States and Western Germany run cheek by jowl in trade with Ghana, sometimes one leading, sometimes another. Rapidly overtaking them is Japan, with goods of medium quality at low prices.

Though Ghana, rich in resources, does not want loans, she does need technical assistance. She is determined to get it from as many different sources as possible so as not to be unduly obligated to anyone. So far she has had such aid from Britain, the United States, Israel, Egypt, India and the United Nations.

More than a third of all the world's cocoa comes from Ghana. Ghana is dangerously dependent upon cocoa. U.S. agricultural experts have been called in to diversify crops – develop rice, corn, coffee, bananas, rubber and cattle-raising. The country is expected to become one of the world's main aluminium producers as soon as power is provided by the projected Volta Dam which is to be 300 feet thick and a mile long, impounding a lake of 3,000 square miles.

Ghana is as big as Britain – but with only one-tenth the population. Obviously she has great possibilities. They will not easily be realized, because of the tug of war between factions. The land is obsessed by many opposing interests, clashing customs and different languages. We picked up a newspaper in Accra printed in no less than seven languages. Does Ghana have the leadership necessary to pull and hold the country together until tribal antagonisms can be ironed out?

Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah had no doubt about it. Nkrumah (pronounced En-kroomah), a little more than fifty

years old, looks and acts ten or twenty years younger, is well built, supple and magnetic, speaks with a quiet intensity, and in his magnificent robe of yellow, red and green *kente* cloth seems to belong in Christiansborg Castle in which he makes his home. He tells of his early days in a mission school, his experiences as a student in Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, his years at the London School of Economics, his fourteen months in prison, his lack of resentment towards the British and willingness to hire British advisers on contract. He encountered no race prejudice while in England and little in America – though he has not forgotten that when he asked where he could get a drink of water in a Baltimore bus station the clerk pointed to the spittoon. Such incidents, trifling in themselves, strengthened his determination to make his people independent and respected. Even as an undergraduate he wrote to friends in Accra:

‘If I fail to bring self-government to the Gold Coast, bury me alive!’

Now he has done it. Some say he has overdone it. His political opponents have reason to call him dictatorial, for a good many of them are in jail. Parliament is in his pocket, and the constitution has been so amended as to put absolute power in his hands.

In a single haul, fifty-four politicians were packed off to prison without trial.

When asked, ‘Is that democracy?’ he replies, ‘Of course. The people are with me.’

It is true, for the time being at least he is the national idol. He can do no wrong. On the platform, his magnetism sweeps his audience up into the clouds. He becomes a prophetic figure, a saint, a god. He is believed to command supernatural powers. It is declared that Jesus will not return to the world because Nkrumah is the second Christ. Myths are gathering about him. He can make himself invisible whenever he pleases. He can go without food, drink and sleep. His spirit is seen



at night, going from village to village, blessing his people.

Nkrumah does nothing to disillusion his worshippers. Perhaps he is the victim of a growing egotism. More likely, he may feel sincerely that strong-arm methods and a certain appeal to superstition must be exercised during the first years of the new nation to give way in time to true democracy.

This sincerity or cupidity, whichever it may be, carries him far beyond Ghana. He outstrips Nasser and Touré as a potential leader of a united Africa. He has already succeeded in federating Guinea with Ghana and stands for the annexation of other near-by territories.

'What Nkrumah wants,' declares the Premier of neighbouring Togoland, 'is territorial expansion at the expense of Togo, the Ivory Coast and Upper Volta. Well, he won't get it. I wonder if he realizes what he's doing. Doesn't he know he's surrounded by former French territories that after struggling for freedom for many years have no intention of being absorbed by Ghana?'

Nigeria is also annoyed with Nkrumah and his ambition to be the saviour of Africa.

'We will go our way at our own speed,' declares a Nigerian chief, Enahoro. 'Dr Nkrumah is anxious that the outside world should recognize him as Africa's leader. We have no intention of doing so.'

Thus the struggle for independence, settled with so little disturbance and bloodshed, is giving way to a new and more deadly struggle for supremacy that may quite possibly trouble Africa for the next hundred years.

*As Nigeria Goes . . .*

We fly down the Slave Coast of tragic memory, from which America imported her most embarrassing problem, to Lagos, capital of Nigeria.

We must keep our seats after landing until the plane is sprayed. Lagos doesn't want any Accra mosquitoes – prefers its own.

Friends meet us at the airport and drive us to the Mainland Hotel where they have reserved for us quarters such as one would never expect to find in Darkest Africa. The twin-bed room with private bath provides radio, telephone and air conditioning and fine views over a palm-fringed lagoon where fishermen in small canoes throw their nets.

The price is high – approximately double the average on the entire African journey. Ghana and Nigeria will need to slash their hotel prices, with the help of Government subsidies if necessary, before they can hope to attract many tourists.

After our less than satisfactory experiences with the Ministry of *Misinformation* of Ghana, the Federal Information Service of Nigeria is a delight. They immediately arrange interviews for us with H.E. and P.M. – as they familiarly refer to His Excellency the Governor-General, and the Prime Minister.

They are equipped to supply 'transport' for visiting journalists, and we were taken back and forth endlessly, sometimes in a sumptuous limousine, more often in a small

bus or station wagon, and, when all else failed, in a truck. Mary looked a little out of place, in her best pink party dress, hat and glass slippers, stepping out of a GM pickup at the Governor's house for lunch. But, whatever the means, one could not fail to appreciate the goodwill and efficiency of this new state which threw off its swaddling clothes in 1960 to become the greatest nation in all Africa.

The saying is, 'As Nigeria goes, so goes Africa', and there may be considerable truth in it. Nigeria, with 40,000,000 people, is the most populous country in the continent. Runner-up is Egypt with 24,000,000. Egypt, however, is not black. The largest black state after Nigeria is Ethiopia with 20,000,000. Nigeria is larger than any European country except Russia. It is by all odds the largest black nation in the world.

And it is really black. The total white population numbers only 11,000. Nigerians should erect a monument to the anopheles mosquito. It was largely this carrier of malaria that discouraged white invasion. The anopheles, and the humid heat. The mosquito has been eliminated wherever visitors are likely to tread, but the heat remains. Whites are further discouraged by the law which forbids them to own land. This may be discrimination – but the law was not made by black men. It was initiated by the British founder of modern Nigeria, Lord Lugard, to safeguard the native against European speculators.

Nowhere else in Africa did we find such a ferment of activity as in Nigeria. Lagos is a screaming, shouting, grinding cinerama of speeding cars, trucks, buses and bicycles rocketing around, over and between long-robed citizens. The wind does wild things with these voluminous garments. We witnessed the fate of one pedestrian whose wind-blown draperies wrapped themselves around the front wheel of a bicycle and both pedestrian and cyclist hit the dust. Since in most places there are no pavements the pedestrians all

walk in the street and automobile horns have to be blown continuously to clear the way for traffic.

One gets the impression that all Nigerians are extroverts. They certainly do not hesitate to express their opinion. They bombard the white passer-by with questions, caustic comments and ribald laughter. The would-be photographer is harassed continually by people demanding that their pictures be taken (for a fee), or by others protesting loudly that their pictures have been taken (without a fee).

Begging is big business. Whether, as some say, children are deliberately crippled to make them successful beggars, it is true that it is worth while to be disabled. Many of the handicapped refuse organized charity because they can do better by begging. Nigerians who have anything to give, give generously. Those who are Moslems are enjoined by the Koran to give alms. Superstitious animists are afraid of having a curse laid upon them if they do not give. This is a city disease, a disease of civilization, and the white man is partly responsible. In remote villages there is no begging. Begging, or 'dashing', was started by the boys back from the Burma Campaign. When discharged by the army, they took to dashing and found it paid. A 'dash' is a tip for watching your car or for permitting you to take a picture or for any small and usually unnecessary service. If you don't dash you are likely to find a headlight stolen or a camera smashed.

But the seething street life is only one aspect of Lagos. Shut away within walls are serious executives, scholars and artists. Nigerian art objects are valued in museums the world over. Too many went out while Nigeria was poor; now that she is rich she is trying to get them back. A pair of bronze leopards was sold in the United States for a song; the Lagos Museum had to pay £7,000 to buy them back. A head, 'The Princess', which was readily sold for the price of a carton of cigarettes, returned with a bill of £3,000 and was considered a bargain at the price.

Nigeria's path will not be smooth. In this great country, seven times the area of England and Wales, the inhabitants speak 250 dialects so different that they almost constitute distinct languages. There are no fewer than ten major political parties and uncounted minor ones.

There are still tribes that relish human meat. A Lagos newspaper published the story of a tribesman arrested on the train for carrying a human hand, a delicacy which he was taking to his sister's birthday party. Hundreds of murders are still committed by the Human Leopard Society whose members dress in leopard skins and make night attacks upon enemy tribes. Hundreds of thousands live in perpetual terror of fetishes and spirits. In some parts twins are still regarded with horror – the mother is killed and the twins boiled in a large pot.

And yet tribesmen are shocked by some practices in so-called civilized countries. Nigeria sent a young lady to the *New York Herald Tribune* Youth Forum. It was reported that while in New York she ate hot dogs.

'Nefarious!' cried a Lagos newspaper. 'Dog eating is regarded with contempt in Nigeria. What will the parents and friends of this girl feel! This is scandalous news.'

But the new nation, with all its problems, divisions and blind spots, has the advantage of good leadership. The Prime Minister, Alhaji Abubakar Tafuwa Balewa, is highly respected throughout Africa. We entered his office to find a tall man wearing the fez-like red cap of the Moslems – here called a *fula* – over a black face without heavy features and with bright, humorous and kindly eyes. He wore a long, loose-fitting, white gown, called in Hausa a *babarinka*. He is from the North, a Hausa, and when I commented on his faultless English and asked whether English is picked up more easily by some tribes than others, he said that Hausa words require about the same pronunciation as English, therefore English is somewhat easier for the Hausa. Also he had the advantage

of being taught by Englishmen only – and in Government schools.

He went to America in 1955 and studied transport on the Mississippi River for the Nigerian Government in its plans to develop navigation on the Niger. He rode the towboats, flew in amphibian planes over the delta. Push towing has now begun on the Niger. The season of navigation is only eleven weeks long, limited to the rainy season – in the dry season you can walk across the river. During the rains the stream is in some places five miles wide. There are long-range plans for a dam at Jebba and some locks that would make a thousand miles of the Niger system navigable throughout the year.

‘Nigeria’s vast resources are only gradually being discovered. In 1947 a geological expert reported that Nigeria’s coal would be exhausted in twenty years, and her tin in fifteen years, and that she had nothing else. In 1950 other experts reported the coal reserves were enormous, and tin was in unlimited supply. Since then uranium has been found, and now oil is beginning to flow. Shell-British Petroleum and Mobiloil are drilling for it. Oil, if in sufficient quantities, would solve Nigeria’s financial problems and would mean much to America and Britain – no longer at the mercy of the Suez Canal.’

The ‘P.M.’ spoke with quiet modesty and at no time hinted a desire to lead an all-Africa freedom movement although the head of the greatest black nation on earth would be the logical leader of such a campaign. His personality is calm and deep. He has a way of taking you into his confidence with a kindly twinkle of the eyes. He seems a man of great intelligence, understanding and tolerance. He is of peasant stock, not highly educated, though he studied for a year in England.

‘We consider him,’ said Sir Ralph Grey, ‘a far greater man than Nkrumah. It was Nkrumah’s good fortune to be leader of the first African state to become independent and he got a lot of publicity, while this man is practically unknown. He is

a man without vanity and I believe he will be very happy to go back to his small country house whenever his services are no longer required.'

Both types are needed in a renascent Africa – the dynamic and dramatic agitator, provided he can put away personal ambition, and the wise and steady statesman whom even extremist whites and extremist blacks respect as having no interest but the good of his people.

*Albert Schweitzer*

Four men paddle the heavy pirogue upstream against the strong current of the Ogooué.

We are in the still-wet-behind-the-ears Gabon Republic some 300 miles inland from Port Gentil. A small plane has brought us to Lambaréné. Then the last few miles have to be made by canoe, for the mission station of Albert Schweitzer stands in roadless jungle.

The river is about a quarter of a mile wide and the shores are a tropical paradise. Great trees overhang the water, flowering vines climb their trunks.

Palms shoot off at every angle, banana trees wave their long ears, huge silk-cotton trees rear their light-grey trunks up which run the black tunnels of ants.

'Python,' says the bow paddler as a twelve-foot snake drops from an overhanging branch into the water, barely missing the boat. The snouts of waiting crocodiles nudge up on to the beach. Cranes strut on the sandbars, thatched houses perch high on promontories out of reach of the annual floods.

Our pirogue is a put-together job of beams and planks, but the smaller ones we see are chipped straight out of the tree, and the chip marks are left to prove it. Our men begin a chant of sharp rhythmical grunts to the time of the paddles, the bowman striking the water on the off beat with an off-beat grunt so that there is counterpoint between his ejaculations



and those of the three in the stern.

Around a cape, and 'There it is,' – a group of red-roofed buildings on a climbing shore among the palms. Just beyond it is the spot where Trader Horn once had his trading post. Two white-uniformed nurses wait for us on the beach, and as we walk up the slope a mild hurricane in white helmet over shaggy hair fairly runs to meet us, beaming as if we were the only visitors he had seen in a year. My hat comes off to this man, but he instantly claps it back on my head. This action is explained later. Two visitors died of heat stroke and one lost her reason, so Dr Schweitzer insists that every head be covered. He himself got sunstroke through a hole in the wall.

He speaks to us in German, asks if we had a good journey, how far we have come today, and are we tired. His manner is animated, almost boyish, belying his age, well up in the eighties. While speaking, he scatters rice for the chickens. He disappears as suddenly as he has come, and we are taken to our cell.

I have heard of these cells and imagined them the real monkish variety, three bare dark walls and a door. Two sides of the room *are* bare walls, but the others consist of a grill or lattice through which we look out on one side to the veranda and into a huge bread-fruit tree and on the other side down the hill and across the river – a really ravishing view.

The room is severely furnished – iron bedsteads with lumpy mattresses, old chest of drawers, table with an oil-lamp, washstand with pitcher, bottles of distilled water on the shelf for drinking and brushing the teeth, chamber-pots, slop bucket, and an oil lantern for finding the way after dark to the dining-room or the toilet. Of course there is no private bath.

The toilet is an outhouse several minutes' walk away past a number of other buildings and the quarters of the chickens, ducks, pigeons, goats and cats, then through a yard where great quantities of hospital linen hang drying. Half-way on

this pilgrimage you climb a few steps, open a door, take a key with a large wooden tab off a hook and carry it with you. It is the key to the toilet. But be sure to return it to its hook or the whole life of the institution is demoralized. At the entrance to every porch is a shoe-scraper on which to remove goat and chicken droppings picked up along the way. And there must be times when every step is in mud.

Dinner is at seven, announced by beats on two suspended iron rails, which give off surprisingly sweet tones, a third apart. A nurse comes for us and shows us the ropes; the lantern is lit and carried to the vestibule of the dining-hall where it is left, turned low. A tab on each lantern carries a number – ours is eleven – so that you can pick your own lantern when you leave.

The table, about twenty-five feet long, looks pleasant with a row of shaded oil-lamps down the middle. No one sits down until Dr Schweitzer arrives and seats himself, not at the end of the table, but half-way down one side. On his left is the head nurse, Miss Kottman, and on his right Miss Silver who speaks English and interprets when we fail to comprehend the Doctor's rapid German. Around the table are seated the other members of the European staff, three doctors, five more nurses and some twenty helpers. We, the only guests, are placed opposite Dr Schweitzer.

He asks a brief grace. The meal is simple: noodle soup, an egg, potatoes, grapefruit, no drink but water. At the end of the meal hymnbooks (in German) are distributed, and Dr Schweitzer announces a hymn, goes to the piano, which has a harpsichord sound, and plays it softly by the light of the oil-lamp that stands upon it. After the singing he returns to his seat at the table, reads a short passage of Scripture, says a short prayer.

Breakfast consists merely of *café au lait* and toast with a choice of good jams – guava, orange, mango and *pomme de Cythère*. The noon meal is the chief meal, substantial and good:

sweet potato, boiled plantain, papaya, avocado, bread with chives and butter, roast mutton, fresh parsley, German fried potatoes, macaroni, okra, tangerines, coffee – all the foods produced on these grounds except the coffee which is grown at the Protestant Mission a mile away. Dr Schweitzer planted many of the fruit trees with his own hands.

It may seem irreverent, especially to those who have no use for the Doctor's unorthodox theology, to say that the long table, particularly in the evening during prayers, with Dr Schweitzer in the middle flanked by his most trusted apostles, reminds one of the Last Supper. And of course he is Christ-like in many ways, even to his warm smile. No mention is made in the Gospels of the smile of Jesus, but his love must have been in his smile. Most of the time Dr Schweitzer's face is not smiling, but grave, thoughtful and old; when, however, the smile does break through, it has the effect of a flash of sun or a sudden peal of music.

The Doctor becomes more merry and communicative the longer we stay, telling stories of his many experiences. He preached a sermon in Europe advocating tolerance of various sects, each of which may have something valuable to contribute. He defended such organizations as the Salvation Army. After the sermon a woman thanked him, saying her son had gone into the Salvation Army and until now she had mourned him as a lost soul.

It is not easy to keep Africans at work, unless you watch them every minute. In this connection the Doctor tells of a white man with a glass eye which he took out and laid down, saying,

'It will see that you work while I'm away.'

He came back to find that the men had really worked and worked hard. Next day, he did the same. When he returned he found no work had been done. The men had put a hat over the eye.

He speaks of the problem of white prestige. A white Govern-

ment agent came to palaver with a tribe, but they ignored him. He bared his teeth: they were gold. At once he was acknowledged a great person and his counsel was respectfully received and obeyed.

A tribe refused an explorer the privilege of passing over their land. In his train he had several donkeys, an animal unknown in this part of Africa. He instructed his men to twist the tails of the donkeys. At the terrific braying that resulted the natives scattered in all directions and the exploring party passed through.

He speaks of the new finds of remains of Neanderthal man in Morocco and mentions Darwin. I ask if he believes in Darwin's theory. 'Yes, of course,' he says, 'in the general principle of evolution, though some of the details of Darwin's theory have been qualified by time.' Then he tells of the speaker who felt that his audience might not like what he had to say on evolution, and consulted the presiding officer. The latter assured him he could say whatever he pleased on the subject if he would avoid just one word – monkey. Dr Schweitzer says he himself has always tried to do that, whatever the subject.

We spent much time in and about the forty buildings of the hospital. There are about 300 patients and, since it is customary for one or more relatives to come along, there are some 300 volunteer attendants. These two categories get mixed because many of the patients help care for other patients. With the 160 additional patients in the leper hospital, the workers in the gardens, etc. and the staff, the total population of the settlement is about 1,000.

Patients come from as much as 300 miles away. There is a Government hospital in Lambaréné, all cement and tile, but people prefer to come here. It is more like home. This homelike and village-like atmosphere, Dr Schweitzer says, is part of the therapy. The patient eats what he is used to, because one or more members of his family are there to make

it for him. This is very important, since every tribe has its own gastronomic habits. For a time the hospital prepared meals for all. Patients didn't like it. Now one sees a row of braziers outside each building on which relatives cook what they please, using meats, vegetables and fruits raised on the farm.

The hospital buildings are simple barracks with corrugated-iron roofs. Bunks are provided, but it is difficult to keep patients in them because they are used to sleeping on the floor. The operating-theatre is unique. It is open on three sides, except for screening against mosquitoes. Dr Schweitzer says a surgeon doesn't require a nurse to mop his brow, the breeze does that for him.

Only the operating-room and the X-ray-room use electricity. The rest of the Mission depends on oil-lamps. Imagine a community of 1,000 people without electricity, telephone, running water, plumbing or air-conditioning, within twenty miles of the Equator!

Such primitive conditions have shocked many visiting physicians. Yet if they take time to investigate, they find the system works. Dr S. Joel Cohen of Johannesburg, who spends some time at the Schweitzer hospital every year performing gynecological operations, reported to the World Congress of Gynecology and Obstetrics:

'There is no running water in the hospital, no bathroom, no kitchen, no oxygen, no blood-transfusion equipment, and mosquitoes and flies are a constant curse. Yet I have never seen a single case of post-operative infection.'

Dr Schweitzer supervises every particular, but leaves most of the actual medical work to his staff. *Maladies* range all the way from broken ankles to leprosy. We see patients with bloated legs and Dr Catchpool tells us:

'Practically all the natives have filariasis though in only a small proportion of cases does this develop into elephantiasis with greatly swollen and deformed organs and limbs. The

worms are up to two inches long and when one crawls beneath the eye it is very painful. At first I used to take them out, but it seemed rather a waste of time to remove one worm when there are ten thousand in the body. Now I give a local anaesthetic to relieve the pain and apply a hot compress which makes the worm go somewhere else. If the patient prefers that the worm be removed, the witch doctor can do this just as well as I can, using a couple of thorns as tweezers.'

One morning Dr Catchpool seemed a little more haggard than usual. He was up all night with a patient. A lumberjack with his axe over his shoulder was walking through the forest when a branch fell from a tree and struck him on the other side of the head, forcing his head against the blade of the axe and crushing his skull. The Government hospital found the case too difficult and sent him here. Eight hours in a motor-launch was hard on the half-conscious patient. But a long night of constant attention brought him through and he will recover.

Doctors, nurses, helpers, all serve *without salary*. They are lodged and fed, receive a little spending money if they need to go to town. When they go on leave their passage is paid to Europe and back, also their maintenance in Europe if they need it; most do not since they stay with their families. No one comes here to make money! Dr Catchpool is financed by his family. Miss Lotte Gerhold, a secretary from the edge of the Black Forest, is here because she knew the Schweitzer family in Europe. She came for a visit – and stayed.

Dr Schweitzer is a world symbol of self-sacrifice. The world does not know of these twenty-five or thirty others who are making the same sacrifice. Incidentally, all the staff have malaria. Every month one or more of them falls sick with a temperature of 105°. Tropical humidity is tiring, and each worker is supposed to get away every eighteen months for a few months' rest. For most of them this rest is long overdue.

Over the hill, a quarter of a mile away, is the leper village

built with the money awarded to Dr Schweitzer as part of his Nobel Peace Prize. The mat-walled buildings accommodate 160 lepers. Nowhere could a more cheerful lot of people be found, though some of them are frightfully disfigured.

'During the first year,' said the Doctor, 'we may not use specifics for leprosy at all but only nutritious food to build up the general health. This alone goes far to cure. We follow this natural treatment with drugs. No, we don't use chaulmoogra oil any more – that's out – sulphones do a much better job.'

I notice that the lepers wear shoes, which is quite unknown in the general hospital.

'Lepers must wear shoes,' the Doctor explains, 'because, being insensible to pain, the feet might be badly injured without the patient knowing anything about it. The same may apply to other parts of the body, especially the appendages. I frequently operate upon a leper without anaesthetics – he feels nothing.'

'How about the hopeless cases? Do you send them home?'

'We can't do that. According to native belief they are cursed of God and cannot return to their villages. If they are beyond cure we must let them stay through to the end.'

Walking to and from the leper village we see the jungle as Dr Schweitzer describes it in his book *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*. Labyrinthine and almost impenetrable, it is the natural home of leopard, panther, gorilla, deer and wild pig. The goats at the Mission are penned at night to protect them from the big cats.

There's the tsetse-fly too. One bit a visiting physician as he walked with Dr Schweitzer.

'Ah, tsetse,' said Schweitzer.

'Do I do anything?'

'No,' said Dr Schweitzer. 'But if you don't have sleeping sickness at the end of six years then you'll know you're all right.'

Four bells and a drum sound over the Mission compound.

The iron rails announce meals for the staff. A tom-tom in the leper village transmits messages to the main camp. A ten-inch bell in a high perch welcomes staff members when they return from leave. A large bell given by friends to Dr Schweitzer on his eightieth birthday in 1955 announces church service or rather religious service, this being, so far as I can recall, the only mission I have ever seen without a church or chapel. Services are held outdoors among the palms by a minister who comes from the Protestant Mission downriver.

Now and then Dr Schweitzer does the preaching, but for many years he left it to others. This was by agreement with his mission society which was wary of his theology. It is well known that Dr Schweitzer was a famous philosopher, professor, Bach biographer and organist before he laid aside a brilliant career to go to Africa as a medical missionary. He wanted the backing of a mission society. The Basel Missionary Society would not accept him. The Rhenish Mission would not. He went to the Paris Mission Society. A committee proposed to examine him on points of theology. He agreed, provided he could have a day with each member alone. The first spent a day with him, then advised the others that he was quite impossible, yet he was too good a man to lose.

The problem was solved by appointing him a medical missionary on the understanding that he would practise medicine and keep his theology to himself. This was satisfactory to Schweitzer and for two decades he preached only through his practice.

While Dr Schweitzer sought the co-operation of the Society, he assured them that they would not have to pay one franc for the support of his mission. They still pay nothing. Friends all over the world make the work possible. Visitors are put to work. We helped fence a cornfield to keep out goats, chickens, deer and people. The little European nurse in charge of the gang of twenty workers (all lepers, except ourselves) was strong and vigorous and had a voice like a stevedore. She



handled her crew like a veteran.

Dr Schweitzer occupies one small room at the end of one of the buildings. He looks out into a small yard where five of the gentle deer of the jungle are kept. Just beyond are two crosses marking the graves of his wife, Hélène Schweitzer Bresslau, who died in 1957, and Emma Hausknecht, his former chief nurse. Beside his wife's grave space is left for his own.

His room is a clutter of his many interests. He has been frequently pictured 'at the organ', but it is actually a piano with special pedals so that he may practise on it as on an organ. An organ would disintegrate rapidly in this climate. The piano in the dining-room is tinny and out of tune, yet sounds quite lovely as Dr Schweitzer plays it.

On our fourth and last evening we sit by his desk in the little room. A procession of ants is going across the outer edge of the desk, then along the left edge and down the corner to the floor. They are carrying off bits of fish. The Doctor puts some out for them every day. Within five minutes the ants arrive. They never invade the part of the desk the Doctor uses, but confine themselves to the outer and the left edge. When the fish has all been carried off, the ants are gone.

In his monkish cell the Doctor is writing the third volume of *The Philosophy of Civilization*, which will probably live after him as the chief of all his literary works. They include *Indian Thought and its Development*, *The Mystery of the Kingdom of God*, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus*, *Civilization and Ethics*, *Christianity and the Religions of the World*, *J. S. Bach*, *From My African Notebook*, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, *More from the Primeval Forest*, *Out of My Life and Thought*.

He autographs some pictures for us and a copy of his booklet, *Peace or Atomic War?* This contains the three appeals he made on the Oslo radio for the renunciation of nuclear tests. Oslo, he says, was the only radio system that would allow him to make such appeals, and it permitted him only because he was a Nobel Prize winner.

He launches into a fervent discussion of the atomic problem. He was a close friend of Einstein who died with a sense of failure because people would not listen to his warnings regarding atomic warfare. Schweitzer took up the work that Einstein had laid down and has given the question the same profound and analytical study with which he approaches any subject that interests him. His warnings concerning fall-out are based upon his medical knowledge. He points out that the atomic physicists are not M.D.s and do not know the physical dangers of fall-out. The damage already inflicted may be irreparable.

He talks to us on this and other subjects for two hours – in German, Miss Silver interpreting. What a remarkably articulate and forceful octogenarian he is, with a mind that refuses to age and attacks every problem anew, declining to accept without testing the conclusions of church, state and tradition.

He expresses regret that peoples receiving help from America are not grateful. He has the facts and figures on American aid to underdeveloped countries. One of his visitors was a missionary who had attended the conference of African states held in Ghana. Dr Schweitzer asked him:

‘Did one African delegate get to his feet and express gratitude for help from America?’

The missionary thought and said, ‘No, not one.’

I suggest that America should not expect thanks, because it is human nature to resent the necessity of receiving help. He replies that gratitude is the first sign of culture.

We walk back to our room, swinging the lantern, thinking disturbing thoughts – for Schweitzer is a disturbing man. The palms rise about us like cathedral columns. The moon is reflected in the river. All the camp is asleep.

Not quite all. A humming noise comes from a corral occupied by two fantastic pigs. They are wild pigs of this forest, now half-domesticated. They are as fat as ponies, have

a lovely brown and white coat like a deer, ears like long, thin feathers, and anteater noses. They do not grunt but make a polite little 'hmmm'.

The hundred or more goats move sleepily in the pens that protect them at night against leopards and panthers. By day they wander freely over the place. They are attractive, sometimes handsome, well-behaved. It's true that they leave droppings, and John Gunther had something to say about that, but after all, this is a farm. Practically everything a thousand people eat is raised here and you can hardly have a farm without droppings.

Gunther's chapter on the Mission in *Inside Africa* was a fine chapter in a fine book and the staff appreciated it. They did think he was unnecessarily sarcastic about the fact that in a Christian mission station guests are advised to lock their doors. But close to the guest-rooms is the hospital with some 300 patients, many of them ambulatory, and about 300 relatives who, when they are not cooking meals for their sick, are free to wander about. Being desperately poor, they might be strongly tempted to pick up unguarded articles. They come from villages where ownership is more or less communal rather than private. Some live within a few miles of the station and are Christians, but the majority are from villages ten to 300 miles away. Even Christians are not necessarily honest. We keep our doors locked in America, which is presumably a Christian nation, and unlocked in Japan, which is not. Some of the most talented thieves in history have been Christians. Even a Christian can be tempted by an unlocked door – and such temptation is unfair.

But what really hurt was the master reporter's story that a black girl offered herself to him for money. This could have happened, but it is so completely atypical that it might better have gone unmentioned. Possibly a smile was misinterpreted. Here is a place where a pretty girl feels free to smile at you, for the whole atmosphere of the Mission is warm and friendly.

She takes you for a missionary, or a friend of the missionaries, and has no notion that you will misinterpret her behaviour. The deep sense of gratitude of the patients and relatives is obvious to anyone who walks through the grounds. Every few seconds he must pause to acknowledge a bow and a smile and a 'Bonjour' or something in the vernacular that might be almost anything except what Mr Gunther thought it was.

Speaking of Gunther, credit is due to him for the good turn he did Liberia. He criticized the administration severely, got officials hopping mad and enraged President Tubman to the point that he discharged corrupt officials and went a long way towards making an honest and efficient administration in Liberia. This is journalism at its best.

Sleep does not come at once to me, for I still see the ants moving across the desk and Schweitzer admiring them with the same amusement and tenderness that a father lavishes on his children. 'Reverence for life' is the key to the Schweitzer philosophy and religion. Even as a child he was sensitive to the suffering of animals. It was 'reverence for life' that took him to Africa. By life he means all life: human life, first of all, but animal life too; even plant life.

'A man is truly ethical,' he wrote in *Civilization and Ethics*, 'only when he obeys the compulsion to help all life which he is able to assist, and shrinks from injuring anything that lives . . .' Life as such is sacred to him. He tears no leaf from a tree, plucks no flower, and is careful to crush no insect. If, in summer, he is working by lamplight, he will keep the windows shut and breathe the stuffy air rather than see one insect after another fall with singed wings upon his table. If he goes out into the street after a shower and sees an earthworm which has strayed on to it, he recognizes that it will be shrivelled by the sun unless it can reach soil into which it can burrow, and lifts it from the deadly stone surface to the grass. He is not afraid of being laughed at as sentimental. It is the fate of every truth that it shall be a subject for laughter before

it is generally recognized.

And Schweitzer is not a vegetarian. That would not help matters for even a vegetarian must sacrifice life, the life of plants. Schweitzer recognizes that man must kill to live. But when life is destroyed, it should be destroyed only to preserve or advance life in its higher forms. You must mow your field of grain, but on the way home there is no excuse for you if you wantonly nip off the head of a flower or crush a harmless spider. Each case must be judged on its merits. One must never let one's sensibilities be dulled or drugged by a good conscience.

'The good conscience,' says Schweitzer, 'is an invention of the devil.'

On our last morning Dr Schweitzer, Miss Kottmann and Miss Gerhold come down to the shore to see us embark. The big pirogue carries us swiftly downstream on a strong current. The three white figures on the shore diminish to three dots. It is all over, the most interesting and stimulating experience we have yet had in Africa.

*Creeping Congo*

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,  
Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.

So Nicholas Vachel Lindsay saw the Congo. So we see it, far below, the river that has known the darkest horrors of the Dark Continent, murder, massacre, cannibalism, white man's greed, the 'Belgian atrocities', which were not Belgian but the work of one man, the mad King Leopold. We see it slinking out of the jungle into the Stanley Pool, then, like a tortured soul, plunging into the hundred-mile stretch of rapids before it reaches the final peace of the sea. Reflected in its surface is the golden Congo moon, the thousand lights of Leopoldville across the river and the gleam of ferryboats plying between that city and Brazzaville which lies at our feet.

Looking down from the hilltop of the Relais Hotel, we see few lights in Brazzaville. It goes to bed early. Folks across the river call this town 'dead'. It is not dead, only tranquil. Its people shrug their shoulders at Leopoldville, calling it commercial. It is commercial, yet one of the most beautiful cities in Africa.

Leo's beauty is precise and patterned. Its palms stand in rows down the spotless boulevards, its flower-beds are formal, its grass is kept clipped, its buildings of glass and concrete suit

each other and the surroundings. It has been a city of rich men who could afford the best. Since it has been the capital of the Belgian Congo, all the wealth of this fabulous African empire has poured into it. Its atmosphere is electric with ambition and change.

But Brazzaville is French, therefore easygoing. It has a quiet loveliness that touches the heart. Its palm trees grow where they please. Its magnificent old mango trees are untrimmed, and its gardens are a riot of flowering acacia, frangipani, poinsettia (grown to tree size), Bougainvillea, hibiscus and thousands of wild flowers that the citizens of Leopoldville would call weeds. The French homes are old and comfortable and the native quarters are full of song and laughter.

Not everything is old. This Relais Hotel is a modern miracle. Built by Air France, it consists of a large park in which are scattered eight or nine units, each containing half a dozen rooms or apartments, more or less on the motel model – but so fine a motel would be found only in Florida or California. And one would have to search hard for it in either state. Your room is really four rooms, large salon, bedroom, private terrace and bath. A button immediately brings the ‘boy’ from the service room which carries the inscription *Boyerie* on the door. There is air-conditioning, but it is seldom necessary. Vertical aluminium louvres admit air without sun and exclude young African artists who come around selling paintings. Their art is really excellent, quite unique in Africa, but, after you have stocked up with one lad’s work, all the others descend upon you. Then you appreciate the louvres. For these fine quarters on the edge of the Congo jungle you pay less than half the rate in Accra or Lagos.

Meals are *à la carte* and expensive. They are the best that French cuisine can offer and much of the food is flown in direct from Paris. It is delightful to have *petit déjeuner* on our own terrace and dinner on the hotel terrace overlooking the

Congo. There are no screens, for there are no flies or mosquitoes. One rhinoceros beetle climbs up from the garden and goes wandering among the tables. Monkeys sit on the railing.

We are only four degrees below the Equator, yet one does not find vest, long-sleeved shirt and coat too warm. This is the cool time of the year, not only because June is a winter month, but because this is the dry season south of the Equator and during the dry season the sky is clouded much of the time. Paradoxically it is during the wet season that the sun shines hotly, because the rain comes only in brief showers and most of the time the sky is clear. Yet even the dry season is not all cloudy – the sun shines softly through a thin veil.

The Congo separates the Congo from the Congo! The country bordering the river on the north was a part of French Equatorial Africa and became independent in 1960 under the name of the Congo Republic. On the south side of the river was the vast land which anyone five years ago would have predicted would remain the Belgian Congo for at least the next half-century. But a few scattered riots were accepted by Belgium as the writing on the wall and the country was given independence in 1960.

Now each of the Congolese nations eyes the other with interest and suspicion. An attempt by one to take over the other is perhaps only a matter of time. The Congo that was Belgian is big enough to swallow four-score Belgiums and have room left for a couple of Britains. It is half the size of the United States.

Britain, by the way, could have had the Congo. Stanley, who explored it, tried to interest the British Government but without success. He did interest King Leopold II of Belgium, who accepted it as his own personal property. It was the largest and richest private estate known to history. The ambitious Leopold, greedy for rubber and ivory, exploited the natives with such hideous barbarity that public



opinion finally forced him to turn the Congo over to the Belgian nation. That was in 1908. Since that time the native has been treated with a benevolent paternalism and, though ill-paid, has profited by technical training in the tremendous industrial development of the country. In this industrial revolution the River Congo has played a major role.

It is the chief highway of both Congos. It is as long as the distance between New York and San Francisco, and has twice the volume of the Mississippi. It is the world's third largest river, surpassed only by the Nile and Amazon. Together with its tributaries, it provides 12,000 miles of navigable water for steamers and twice that for launches and canoes. In places it is twenty-four miles wide. It is dotted with more than 4,000 islands. When it reaches the ocean it does not quit, but continues to roll a hundred miles out to sea. Our several trips on the comfortable river-steamers were a revelation of the mystery and majesty of this highway through the very heart of the continent. Nowhere are tribal customs more primitive than in the Congolese jungle, and yet the Congo drums have carried the news of independence to the last village.

Unfortunately the Congo fails just where it is needed most. From Leopoldville to the sea, it roars with impassable rapids. These begin just below the twin cities. If your motor fails while crossing between Brazzaville and Leopoldville, you will be dragged towards the cataracts, sirens will shriek up and down river and a rescue craft will fly to your aid. Too often the aid does not arrive in time and boats with all passengers have been lost.

We stood on the shore watching the rapids whirling among huge boulders and sending up waves that crested ten to twelve feet high. Some day they may be bypassed by a canal which would have to be equipped with many locks, for the step-down to the sea is some 700 feet.

Above the rapids on the hilltop is the home of General

de Gaulle. You may recall that Brazzaville was the retreat of the Free French during World War II and this house was their headquarters. De Gaulle still visits it once every three or four years. Whenever he does so he must have poignant memories of that valiant fight for freedom and feel the logic of the African desire for the same freedom.

*Congo Chaos*

But if de Gaulle were to visit his Africa villa today and look across the river to Leopoldville, he would meditate sadly on the fact that freedom, misused, may mean rapacity, brutality, massacre and economic ruin.

Independence was pressed upon the Congolese in June, 1960. They were not ready for it. Their Belgian masters had trained them to run machines, but not to run a Government. They had been allowed no schooling in politics, administration or military responsibility. Not one African soldier had attained the post of second lieutenant. After thirty years of army service an African might hope to become a sergeant-major; but that was the limit.

Primary education and manual training were generously provided but higher education was hard to come by. A sixty-year-old university professor says:

‘Until five years ago I had never had an African pupil.’

In all the Congo, a country as large as Europe, there were only sixteen black university graduates. All executive posts in the Government were held by Belgians.

With independence, Patrice Lumumba, a postal clerk whose chief distinction was that he had embezzled £800 of postal funds, was made Premier. He had been a skilful and wily street-corner agitator, but had no vestige of administrative experience. He made young men who had studied

law by mail Cabinet Ministers. In his army he replaced Belgian officers with Africans. He turned sergeants into generals overnight. But those who had not been made generals were indignant. Their idea of independence was that everyone should be promoted. They refused to obey their new officers. Their resentment increased when one pay-day after another passed without pay. The new State's treasury was empty. The people refused to pay taxes. Lumumba himself and fellow-agitators had repeatedly assured them that independence meant freedom from taxation. It was also to mean freedom from work and freedom from poverty. The spoils of the white men were to be divided up among them and they were all to live in leisure and luxury.

'What will freedom mean to you?' an African truck-driver was asked.

'They have made us drive on the right side of the road,' he replied. 'When freedom comes, we can drive where we please.'

Witch doctors sold gullible natives boxes of dirt with the assurance that with the dawn of independence the dirt would turn to gold. Independence came, but the dirt was still dirt. The disgruntled troops mutinied and the disappointed public rallied to their support. Their unreasoning anger was directed against the remaining whites. Starving soldiers and sympathizers broke into Belgian banks, looted Belgian homes, ransacked Belgian shops, robbed and killed Belgians who ventured out into the streets. A Belgian priest was tied to a stake and forced to watch as ten nuns were raped. Anyone with a white skin was in deadly danger.

There was a wholesale exodus of Europeans. Within a week 60,000 Belgians fled the country. U.S. helicopters dropped into jungle clearings and rescued 109 American missionaries and their families. European executives and engineers fled, mines and mills closed down. The mobs hailed the expulsion of whites as a great victory. But it did not seem a great victory

to the tens of thousands of factory- and mine-workers now jobless and penniless.

The Government was a comic opera more fantastic than anything in Gilbert and Sullivan. President Kasavubu fired Premier Lumumba. Lumumba retaliated by firing Kasavubu. Parliament cancelled both firings. Then 'strong man' Mobutu staged an army coup and set up his own Government.

There were now three Governments; actually four, since the United Nations was on the scene. Lumumba had asked the United Nations to come in and restore peace. U.N. troops no sooner arrived than the erratic Premier, disliking their methods, told them to get out. They stayed, for they were under orders from the United Nations and not subject to the whims of the three contenders for power. Their task was not merely to act as policemen – but to reorganize the administration, train executives, stop the landslide towards economic disaster, and check the ambitions of Russia, which was sending in planes, officers and technicians with the obvious hope of making the Congo the first Soviet satellite on the African continent.

In the meantime, Belgium was having afterthoughts. Had she let the Congo go too easily? Especially the province of Katanga where the great Belgian industries and mines were located. Naturally the heads of these enterprises were bitter, feeling they had been sold out by an irresponsible Government in Brussels. At the door of a café in Elizabethville a Belgian stopped before a portrait of King Baudouin, muttered '*Cochon!*' and spat upon it.

The Katanga industrialists tried to save the situation by backing a young African politician, Moise Tshombe, who proclaimed Katanga an independent nation. This mightily disturbed all three of the black Congo Governments, for the money to run the Congo has always come from rich Katanga.

But that was not all. The entire Congo seemed about to break up. The province of Equator declared itself a republic.

The big province of Kasai proclaimed its independence. The Bakongos of Lower Congo announced that they would go it alone. The Unwami (king) of Ruanda demanded autonomy. The entire Congo seemed about to fly to pieces.

What else could have been expected? The 150 major tribes of the Congo speak 38 different languages. Radio orders from Leopoldville in one tongue are Greek to the other 37 language groups. Even if understood, the orders of these conflicting native Governments are not likely to be carried out. Every tribal chief sees the opportunity to become king of his own realm, as were his ancestors a hundred years ago before the interference of the white man.

What the final outcome will be in the Congo, no sane person would dare to predict. One thing is clear. Belgium was guilty of a serious breach of trust in setting 'free' a people not ready for freedom, in failing to prepare them for their new responsibilities, in trying to buy goodwill at the sacrifice of good sense. The blunder was compounded by the afterthoughts – the attempt to cling to Katanga.

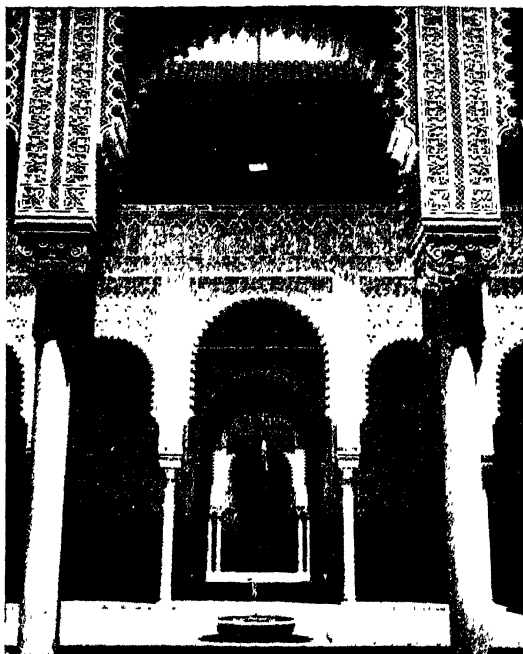
Two lessons emerge: (1) Sharp tools must not be given to children until they are able to use them; (2) once given, they cannot be taken back.

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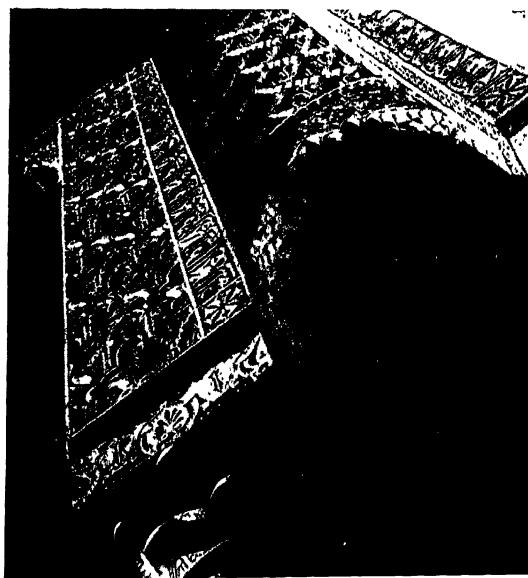


1. City of Sultans, Rabat, a strange blend of twelfth-century ruins and twentieth-century apartment buildings. Since Morocco became independent the Sultan prefers to be known as King – it sounds more modern. But there is still strong disapproval of many modern trends and many women wear veils.

2. The glories of Moorish art remind us that much of our own civilization came from Africa. The Moors occupied Spain for seven centuries. Their skills in agriculture, mathematics, astronomy, law and science spread through Europe and were the chief factor in the emergence of Europe from the Dark Ages into the light of the Renaissance. (Court of Justice, Casablanca.)



3. There are no figures of animals or humans in Moorish art. The Koran forbids the representation of living things, for Allah alone can create life. The one exception is the Sultan who may be pictured since he is semi-divine and not subject to the rules that bind ordinary mortals.







4. It would never do for the nose and mouth to be seen, but the Koran has nothing to say about ankles or eyes. Since ordinarily only the eyes are seen, the Moorish woman lavishes great care upon them, massaging the corners with cream, oiling the lashes, enlarging the pupils with belladonna, darkening the lids with antimony. With enticing eyes and polished boots, she is ready for the age-old conquest of the male.



5. During the heat of the day Moroccan life goes on briskly in the *souks*, market streets half shaded by reed screens, each street devoted to one industry. This is the street of the basket-makers.



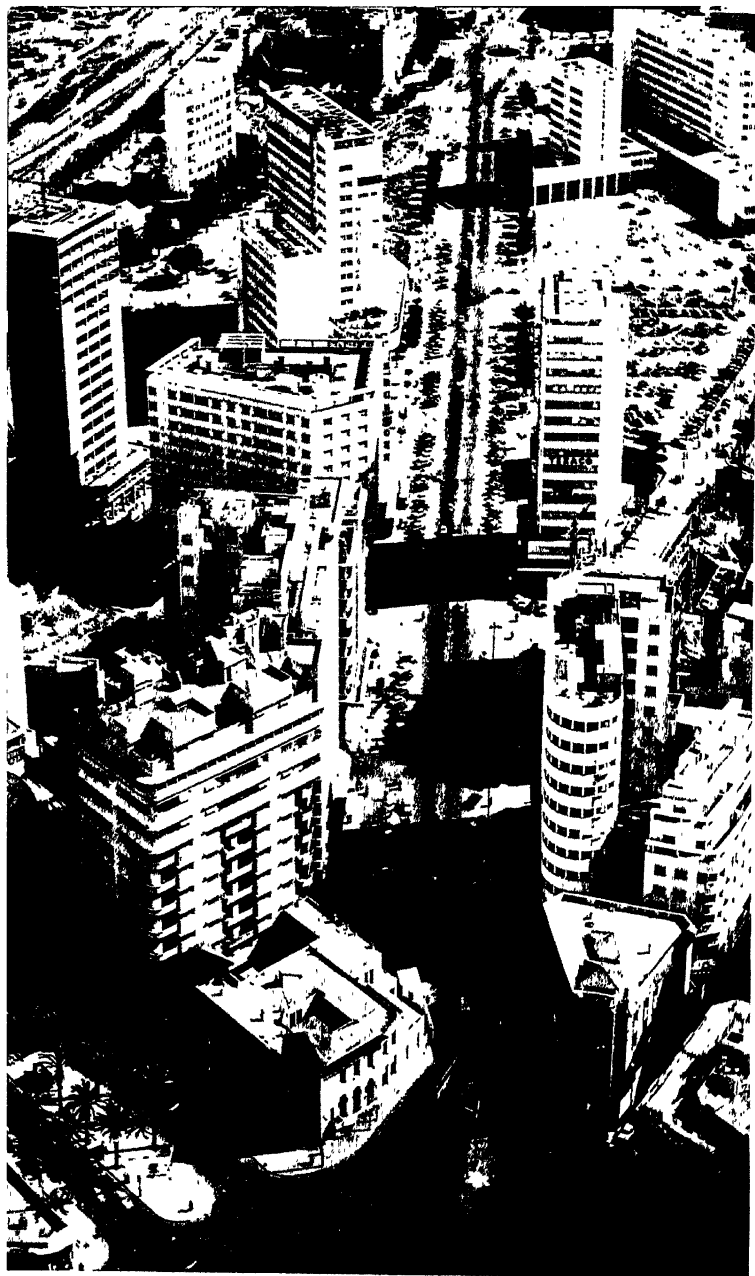
6. In the street of the potters. The next street may be devoted to fabrics or wood or rope or silver. One street is heavenly with perfume, the next rank with uncured hides.



7. The street of the saddle-makers. Moroccan hand-tooled and embroidered leather is unexcelled anywhere.



8. On the ancient city walls of Rabat and Marrakesh storks by the thousands make their homes and their tenure is protected by ancient custom.



10. In the Moroccan countryside the woollen tent is still an acceptable home. Buildings, where they exist, are of mud and wattle and quite innocent of plumbing. Villagers retreat into the fort during tribal wars.



9. Casablanca is so spanking new that one of its girls visiting in New York said, 'It's hard to get used to all these old houses. I had no idea New York was so *old*.'



12. Man and goat have an understanding. Neither could well exist without the other. The goatherd provides water and protection from predators. The goat provides milk and meat, often the only meat available, and material to make warm tents and clothing.



11. Morocco has a Californian climate and in many areas irrigation is essential. For more than a thousand years underground tunnels have transported water from the snows of the High Atlas to farms and gardens.

13. Where the mountains give way to the desert, the only animal still undaunted is the Mauritanian goat. He will climb a tree thirty feet high to get at the tender new growth. Barren Mauritania became an independent nation in 1960.



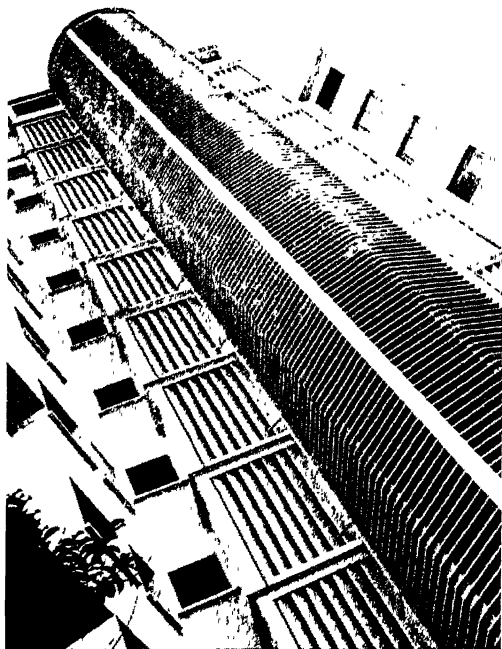


14. The wife of a Saharan nomad lives in a tent, but what a tent! It may be deep in carpets, richly furnished and fragrant with incense or Arabica coffee. The gold, silver and jewels of the wife demonstrate the status of the husband.



15. Riding a camel is not so easy as it looks when a Bedouin does it. The motion is a violent catapult forward, then backward. The wave passes up the spine like the crack of a whip. The *moïon* or racing camel can do fifty miles a day with ease, but there is no ease for the uninitiated rider.





16 No jungle outpost, this! Modernistic Dakar, chief city of the new nation of Senegal, is a busy crossroads on air and sea-routes. Here the Old World is nearest to the New, the distance from Dakar to South America being only 1,600 miles.



17. Their grandfather barely escaped deportation as a slave. Dakar, being so close to the Americas, was a natural shipping point in the slave trade. Africans arrived in America before the *Mayflower*. Five years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock negroes were transported to the tobacco plantations of Virginia.



18. Senegal is rich, yet its peasants are dirt poor. This Moslem black raises mangoes as big as grapefruit. He gets less than a penny for a mango that sells for five shillings in the leading hotels of Dakar.



19. Senegalese women put on their best to go to market. The headscarf and dress have quite likely come from Japan. The coiffure is skilfully shaped into two horns, one over each ear.



20. Unworried by her country's vicissitudes. The French Sudan in the short space of two years became a republic, joined Senegal in the so-called Mali Federation, was cast aside by Senegal, and has now made an uneasy alliance with ambitious Ghana. This is a personal triumph for President Nkrumah of Ghana who aspires to head a United States of Africa.

21. A fisherman of the new Ivory Coast Republic. Here only eighty years ago savage kings crucified their slaves upside down. The past is not completely gone – recently a senator was eaten by his constituents. But Ivory Coast is turning out capable and tolerant young leaders who exploit not only the elephant ivory that gave the country its name, but are selling agricultural products and minerals all over the world.





22. Ultramodern library in the Republic of Ghana, formerly the Gold Coast. Independence came in 1957, power passing from the British to the Ghanaians without rancour. Ghana, however, is not a democracy on the British model. Kwame Nkrumah was educated in both Britain and the United States, yet somehow escaped being infected by their notion of rule of the people. He carries Parliament in his pocket, amends the constitution to put absolute power in his own hands, packs off fifty-four politicians to prison without trial. When asked, 'Is that democracy?' he replies, 'Of course. The people are with me.'



23. The chiefs of Dahomey, now freed by the French, are tempted to revert to the old ways. Civilization has been but a passing breeze in this barbaric land whose name means 'Belly of Dan', harking back to King Dan's custom of eating his victims. Another king, Gozo, walled his palace with human skulls and 'his sleeping chamber was paved with the heads of his enemies'.



24. The women of Dahomey are a strong and fearless lot and took part as professionally trained Amazons in tribal wars. At one time they formed an army of 18,000 and no men dared stand against them.





26. There is a saying, 'As Nigeria goes, so goes Africa.' The largest of all African nations with a population of 40,000,000 (second largest is Egypt with 26,000,000) Nigeria is one of the few to have had actual experience with the ballot box. However, Nigeria's path will not be smooth. In this great country, seven times the area of England and Wales, the inhabitants speak 250 dialects. It will be difficult to accomplish unity of purpose and a sense of nationhood.

25. Prime Minister of the world's largest black republic, Nigeria, which became independent in 1960, Sir Abubakar Tafuwa Balewa has had long political training under British rule. He is described by Sir Ralph Grey as 'a man without vanity', which makes him unique among the new rulers of Africa.





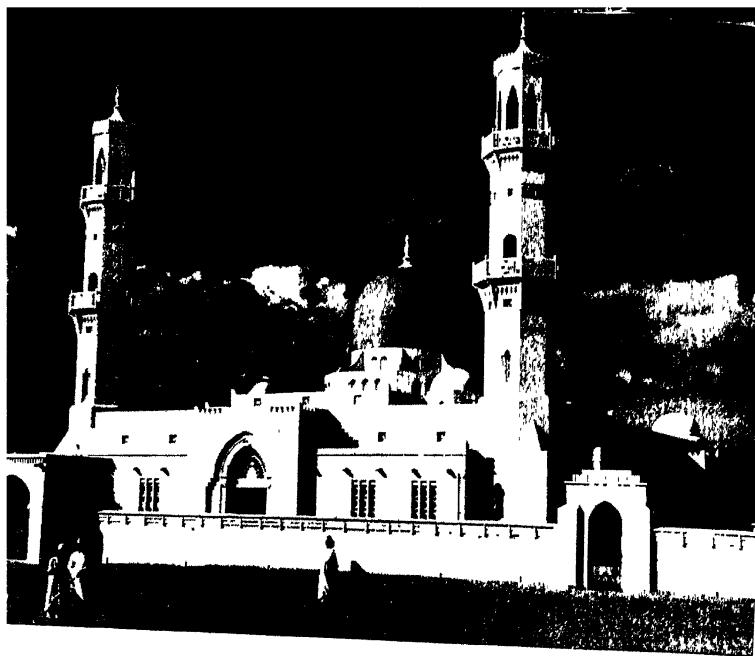
27. Nigeria is the Slave Coast of tragic memory, from which America imported her most embarrassing problem. There is still the slavery of ignorance and superstition, for schools are few. In remote districts Africans do not go out at night for fear of cannibals. Housewives prefer to buy meat with a bit of hide attached so they may be sure it is animal, not human meat.



28. Education is too slowly banishing the Nigerian's fear of fetishes and spirits. Hundreds of murders are still committed by the Human Leopard Society whose members dress in leopard skins and make night attacks upon enemy tribes.

29. Leaping into the twentieth-century, Nigeria builds a modern and handsome university in Ibadan. But ten miles out of town a tribesman was arrested on the train for carrying a human hand, a delicacy which he was taking to his sister's birthday party. Yet tribesmen are shocked by some practices in so-called civilized countries. Nigeria sent a young lady to the *New York Herald Tribune* Youth Forum. It was reported that while in New York she ate hot dogs. 'Nefarious!' cried a Lagos newspaper. 'Dog-eating is regarded with contempt in Nigeria. This is scandalous news.'





30. From a minaret of the mosque a chanting voice calls the faithful to prayer. The faithful are not Arabs, but the black Hausa people, converted to Islam by Moslem missionaries. Mohammedanism is progressing three times as fast as Christianity in Africa. In Nigeria the Moslem north is seriously at odds with the two southern sectors of the country and remarkable statesmanship will be required to avoid civil war and secession.

31. Britain stepped out of Nigeria with good grace, and the Union Jack still adorns village festivals. Nigeria, though as independent as Canada or Australia, remains a member of the British Commonwealth. Larger than any European country except Russia, Nigeria has vast resources in coal, tin, uranium and oil.



32. There is no road to the jungle mission of Albert Schweitzer. Three men aft and one forward paddle our heavy pirogue upstream against the strong current of the Ogooué. The shores are a tropical paradise. A python drops from an overhanging branch. Strange birds cry. The snouts of waiting crocodiles and the eyes of watchful hippos break the surface.

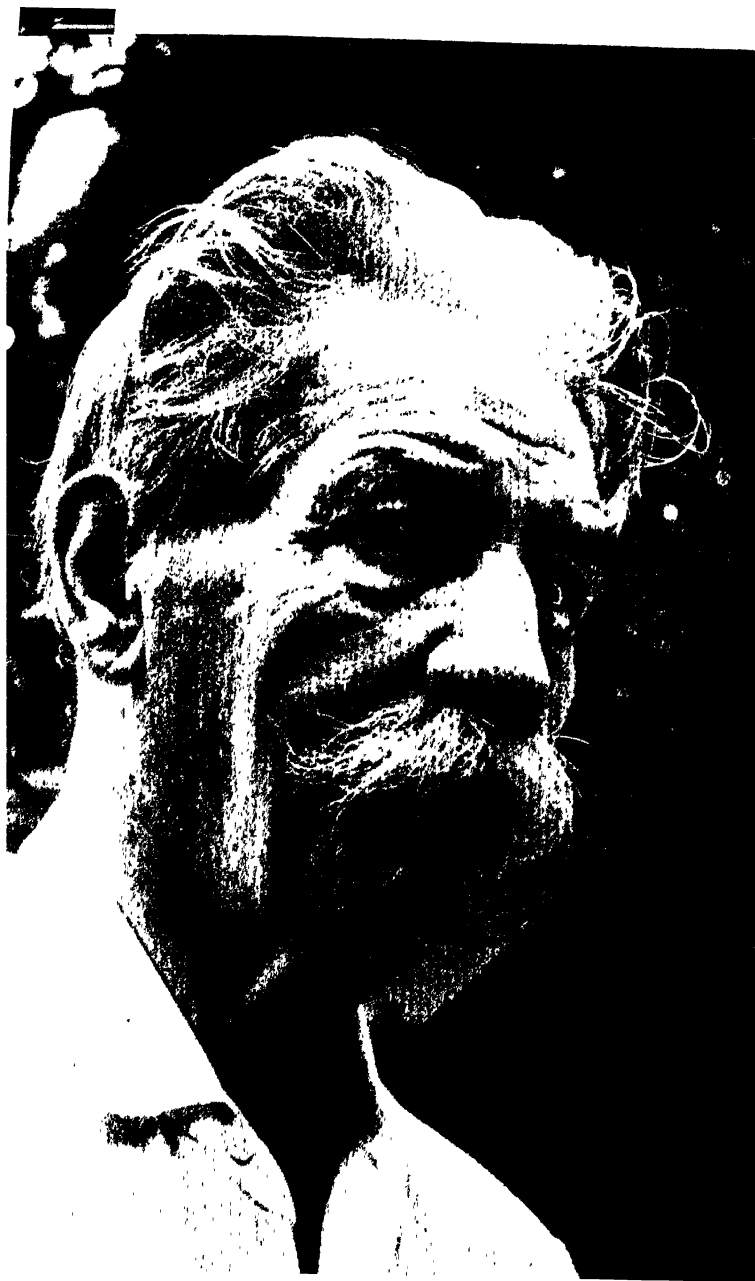
33. Patients come to the Schweitzer hospital by canoe from villages sometimes 300 miles away. The hospital consists of some forty humble buildings set on the river slope among fruit trees and vegetable gardens surrounded by primitive jungle, home of gorillas, leopards and elephants.





34 We are assigned to a monkish cell, severely furnished, without electricity or running water, but with free passage of air through the unglassed lattices at either end of the room. The same simplicity is to be found everywhere in the hospital grounds. Only the operating room and the X-ray room use electricity. There is no telephone, no plumbing, no air conditioning though the mission is but twenty miles from the Equator. Such primitive conditions have shocked many visiting physicians. Yet when they investigate they find the system works. Says one physician who comes to the mission annually, 'I have never seen a single case of post-operative infection.'

35. Dr Albert Schweitzer, who gave up a brilliant career as professor, philosopher, theologian, author and organist to carry out his principle of 'Reverence for Life' in the jungle of Gabon, is no more dedicated than his thirty European doctors, nurses and helpers who all serve without salary. Together they minister to 300 patients in the general hospital and 160 in the leper hospital which was built by Dr Schweitzer with the proceeds from the Nobel Peace Prize.



36. The French instructor in the Poto Poto School of African Art, Brazzaville, gives his young students technical advice in the use of brushes and colours, but leaves the choice of subject matter and treatment entirely to them. They choose African motifs with excellent and sometimes sensational results. African art objects are valued in museums the world over. Those who produce them sometimes do not realize their value. An African sculptor sold a pair of bronze leopards for £1 15s. od.; they are now priced at £7,000. A sculptured head that sold for the price of a packet of cigarettes was resold for £5,000.



37. Ready for self-government? The chief of the Baleka tribe, adorned in leopard skin, crocodile teeth and parrot feathers, knows little and cares less about the new Congo. To him self-government means government by himself.







38. Engraving a copper roller for printing fabrics, or employed in the great mining industries, the Congolese is a well-trained and skilful workman – but his education has been severely limited to primary and technical subjects. Before independence came in 1960 he had no training in law or politics and no idea of democracy. In a small election a voter retired into the booth and did not come out. A commissioner went in to see what was the matter. He found the man stark naked, under the impression that he was to have a medical examination.

39. Too-sudden independence for an unprepared and primitive people produced a fantastic tragi-comedy in the Congo, pitting politician against politician and tribe against tribe. The Belgian Government, which had hoped to win good-will by giving the Congo more than it asked, reaped only bitterness and resentment because it had failed to prepare the people for their new tasks.



40. The brass rings welded in place by a blacksmith put a weight of ten pounds on each ankle. They cannot be removed day or night. Only when the woman's husband dies may they be chiselled off by the blacksmith, and the woman, with atrophied muscles, must learn to walk all over again.





41. This is a purely historic picture, for an 'independent' Congo cannot be bothered with insect control. Villages by the hundreds have been burned to the ground, their men killed, their women abducted by victorious chiefs. Some Africans count their wealth in cattle; Congolese chiefs count their wealth in wives. The king of the Baluba has 250.



42. Medical service here was largely administered by the church. There were however only 500 doctors for the Congo's 14,000,000 people. With independence, the training of doctors and nurses stopped and white doctors fled. A missionary who dared to stay was pilloried and forced to look on while ten nuns were raped.



43. Business is not very brisk at the cotton market in a country torn by civil war. Congo exports have slumped from £300,000,000 a year before independence. The resources of the country are fabulous, with 70 per cent of the world's industrial diamond production and more unused water power than any other country. Belgian industrialists, regretting their Government's hasty action, endeavour to re-establish themselves in the mineral-rich province of Katanga.



44. Reminiscent of Egyptian art, this fine head demonstrates the talent of Congolese sculptors.

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45. She is one of the grasshopper people, the tattooed and painted marks on her face representing the wings of that agile insect. Customs vary more among the tribes of the Congo than among all the nations of Europe. There are 150 major tribes in the Congo speaking 38 fundamentally different languages, not to mention several hundred distinct dialects.



46. A Bango-Bango beauty who, being the wife of a chief, can afford an expensive hairdo and a dress of Japanese cotton. What she cannot afford is an education. Bango-Bango males consider that what a woman can do best she can do without schooling.



47. The okapi, a rare member of the giraffe family, stretches a long tongue toward the luscious fruit of the mango-tree. With this remarkable tongue the okapi can reach out and lick its own ears. The animal is a 'living fossil', unchanged in 30,000,000 years.



48. 'The greatest river wonder of the world.' So Lord Curzon described Victoria Falls. Twice as high as Niagara and half again as wide, these falls hurl 75,000,000 gallons of water per minute over a cliff more than 300 feet high. But the strangest feature is the trench into which the water plunges only to rise again in clouds of spray to a height of some 5,000 feet and then fall in torrents of rain upon the heads of spectators. Farther downstream the Zambesi is curbed by the new Kariba Dam forming the world's largest man-made lake, providing more power than the combined capacity of the Shasta, Hoover and Grand Coulee Dams.



49. Zebra and wildebeest make their regular morning visit to the waterhole. Some conservationists predict that Africa's prodigious wild game population will disappear in the next twenty years. Cities and towns are encroaching upon game areas, poachers slaughter thousands every year, and Africans, as they become independent, are much too busy learning political procedure and quieting internal dissension to take much interest in game control.

50. Home sweet home in much of South Africa consists of a wooden lattice covered with reeds stitched down to prevent the wind from carrying them away. There is one door and no windows. The rough fence may keep out small predators and even lions, but offers no protection against elephants and rhinos.







51. Life in a manless Eden. The black belles are not too unwilling to lose their men on a year's contract in the mines, for their husbands will return with mirrors, beads, cloth, phonographs, bicycles and a variety of interesting bad habits.

52. The witch doctor does not need pills nor scalpel but must be on intimate terms with the spirit world. Whispering through a magic ram's horn, he urges the evil spirits to depart, and sometimes the power of suggestion is sufficient to cure the patient. In this case the victim's expression does not give hope for a happy recovery.



53. The Swazis have more reason to be happy than their South African neighbours, for Swaziland, and Basutoland as well, though buried within the Republic of South Africa, are quite independent of it, being British Protectorates.





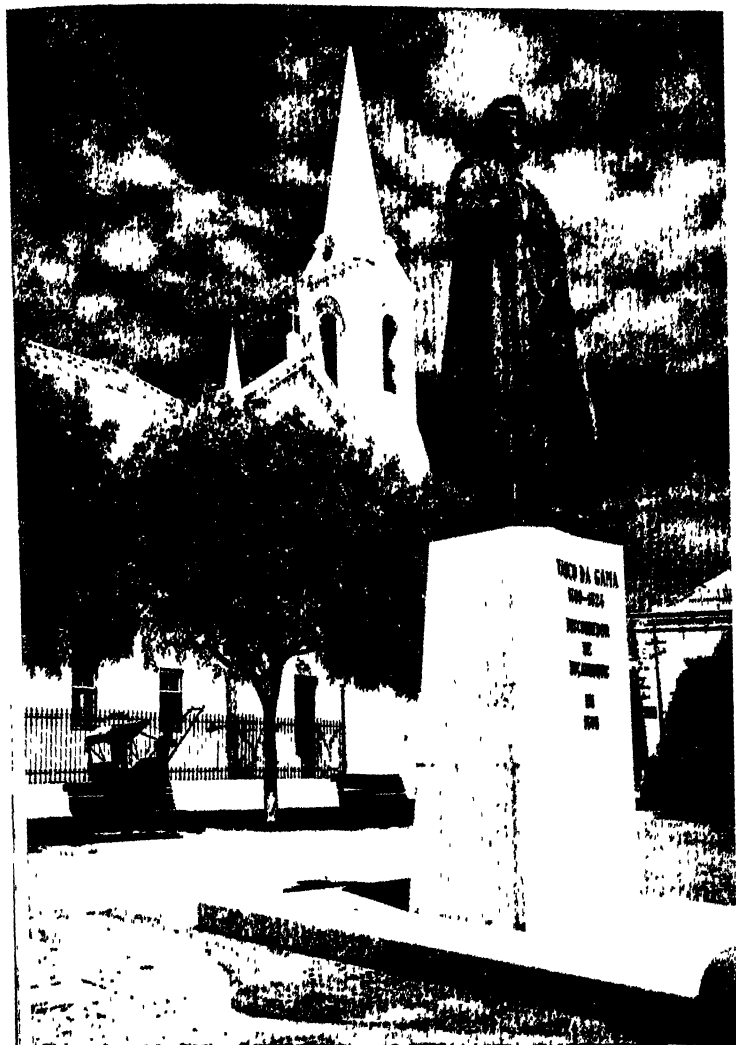
54. One of the most beautiful animals of Africa, the impala is streamlined for speed, can leap six feet high and span twenty feet at one jump.



55. An anxious moment for the photographer when the King of Beasts leaped to his feet and roared. The author, taking pictures from an open car, was painfully conscious that one fifteen - foot leap and the slash of a paw would end both camera and cameraman.



56. The fantastic baobab appears to have its head in the ground and its roots in the air. Its enormous hollow trunk, open at the top, fills with rain-water and furnishes a natural reservoir to be tapped by its owners during the dry months. The trunk is sometimes 40 feet in diameter. Empty, it is used as a house, and Livingstone refers to one that could accommodate 30 men.



57. On the island of Mozambique the first European settlement south of the Sahara was established by Vasco da Gama in 1498. Thus, only six years after Spain through Columbus opened America, Portugal through Vasco da Gama opened Africa. England's and America's Livingstone and Stanley are popularly considered the great African explorers, but they were late-comers compared with the Portuguese. Mozambique is peaceful, for the only wheeled vehicles are rickshaws.



58. The magnificent, haughty and stubborn Masai firmly resist all modern influence.



59. The Masai girl is worth much more than her weight in cattle. The tribe scorns agriculture but raises enormous herds, for a man's prestige and his bride-buying capacity depend upon the number of his cattle.



60. The Masai have utter contempt for a vegetable diet, eat little or no meat, and depend upon blood and milk. An arrow shot into the jugular vein releases the blood which is caught in a gourd, then mixed with milk to be drunk as a liquid or boiled to make a mash. In spite of or because of this restricted diet, the Masai are unusually tall and powerful and their teeth are free of caries.

61. Our gunbearer, who is not a Masai, scorns their dwellings made of dung and mud on wooden lattice with doorway so low that the tall Masai must bend double to enter. But, since the Masai are nomadic, moving with their herds, they prefer this type of dwelling which can be built in a hurry and abandoned without regret.







62. One of the most prosperous and progressive tribes in all Africa is the Chagga of which Thomas Marealle II is Paramount Chief. He rules a third of a million Chagga, 70 per cent of them Christians. He is a Lutheran and, unlike most chiefs, considers one wife quite sufficient.

63. Harvesting sisal.  
The advanced tribes of Tanganyika are industrious and skilful in many branches of agriculture, particularly in the scientific cultivation of Robusta coffee, now offering stiff competition to South American varieties.



64. A fine head of African maize grown at the experiment station of the Tenant Farmers Scheme under the direction of British agronomists.





65. The cheetah or hunting leopard is the fastest of animals on a short run, and has been clocked at seventy miles an hour. The cheetah can be tamed and is used in Asia as a hunting dog to capture gazelles and antelopes.



66. A Nyaturu girl models the latest Tanganyika fashions, and who will deny that they are effective?

67. A slave collar used by the Arabs in the early part of the last century. Though it is now a museum piece, slavery itself is not dead. Thousands of East Africans every year are smuggled in Arab dhows to oil-rich sheiks in the Arabian peninsula.



68. The Arabs are a valuable though disturbing factor in all of East Africa. They have not forgotten British action in the Suez crisis and share the animosities and ambitions of Nasser.





69. The mastery of letters seems like pure magic to Tanganyika children and there is overwhelming demand for education. Primary schools are numerous but secondary schools and colleges are inadequate.



70. In the Amboseli country at the foot of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, are many rhinos including Gertie and Gladys, famous for their unusually long horns. The rhino's horn is made of hair, not bone, and yet is strong enough to pierce the metal of a car. Poachers kill the animal for the horn alone. It is ground into powder and exported to India where it is considered a powerful aphrodisiac.

71. When we drew up within twenty feet of the fallen giraffe, the waiting hyenas, jackals and vultures retreated to a safe distance, but the lions gave us only a casual glance before continuing their dinner. The next morning when the lions ambled away with sagging bellies the other predators swarmed in, first the hyenas, then the more timid jackals, and finally the vultures for whom nothing was left but bloody sand.





72. Merely to lift his trunk is somewhat of a feat, for it weighs about 300 pounds. He can reach leaves eighteen feet from the ground. If he wishes to get at the upper foliage he thinks nothing of backing up against a tree and pushing it down. The African elephant can consume 200 pounds of leaves a day and fifty gallons of water.

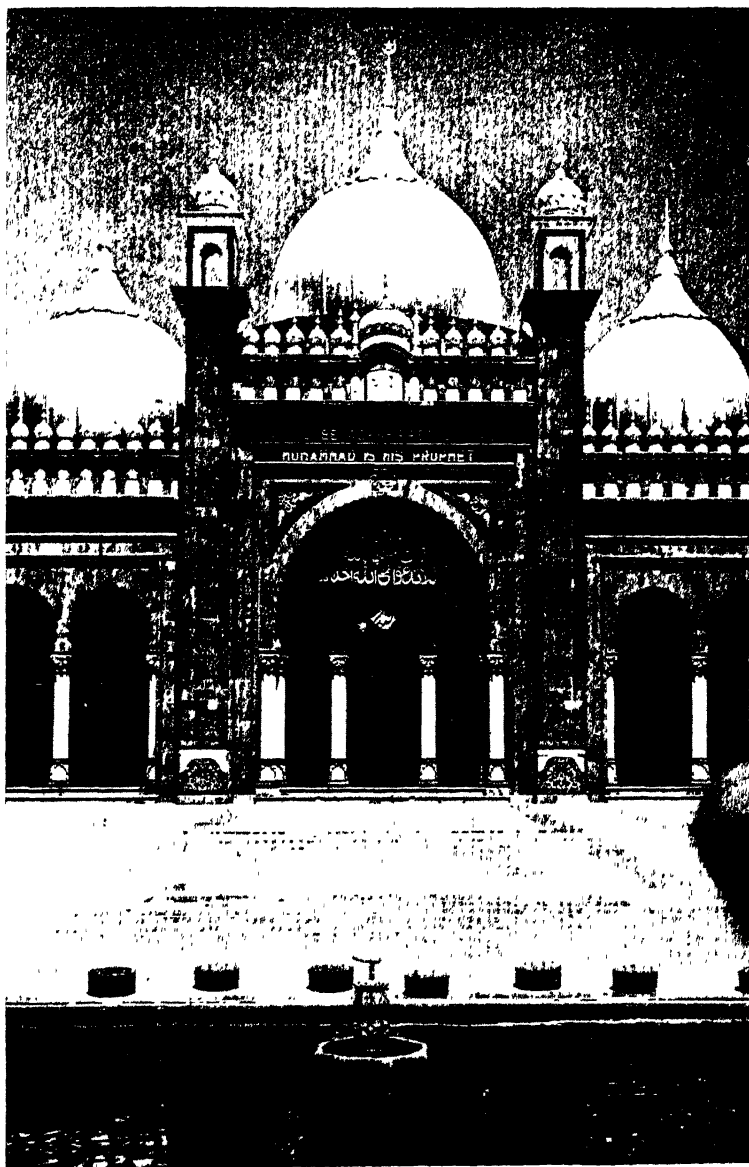




73. The 'wait-a-bit' is well named. Its long thorns have often fatally delayed a hunter's escape from a charging animal. The papyrus-roofed banda was our home in the Amboseli country.

74. Papyrus grows twelve feet high in the swamps. No longer used to make paper, it is still valuable as material for thatch roofs, baskets, cordage, awnings, mats. Its pith can be eaten and its roots used as fuel.





75. Many religions, tongues and colours are represented in Kenya  
The country is the home of nearly 6,000,000 Africans, 131,000 Indians  
and Goans, 42,000 Europeans, 29,000 Arabs.



76. Warriors of the Marakwet and other tribes follow the lead of the Kikuyu who of all Kenya's black populations are the most advanced and most troublesome. It was from their ranks that the dread Mau Mau were recruited and the story of their unspeakable atrocities bids fair to be repeated by a newly-formed terrorist society of which the Governor said, 'The most bestial oaths have been employed and active steps have been taken to organize violence again, notably by the use of poison.'



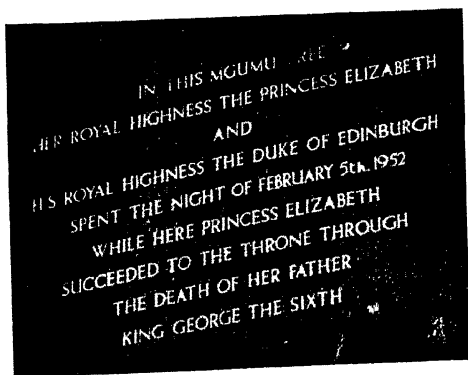
77. Contrasting with the outwardly civilized Kikuyu, most of the black folk of Kenya still observe ancient tribal custom and have never seen the inside of a school or a voting booth.



78. Treetops is a unique hotel perched fifty feet high on stilts in the top of a great Cape chestnut tree whose upper branches pass through the building. Salt is spread to attract wild animals which may be viewed from the balconies at night by the light of an 'artificial moon'.



79. The only animals able to reach the balcony of Treetops Hotel are the baboons. To avoid invasion by other animals, the ladder is drawn up like the companionway of a ship.



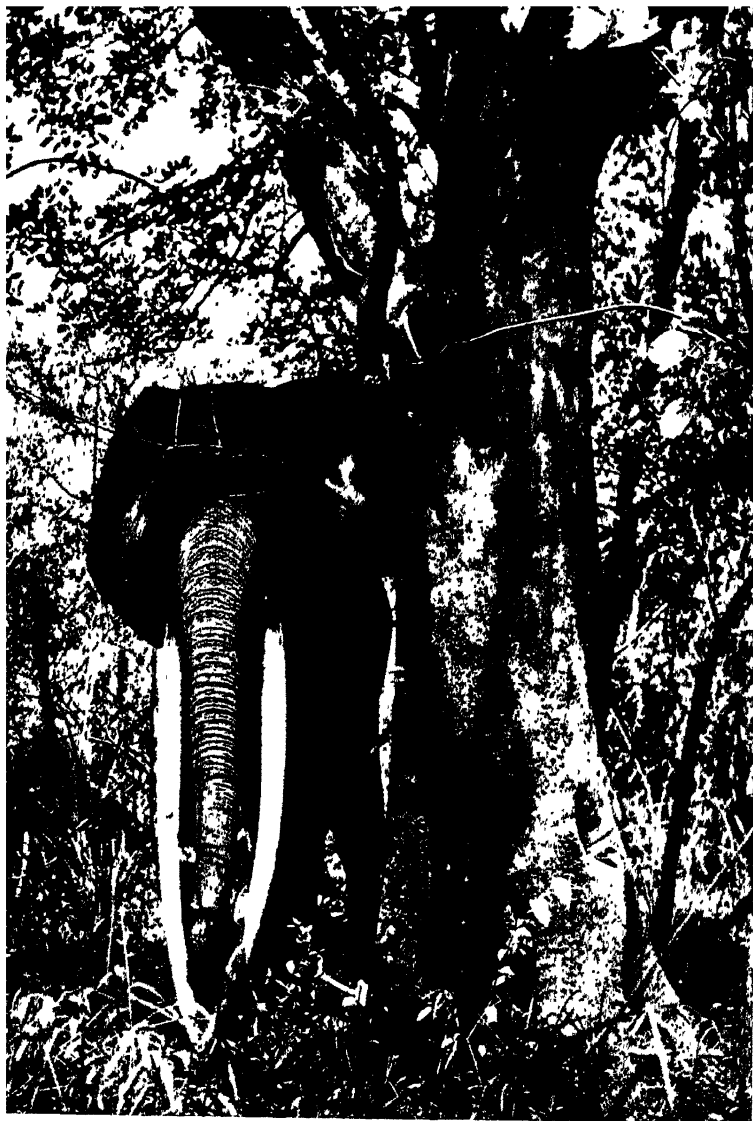
80. The previous Treetops stood in a *mgumu* or fig-tree and was burned down by the Mau Mau. It was in this structure that a certain Elizabeth climbed the ladder and came down a Queen. During her night at Treetops word came that her father, King George VI, was dead.



81. On the 1,200-mile circle through Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi and the Congo to the Mountains of the Moon, lunch was always alfresco, but it was never difficult to reach before night a hotel far better than one would expect in the heart of Africa.



82. The horn-span of the Ankole cattle of Uganda must bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a Texas longhorn.



87. Such a magnificent pair of tusks inevitably attracts poachers. After killing the beast, it is a whole day's work to get the tusks out since they are embedded in the skull for one fifth to one third their total length. Each tusk may weigh up to 100 pounds. The best market is India to which the ivory is smuggled on Arab dhows.



88. The giraffe has no evil designs upon humans nor their cars, but we were to observe one curious incident when several giraffes attempted to cross in front of a fast-moving car and one of them did not quite make it. Trying to leap over the obstruction, he put his foot through the roof, flattening the camera on the front seat between the driver and his mate. The giraffe said nothing, gently withdrew his foot, and ambled away with a slight limp.

89. The giraffe is heavier than he looks, reaching a weight of 1,000 or 1,200 pounds. He stands sixteen or eighteen feet high, prefers to nibble high-growing leaves but can eat grass or drink from a pool by spreading his legs in an inverted V. Usually silent, he can make a slight 'moo'. Despite his ungainly shape he can clock thirty miles an hour and his kick is so terrific as to kill a lion with one blow; only a pride of lions can bring him down.







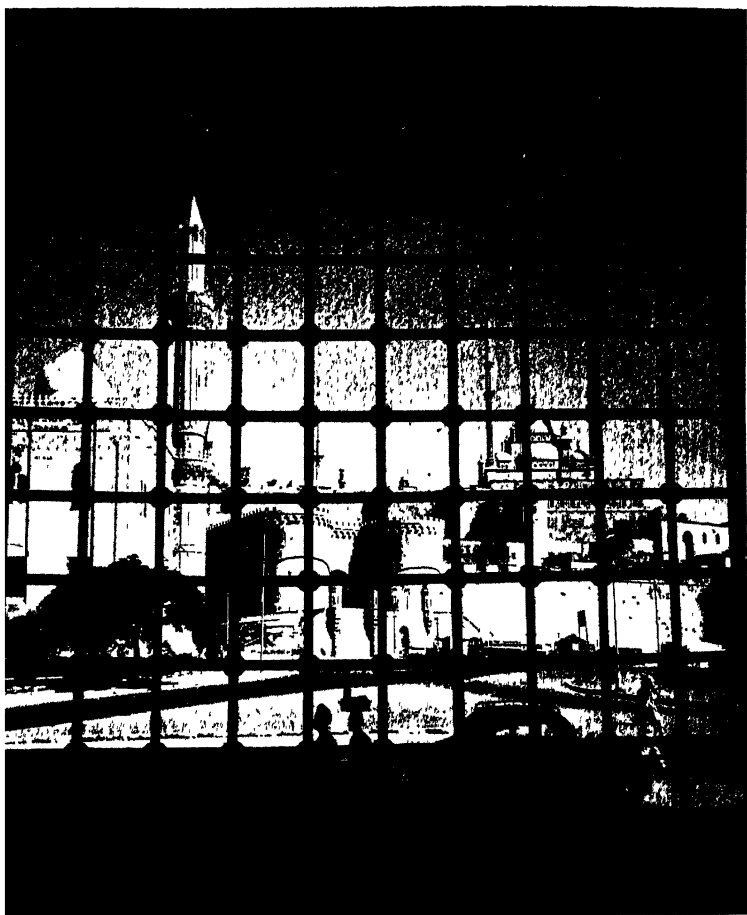
90. The log-and-thatch cabins of the Mwya Safari Lodge, Queen Elizabeth Park, Uganda, look down to the Kazinga Channel, home of 3,000 hippos.

91. Belgium has lost the Congo but retains a UN Trusteeship over Ruanda-Urundi and in agricultural experiment stations Africans are being trained to make the most of their potentially rich country.



92. In the land of the Mountains of the Moon live the world's tallest people, the Watussi, and the world's shortest, the pygmies. The Watussi, honoured for their height and their air of majesty, have reduced their neighbours to serfdom and dread the coming of independence because under any sort of democratic government they would be overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Bahutus, Bantus and pygmies.





93. Time was when muezzins chanted the call to prayer from the summits of Cairo minarets. But it was a long climb. The modern muezzin sits comfortably before a microphone in his ground-floor office, and a loudspeaker at the peak of the minaret does the rest. Progressive and ambitious President Nasser considers himself the logical leader of a proposed United States of Africa.

## *The Smoke That Thunders*

‘The greatest river wonder of the world.’

So Lord Curzon described Victoria Falls. Perhaps he was right. Certainly we have seen nothing like it. Twice as high as Niagara and one and a half times as wide, it hurls the Zambesi over the edge of a cliff at 75,000,000 gallons per minute. The mean height is 304 feet, and the height of the greatest fall, 355.

These are all impressive facts. But the unique thing about this waterfall is its behaviour after it falls.

Wearing oilskins and sou'westers provided by our hotel we walked through the Rain Forest along the edge of the cliff facing the fall. There can hardly be another walk like it in the world. Most waterfalls you view from one end or the other. You see Niagara from the American end or the Canadian. But suppose you could walk through the air in front of the falls from the American side to Canada, close enough to get the full impact of the thunder, the winds and the spray, what a sensation that would be!

That is what one does at Victoria. Facing the waterfall is another cliff equally high with a chasm about 100 feet wide between them. Into this chasm the waterfall thunders. And you walk along the edge of the cliff for a mile, past the various parts of the great spectacle, the Eastern Cataract, the Boiling Pot, Rainbow Falls, Livingstone Island, Main Falls,

Cataract Island and Devil's Cataract, and all of them within a short stone's throw.

It is not an easy walk. A drenching rain is falling, the winds set up by the waterfall seem determined to rip the oilskin from your back, and in many places on the path the water from the everlasting rains is ankle deep, deeper in the mudholes.

But what a sight! At Niagara, or Iguassu, the water crashes into spray which spreads forward down the river and dissipates. Here the action is quite different. The water after crashing on the rocks is blocked by the facing cliff. The downrush has made a strong draught of air. There is no place for this air to go except up on the other side.

So up it comes, carrying the spray with it, an upgoing rain. It not only rises some 350 feet to the edge of the cliff but keeps right on going up for another 5,000 feet, making the famous pillar of cloud that is the distinctive feature of Victoria. These lofty columns of rising rain can be seen fifty miles away. Interlaced with them are brilliant rainbows.

At last the uprush loses momentum, and down again comes the water on the heads of observers in a torrential tropical downpour of oversized drops, the conflicting winds from the chasm tossing them about. So at one moment you have rain rising straight into your hat, at the next moment coming down, and at every moment sailing in laterally from any angle.

The perpetual rain makes the Rain Forest, a jungle of matted trees and vines, contrasting sharply with the brown, sunburnt landscape roundabout. The Rain Forest lies along the cliff edge for a mile and is roughly an eighth of a mile wide. The sun is shining brilliantly upon the waterfall and this terrific downpour comes from a perfectly blue sky.

At the end of this memorable mile we stood with thoroughly soaked feet and bodies shaken by the violent winds (though the day was windless) before the statue of Livingstone. It stands on the spot where the explorer first looked upon the phenomenon that he chose to name after the great Queen

but which the inhabitants of this land had long before named Mosi-oa-tunya, The Smoke That Thunders. We felt like explorers ourselves, discoverers of a brand-new and never-to-be-forgotten experience.

The trapped waters finally escape from the chasm at the extreme left end into a rocky gorge and tumble down towards Kariba where they have again been trapped, this time by the artifice of man. The just-completed Kariba Dam, built to supply power and irrigation, has backed up the great river to form the world's largest man-made lake storing 130,000,000 acre-feet of water – more than the combined capacity of the Shasta, Hoover and Grand Coulee Dams.

On the edge of the gorge, only a few thousand feet from the Falls, stands a hotel one might expect to find in London but not in the heart of Africa, a magnificent structure with enormous lobby, extensive lounges, smoking-rooms and terraces, an acre of dining-room with smartly-dressed black waiters and enough food on the menu to stuff an ox, most rooms with private bath, and, best of all, a stunning view of the Zambesi Gorge to the bridge and the tremendous columns of spray rising from the Falls.

This thundering tower of 'smoke' jewelled with rainbows has evoked eloquent but quite different responses from various observers. David Livingstone waxed poetic and wrote that 'such loveliness must have been witnessed by angels in their flight'.

According to a popular but not very authentic story, one American had a less poetic reaction. He rushed to the telephone, called the United States, and said:

'Sell Niagara!'

Lest the luxury hotel fool anyone into supposing that he is as safe as in his own home town, the sign 'All wild animals are dangerous' confronts him just where the path across the

hotel lawn enters the woods. This warning applies even to the baboons, which crowd curiously around the swimming-pool to watch the bathers. They are usually docile, but some old rogues are mean. Lion spoor is found near the kitchen door and elephants knock down the telephone-wires between the hotel and the town of Livingstone.

The best way to see the animals of the region is by the daily flight known as the 'Dawn Patrol'.

It is necessary to rise at 5.30, go by car to the small airfield, and by 6.30 we are in the air. The craft is a twin-engine biplane for eight passengers. The sun is not yet up. Passing Victoria Falls, we fly over a beautiful forest of big trees, open and free of underbrush. We can see clearly between the trees.

But there are no animals. Oh well, if I see just one elephant or giraffe, I shall be satisfied. Anyhow, the trees that we are nearly shaving with our lower wing are handsome. There is no jungle; it looks like a well-ordered park. But it is not a game-preserve or national park, but completely wild veld. Its parklike appearance is due to the fact that it is kept cleaned up by fire and animals.

Now a stretch of treeless veld, crisscrossed by a network of game trails – but still no animals. The horizon is a vivid blue topped by a rose band. Now trees again, some green, some gold – no, it is just the rising sun that strikes the taller ones and gilds them. Now all are topped with flame, like thousands of torches, just the crests glowing, the lower parts mysteriously dark.

And suddenly, in an open stretch, two kudu dash away. Then there is a herd of a hundred or so. But in numbers there is confidence and only a few of them take fright. What looks like a grey field turns out to be a huge herd of buffalo. They go lumbering and teetering away. We circle several times to get a better look at them. Ten zebras trot a few feet, then

turn to look. They are painted like barbers' poles. Then a herd of fifty or more zebras mingled with some brown animals similar to antelope.

The pilot doesn't have a care on earth: he flies as if he were riding a bucking bronco in a circus. We twist, roll, dive: anything to get a close look at the animals. We make sure that our safety-belts are tight.

Surprise — a flock of ostriches. Somehow I had thought that all the ostriches had long since disappeared into ostrich farms. They fluff away like ladies wagging big bustles. Then a walking beanpole, a fine, lone giraffe.

That does it. We can fly home now; I am more than satisfied.

But we come upon a dozen more giraffes. They don't run — just stand and look.

Elephants! I don't believe it. But there they are, a good hundred of them, lazily flapping their big ears and ignoring the plane as if it were only an oversized fly. We skim so low it seems we must scrape the tick birds from their backs. They still pretend that we do not exist. Now we're dipping and plunging like a sailor on leave. All the cameras are hard at work. We circle back and forth over the great beasts. They could be stuffed elephants in a museum, except for the lazy flapping of the ears.

Then one big bull decides he has had enough, raises his trunk, spreads his ears and probably trumpets, though we cannot hear him over the roar of the engines.

Borders don't bother us any more than they do the animals, and our 240-mile, two-hour flight takes us over parts of four countries, Southern Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, South-West Africa and Northern Rhodesia. On the return trip we fly within twenty feet of the surface of the Zambesi, following the river for fifty miles until it suddenly drops down beneath our plane and the clouds of spray of Victoria Falls temporarily blind us. We rise and circle the waterfall to get a good view



of it as it thunders down into the chasm.

Sometimes lions are seen on these flights, the rare variety with black mane and black tail; also hippos and crocs in the river – we see them later on a trip by launch above the Falls. Black cormorants and blue herons fly over the river. There are bulbous baobabs on the banks, and native villages of circular huts with mealie fields near by.

The river is full of islets, trees perched on rocks, foaming rapids, sandbars. Then it widens into a lake around large islands and gathers strength before hurling itself over the precipice.

Mary didn't go because she doesn't care for dips and swoops. By the time I get back I don't care so much for them either, and walk rather unsteadily through the hotel to our room – to find her ready for breakfast! Only breakfast time, but because one is inclined to confuse the intensity of an experience with its duration, it seems that a day or a decade must have passed since the take-off of the Dawn Patrol.

*Apart-Hate*

This is a city of abundance. Johannesburg reminds us of Buenos Aires, though it lacks Latin charm. The food is plentiful and cheap in this hotel and in the half-dozen restaurants we have tried. I got an enormous steak for seven shillings. It would have cost four dollars in Palm Springs.

In its smogginess and hurry and air of strict utility without frills, Johannesburg is very much like an American city. We have left the tropics behind us. Hail fell in the city yesterday and there is a snowfall farther up country. Ski-ing is reported good. The altitude here is 6,000 feet and this month (June) ushers in winter. The night temperature goes down to 24°F.

Despite its make-money atmosphere, Johannesburg has its cultural opportunities, and there are apparently many people with money enough to pay for them. According to the entertainment page of the newspaper the town now can see and hear, besides motion pictures without number, *La Traviata*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Les Sylphides*, the Royal Danish Ballet, *The School for Scandal*, Rachmaninov and Grieg concertos, a concert orchestra playing Strauss, Lehar, Saint-Saëns, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, an ensemble playing more Mozart together with Prokofiev and Dvořák, a violin recital and an assortment of variety shows. Most of the restaurants provide live music while you dine.

Yet it is a city of brooding terror. People prefer not to walk the streets at night. Those who do run the risk of being struck over the head and robbed. Tension rises and falls. When it is high, citizens put steel bars over their windows, buy Great Danes and keep revolvers under their pillows.

This is the richest city in the richest country in all Africa. We walk upon a pavement of gold. Gold underlies the city and tunnels worm their way beneath our feet in search of it. The deepest workings on the Rand at present are 11,000 feet below the surface. Half the world's gold comes from the Republic of South Africa. There are also fabulous stores of diamonds, uranium, manganese, iron, lead, chrome, coal, copper and tin.

It is a surprise to anyone who has thought of the Republic of South Africa as British because it was a member of the British Commonwealth to find signs in a strange language everywhere in Johannesburg and to realize that there are more Afrikaners (descendants of the Boers) than English in South Africa and that more people speak Afrikaans than English. Afrikaans is Dutch modified by several hundred years on the veld. Most street and store signs are in both Afrikaans and English. Many are in Afrikaans only. In a hotel in Tzaneen public rooms are designated by signs over the doors: *sitkamer* is easily guessed as sitting-room, *eetkamer* is eating- or dining-room, *kleedkamer* is cloakroom or powder-room. The Gideon Bible in our bedroom is in Afrikaans. A fundamentalist Afrikaner would consider English an improper language for the Holy Scriptures.

In the Johannesburg public library we are told that more than half of the readers take out books in Afrikaans in spite of the fact that two-thirds of the books in the library are in English. The reason for the preponderance of English is simply that the world publishes more books in English than in Afrikaans. The output of London and New York alone is some 38,000 titles a year. The annual production of books in

Afrikaans is less than three hundred titles.

The person who cannot read some major language such as English, or reads it with difficulty, is barred from most of the world's knowledge. No publisher can expect a wide sale in a purely local language, therefore he must severely limit his lists and charge a much higher price per copy.

Yet Afrikaans, with its limited utility and outlook, is steadily superseding English in South Africa. English names are increasingly omitted from maps, postal directories and railway guides. There is a 'shortage' of English application forms for licences, etc. Letters to officials written in English may not be answered.

Under a Government predominantly Afrikaner, the schools are required to teach Afrikaans as well as English. In the schools where Afrikaans is the teaching language, students take English merely as a secondary subject and learn as little of it as the American students who study a foreign language in high school and forget it as soon as they leave. In the schools where the teaching is done in English, every student, even though thoroughly English, must study Afrikaans as well.

'It wasn't so when I went to school,' said a friend who showed us about Johannesburg. 'I wasn't required to take Afrikaans – so I took French as my secondary. Today I wouldn't be permitted to do that. It means that your time is taken up learning a language that is of no use outside South Africa when you might be learning one of the great languages like French, German or Spanish. South Africa is becoming more insular every day. We don't like what the rest of the world has to say about our policies, so we seem to be trying to shut ourselves off from it and live like self-satisfied hermits.'

The self-imposed isolation of the Afrikaners began with the Great Trek in 1836. This was something like the American conquest of the West. Yet the motivation was quite different – the chief purpose was not to conquer the hinterland but to get away from British neighbours and out from under British

control. Afrikaners resented the British abolition of slavery. Besides having been forced to free their slaves, they were compelled to seek new land, having worn out their farms by backward methods of cultivation.

In the new lands also the Afrikaners rapidly exhausted the soil but their own fertility does not seem to have been affected. They produce families of from ten to twenty children and the Afrikaner population became predominant. It is now 60 per cent of the total white population and continues to gain rapidly over the population of British descent.

Deliberately cutting themselves off from the world, the Boers had little share in the enlightenment of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. The prevailing ignorance in many shut-away communities is a national handicap. The Republic is the only country in the entire continent to have a 'poor white' class, and the majority in this class are Afrikaners. Some of them suffer the indignity of having to work for dark-skinned masters. They are the most virulent advocates of white supremacy, prompted by their own sense of inferiority to certain of their black neighbours.

There are many Afrikaners of good heart and high intelligence. But the majority are inclined to be stolid, stubborn and a trifle slow-witted. The story is told of the lively Smuts and the stolid Boer leader, Malan: they argued as to which was the smarter, the Afrikaner or the Jew. Smuts proposed an experiment to settle the argument. They entered an Afrikaner store and Smuts asked for some left-handed teacups. The Afrikaner merchant said he had no left-handed teacups.

They entered a Jewish store and Smuts made the same request. The Jew bustled into the back room and returned with a set of teacups with their handles turned to the left.

'You see?' said Smuts to Malan.

'It doesn't prove anything,' Malan replied. 'It was a pure coincidence that the Jew happened to have left-handed teacups in stock.'

The Afrikaner turns to his Bible for comfort. It is his book and the book of his people and no one else has as good a right to it. Oscar Juneke tells with tolerant amusement of an Afrikaner friend who was 'a deeply religious man and read his old Dutch Bible every night after supper. The only thing that disturbed me was his belief that the Bible was originally written in Dutch and then translated into Hebrew and Greek. I tried on several occasions to convince him without success that Moses, Isaiah, David and Jesus were not Dutchmen but Jews.

' "Sure," he agreed, "dey vere Dutch Jews." '

The Afrikaner carries his passion for isolation over into national affairs. The Boer Government (Nationalist Party) now in power made South Africa a republic in 1961 and cut it off completely from the British Crown. Their chief grievance is that the British Government has no sympathy for the South African policy of apartheid.

There is something grimly symbolic about the fact that apartheid is pronounced apart-hate. Apartness and hate are the two constituents of this policy. Perhaps instead of 'hate' one should substitute 'fear'. Many South Africans do not exactly hate the negro any more than one hates an avalanche that is about to descend upon one. But there are few who do not fear him, and with good reason. They have themselves invited the avalanche by boring into the cliff, planting the charge and lighting the fuse.

There is no point in detailing the discriminations, indignities, debasements, restrictions upon residence and movement, curbs on education, suppression of public assembly and free speech, wage inequalities, harsh conditions of labour and housing, breaches of faith, unwarranted arrests and convictions, police brutalities, third-degree inquisitions, arbitrary imprisonments and ruthless killings 'to maintain order' practised against the South African black. The full account would extend from here to Christmas.

Americans would not need a catalogue of these abuses – they have seen too many of them in their own South. Multiply the American problem by a hundred or so and you have the South African dilemma.

The great difference is that in the United States the black population is only 10 per cent of the total whereas in South Africa there are about 3,000,000 whites in a total population of 15,000,000. In view of the wave of freedom that is sweeping over Africa, no one in his senses can suppose that the 12,000,000 will long submit to the dictation of the 3,000,000.

The odds are growing greater every day. Demographers expect that in the next thirty years the European population will double and the black population will treble.

Can the Afrikaner Canute hold back the tide?

The present Canute thinks so. His name is Dr Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd and he is Prime Minister of the Republic of South Africa. He is a dedicated man, a prodigious worker, highly schooled without having attained the tolerance which is supposed to be the outcome of genuine education, completely sure of himself.

‘I work sixteen hours a day,’ he proudly announced to a reporter.

‘Then why don’t you have ulcers?’

‘I’ll tell you why, young man. You see, I never have the problem of wondering whether I’m wrong.’

He sees no place for the negro ‘above the level of certain forms of manual labour’. The mission of the black is to serve the white. That is God’s will. The black man is divinely appointed to perform any labour that the white finds onerous or disagreeable. ‘That’s a job only fit for Kaffirs,’ says the white worker, using the term generally applied contemptuously to the South African negro.

The story is told of an Afrikaner named van der Merwe who visited New York while Dr Gallup was holding a poll on whether procreation was work or pleasure. Asked his opinion,

the visitor said:

'Pleasure.'

'How do you make that out?'

'Man, if it was work, we would have the Kaffirs do it for us.'

Two of the three Afrikaner churches support apartheid. The conscience of an Afrikaner is as sensitive as that of anyone else and needs religious justification. That is provided by the church and its interpretation of the Scriptures which declare the negroes to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'. The blacks are sons of Ham, therefore under an everlasting curse.

The Afrikaner also seeks to justify himself by the argument that he was there first. The Boers were already in South Africa before the Bantus began to filter down from the north. Therefore the whites have a prior claim. At first blush, this would seem a reasonable argument. Why shouldn't first come be first served? If strangers enter the country, they must submit to the rule of those already there.

Upon reflection, the argument doesn't hold up. Should 92,000,000 Japanese be ruled by a handful of Ainu because the Ainu were there first, or should 180,000,000 Americans bow to the domination of 350,000 Indians because the Indians were there first? The 'there first' argument would make an absurdity of almost every government in the world.

'But the negroes are not educated for citizenship.' Quite right. The answer would seem to be education. The Government spends £4-10s a year to educate the white child, two shillings to educate the non-white. Education of negroes 'beyond their station' is definitely discouraged.

South Africa says to the rest of the world, 'Our internal policies are none of your business.' Unfortunately this is not true. The explosion that must come in South Africa will shake all Africa. It will seal the fate of every white man on the continent. It can be expected to touch off bloody massacres throughout Africa, spur the American negro to abandon passive resistance in favour of violence, and further embitter



relations between whites and men of colour whether black, brown or yellow throughout the world.

There is one small gleam of hope. Many Afrikaners are earnest, sincere and well-meaning people. Some even dare to risk prison by speaking and writing against apartheid. Besides, apartheid is costly. The suppression of the abilities of 80 per cent of the population is a form of economic suicide and that, says the *New York Times*, 'is not a price the thrifty, hardheaded Afrikaners will be disposed to pay. A change is bound to come. For every South African's sake it is to be hoped that it does not come too late.'

This is a very dim hope indeed. A change is bound to come, but it is not likely to be initiated by those who think they profit from the present arrangement. It will come from the dark masses who move through the lines of the negro poet, Countee Cullen:

We shall not always plant while others reap  
The golden increment of bursting fruit,  
Not always countenance, abject and mute,  
That lesser men should hold their brothers cheap;  
Not everlastingly while others sleep  
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow flute;  
Not always bend to some more subtle brute;  
We were not made eternally to weep.

*Oldest People on Earth*

We have only to move 200 miles north-west of the city of gold and guilt to step back several thousand years into a completely different world.

This is Bechuanaland, as large as Texas plus Massachusetts. Most of it is occupied by the Kalahari Desert, and in this forbidding desert exists what anthropologists believe to be the oldest form of human life left in the world, antedating the Australian aborigine.

The Republic of South Africa wishes to annex Bechuanaland, but Britain says no. The country remains a protectorate under the British Crown.

The Bushmen of the Kalahari are the most primitive of all primitives. Few are left. Many were wiped out by the Boers who marched into the Kalahari, killing as they went. But the desert rose up in defence of its people and worsted the invaders. In one trek of 300 wagons, 250 people and 9,000 oxen died of thirst. Yet the Bushmen, possessing resources that have been lost by others in the long climb to civilization, love their harsh home and would not exchange it for any other.

They are small people, not dwarfs or pygmies, but standing about five feet high. Their shoulders are broad, muscles loose, legs supple. They can run like the wind. When there is no reason to hurry they go at a trot, and hardly seem to know how to walk. They can see distant objects quite in-

visible to ordinary human eyes.

The Bushman is characterized by what the scientist likes to call *steatopygia*, which merely means that his rump projects like the hump of a camel. It serves the same purpose, acting as a storehouse of fats and carbohydrates ready for use when food cannot be had. When the hunting is good the Bushman's behind stands out so far and flat that one could set a glass of water on it.

The other remarkable feature of the Bushman's anatomy is the male sexual organ, which stands constantly erect. It is so when the child is born, and it is so when the octogenarian dies.

Never resorting to cover or concealment of any kind, the Bushman accepts this feature as the prideful mark of his race, so much so that his own name for his people is Qhwai-xkhwe, 'the ever standing'. His remarkably artistic paintings on the rocks of the Kalahari exhibit, without the least suggestion of obscenity, this distinguishing feature of the race.

The Bushman is an expert botanist and chemist in his desert environment. He must know the edible herbs to survive and his arrow-points are tipped with skilfully-blended poisons, the strongest for the lion and the eland, the mildest for small animals he wishes to numb and take alive to keep as pets. He lays a noose of home-made rope connected with a branch used as a spring and so delicately triggered that it will catch the toe of a buck or the paw of a leopard.

He does not hesitate to tackle the largest animals. He goads an elephant into pursuing him and while the great beast vainly tries to overtake him an accomplice runs up from behind the animal and cuts the tendons above the heels. This completely disables the great beast so that it can easily be finished off with knives and spears.

He uses the lion as a hunting dog. He drives an antelope towards a lion, allows the lion to kill the game and eat part of it, then drives him off and divides the rest of the meat among

his friends. He may use the same lion repeatedly and an understanding grows up between the two hunters. The lion becomes familiar and even affectionate, follows his master like a big pussycat, and plays the game faithfully so long as he is allowed his share of the take.

The Bushman uses the ostrich too, but not because of its intelligence, for the ostrich is one of the stupidest of birds. He dresses himself in the skin and feathers of a dead ostrich and so disguised can come close to almost any prey, since few animals fear the ostrich.

Incidentally he hunts a lady almost as he would hunt any other creature. Using a very small bow and arrows tipped with perfume rather than poison, he stalks his intended and, when near enough, shoots an arrow into her rump. If she pulls it out and breaks it, he has lost his suit. If she keeps it, he has won a wife.

During the dry season the Kalahari shows no sign of moisture. Any stranger would be doomed to die of thirst. But the Bushman knows where to find the sip-wells – stores of water deep beneath the sand. He inserts a long, hollow reed and drinks. If he wishes to take water back to camp for his family he lets the sipped water spill out of his mouth into an ostrich shell and in a remarkably short time can fill two of these natural containers with the cool liquid.

In the days of slavery Bushmen were in great demand on Boer farms because they knew the animals, birds and plants as the Boers did not and were intelligent and skilful. Yet they never succumbed to civilized ways and if freed promptly returned to their beloved desert.

‘Civilized’ man can hardly look at the Bushman without having some disturbing thoughts. We have gained much through civilization. How much have we lost?

*Night and Wild Beasts*

I lay on my pallet in the native hut of mud and thatch and listened. The window beside me was open, but screened. That crisscross of weak wires seemed a protection, and it was better not to reflect that it could be ripped open with one swat of a big paw.

A better protection was the guard who sat on his heels outside the window embracing a double-barrel Rigby .470. Sometimes he dozed off, but usually he heard my question and gave me a sleepy answer.

‘What’s that?’

‘Just a warthog.’

‘Arnk-arnk-arnk,’ said the warthog in an introspective way as if he were talking to himself. He came closer and, perhaps seeing the guard for the first time, changed his tone. ‘ARNK!’ he warned sharply. Then he walked away grumbling, ‘People! Arnk-arnk-arnk.’

There was a fence around the camp but it did not mean much. Only four feet high, it was an easy hurdle for any marauder, and at several points it had been flattened to the ground by elephants. One elephant, we had been told, was a nightly visitor.

‘He’s here now,’ said the guard without interest.

Some elephants would push over cars for the fun of it, but this one simply strolled peaceably between the huts, picking up

fragments left by the campers and whooping them out with a cavernous blast of air when they did not suit him.

More strange sounds. 'What's that? What's that? What's that?' Patiently the gunbearer interpreted the vocabulary of the jungle.

That rising and falling cry like the voice of a fire-siren or a lost soul came from a hyena. It was hard to believe that the hilarious but sinister 'Tee-hee-hee-hee-hee-ha-ha' came from the same animal.

And that coughing song like the rasping of a file on the edge of a tin roof! Was Louis Armstrong loose in the jungle?

'Armstrong?' said the guard. 'Good, isn't he. I have his records. No – that's not Armstrong. A leopard – meanest cat there is.'

A complaining 'meow' that might come from a very small kitten. But it was the voice of a cat bigger than the leopard, the cheetah, fastest feline on earth. I remember seeing one used as a hunting dog in India. Its owner kept it on a leash, hooded like a falcon. When game was sighted the leash and hood were removed, the cheetah overtook its prey, dragged it down, and held it until its master arrived. It was rewarded with a drink of blood, then re-hooded.

In the river below the camp hippos were playing the tuba, concentrating on the lowest notes. 'Wah-wah-wah-wah.' Then, deeper still, 'Hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh.'

The whole jungle was alive. Sounds came thick and fast – the self-pitying whine of a jackal, the screech of an owl, the piping note of a night-plover, the catarrhal cough of a crocodile. Then the whole symphony was capped by the diapason roar of a lion.

It was followed by complete silence. Every creature quit his own petty carping and listened. This was truly the king of beasts, fearing nothing, feared by everything. The silence jolted Mary awake.

'What happened?' she asked anxiously.

‘It’s all right. Just too much silence.’

We listened painfully. Even the palm-leaves refused to rustle. Then a slight snarl just outside the window sent chills down the spine. But it was just the gentle snore of the gun-bearer.

The first creature to recover from the universal paralysis was the cricket. Then an owl hooted. Then the whole jungle exploded in a sudden chorus of diabolical noises – screechings, snortings, blowings, scrapings, croakings, each creature according to its nature letting off the tension induced by the lion’s roar.

The moon rode high, and higher still sailed the Southern Cross. A low-lying mist covered the river. From this bluff everything could be seen fairly well. So when a tremendous barking broke out in the valley and swept up the hill towards us I could make out the dark form of some sort of antelope soaring over the fence into the camp-grounds pursued by a pack of yapping wild dogs.

The gunbearer who had slept through the lion’s roar and even through the crashing silence that followed it leaped to his feet. The wild dogs saw him and remained outside the fence, whining and snarling.

The antelope – an impala, the guard said – was not comforted to find itself in this strange environment reeking with human odours, and dashed about furiously, scattering pans and kettles, tripping over fireplaces, knocking over stools and tables. It became more terrified as children screamed and men appeared in doorways. Guards, under orders not to fire upon animals unless positively necessary, threw stones at the dogs. They slunk away and waited at a safe distance. There they set up a banshee howling that made the blood run cold.

But the campers were howling too and the impala was evidently more terrified by them than by the dogs. It had gone beserk and was likely at any moment to collide with a post or a car and break a leg. It escaped this danger by leaping

the fence on the side away from the dogs and making off into the forest. This pleased everyone except the dogs and our guard.

'Won't do it a bit of good,' he said.

The dogs had quit their howls of frustration and were barking again in full pursuit around the camp and off into the jungle. The barking rose to a peak, then suddenly subsided.

'They got it,' the guard said, and settled himself for another nap.

'Well, I never!' exclaimed a lady tourist from Connecticut who had been near enough to catch the guard's remark. 'What kind of a guard are you? You deliberately let that happen. You let those awful dogs kill that pretty little thing. Is that the way you take care of your animals?'

'Lady, please,' expostulated the sleepy guard. 'This is the jungle.'

'It is not the jungle. It's a park. Animals are supposed to be safe here. And you . . .'

'Please, madam, go away. Tell it to the boss tomorrow morning.'

'I'll most certainly do just that.' And the indignant animal-lover flounced off.

'She doesn't understand,' the aggrieved gunbearer complained to us through the screen. 'Sure it's a park, but not the kind of park she's thinking about.'

'But it must be confusing to a lot of people,' I said. 'After all, it's called a park – Kruger National Park.'

'It ought to be called jungle. That's what it is. It's wild country – wilder than anything outside of it. Park sounds civilized – this isn't. It's just the way nature made it. Outside you have farms and villages. Here you have 8,000 square miles of natural country just the way it was a thousand years ago except we've run a road through it and put some camps along the road. But an animal doesn't need to go 200 feet from the road before he's in real jungle. Outside, he's hounded by



men with guns. In here, he lives the way his kind has always lived. He preys on other animals, just the way his kind has always done. Don't we do the same thing? Bet that woman will have sausages for breakfast. And she won't give one thought to the pig that had to be killed so she could have her sausages. Even wild dogs have their rights, you know – they have to kill to eat. If we interfered we'd be upsetting things.'

'Balance of nature,' I suggested.

'Something like that. The weak ones have to go, the strong ones stay. That's what makes good animals. Just the ones that are healthy and strong and fast – they stay, and give birth to healthy young ones, and that's best all round. We've got no call to interfere with it.'

'So that gun is just to protect the visitors, not the animals?'

'That's it. It's not like a zoo. In a zoo, you protect everything. Here we protect nothing, except tourists. Sometimes I think we protect them too much. We could spare a few of 'em and it'd be no great loss.'

With this bitter comment he settled down and was soon fast asleep.

'The world's greatest game reserve'; so Kruger National Park is described in its own literature. Certain other reserves in Africa lay claim to the adjective 'greatest'. But it is generally conceded that Kruger is the most popular. Situated in the north-east corner of the Republic of South Africa it draws visitors from many large African cities as well as from abroad.

This does not mean it is the best place to see animals. We were to find other parks later on that were better in this respect. Less well known, they were less frequented. There are fourteen camps in Kruger and they accommodate some 100,000 visitors a year. Yet there is no sense of crowding, for Kruger National Park is larger than the State of Massachusetts.

Life is simple in the camps. Visitors are lodged in rondavels, circular cabins modelled on the native huts, made of mud

bricks covered with white stucco and topped with a peaked straw roof. The rondavels are severely furnished, have no running water nor electricity, but are supplied with a lantern, cots, an iron pitcher, enamelled basin, and pail. There is also a colony of tents for those who want to feel that they are really roughing it. There is a small restaurant, but for visitors who wish to bring their own supplies and do their own cooking there are outdoor fireplaces and large boilers of hot water tended by black servants who, if you wish, will even set your table and wash the dishes.

The park is a zoo in reverse. The animals are free to wander, but man is caged. While at camp he must stay within the grounds, and when driving he must stay in his car. Signs in Afrikaans and English warn him, '*Bly in U Kar*' (Stay in your car) and '*Bly in die Pad*' (Stay in the road). This restriction does not hold in all parks – in some you are free to walk into the jungle but at your own risk.

If one is to see several of the parks of Africa it is perhaps best to start with Kruger. It would be anticlimactic after some of the others, but, seen first, it is bound to be the most stupendous animal spectacle one has ever laid eyes on.

We were out and away at sunrise. Early morning and evening dusk are the two best times to see the animals, which are inclined to retreat to the deep shade of the forest during the heat of the day.

Almost at once we came upon a herd of some 2,000 impala scattered across the grassland for a good mile. Before leaving home we had read about the impala in a certain highly-respected encyclopedia. It was described in the past tense as a creature that had once been plentiful but had been decimated by carnivores. 'It is now extremely rare,' we were told.

A ranger had parked his Land-Rover, a jeep specially adapted for safari use, and was photographing the impala.

'Have you ever seen more at one time?' we asked.

'Oh yes. Many more. There are more impala in the park

than any other mammal. You'll get so used to seeing them you won't notice them any more.'

He was right. Yet at the moment it seemed impossible that we should become indifferent to so lovely a creature. This delicate and dainty antelope stands some three feet high, has the slender, supple legs of a ballet-dancer and horns that sweep gracefully backward in a wave and a dip to a length of some twenty inches. Its sleek coat is a reddish brown with white beneath.

The ranger's photography was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a cheetah. It leaped from its hiding-place in the bushes upon the nearest impala and brought it down. At once the herd broke into a shrill whistle of alarm and dashed away, not running, but bounding in great long leaps. They soared over bushes and rocks six feet high.

'How far can they jump?' I asked.

'We've made measurements. An impala buck can cover 15 to 25 feet in one leap.'

A larger antelope, a handsome waterbuck, dashed across the road, nearly colliding with our car.

'Do they ever actually crash into cars?'

'Sometimes.'

'But they never mean to, I suppose.'

'That's something you don't dare suppose,' said the ranger. 'It's good to remember that all the animals in the park are wild, and any wild animal can be dangerous. The waterbuck is usually quite harmless. But some individuals can be pretty mean.'

'Not long ago one leaped on a car, smashed the glass with its horns, and blood from his throat, which had been cut by the glass, showered over the lady in the front seat. Her husband was behind the wheel. She screamed, "Do something!"'

'What did he do?'

The ranger chuckled. 'Well, he was a British army officer and the sort that just can't get excited. He picked up his

camera, got out and took pictures until the buck extricated itself and made off. Then he stepped back into the car, inquired "You all right, my dear?" and drove away.'

A car drew in before us, a man leaned out and called back to the ranger,

'When do they feed the lions?'

'They don't,' replied the ranger.

He got out and went forward to explain, probably for the thousandth time, the principles of wild life and the survival of the fittest.

During our four days in Kruger we saw, besides so many impala that we did not attempt to count them, some 500 wildebeest or gnu with mild dispositions and venerable beards, a couple of dozen zebra, thirty or forty baboons, all peaceable except one old rascal who raided a camp, smashing dishes, tearing clothing and threatening the children, three vervet monkeys, four bushbucks, eight tiny steenbucks, four kudu, three crocodiles, two cheetah, eleven ponderous elephants, five ostriches, seven warthogs, which with their warty faces seemed to qualify as the homeliest creatures on earth, and eighteen giraffes strutting about with their heads in the tree-tops like walking fire-ladders.

To see a family of nine hippos in the Olifants River we were allowed to leave the car and walk through the jungle accompanied by a black guard with a gun. This was his regular patrol.

'I suppose the gun is just for emergency,' I said. 'Have you ever had to shoot anything?'

'Yes, sir!'

'What?'

'Lions. One especially bothered us. He had developed a taste for tourists.'

Although there are said to be 10,000 lions in the park we saw only three. That did not seem so strange when we reflected that in this enormous reserve 200 miles long and

forty across, a lion might easily spend its entire life roaming far and wide without ever coming near a road. Most animals prefer the areas undisturbed by traffic. The amazing abundance of game seen from the road only faintly suggests what an enormous animal population there must be in the entire park.

One great animal was conspicuously lacking – the rhino. But not far to the south of Kruger the rare white rhino roams the game park of Hluhluwe, an impossible word supposed to be pronounced Shloo-shloo-wi. A tourist from Chicago was enthusiastic about the park but didn't worry about the pronunciation. 'If you want to see rhinos,' he said, 'you got to go to Haluhellaway.'

Other creatures conspicuously lacking in Kruger are the fly, the gnat and the mosquito. This is an astonishing phenomenon in country with a heavy animal population and tens of thousands of campers who cook and eat in the open.

Sunset brings everyone back to camp. There's a hot bath, and a 'sundowner' (for those who have brought their own liquor). As the sunset afterglow fades, storm lanterns light up like fireflies among the trees and dozens of barbecue fires flutter under grills bearing oversized steaks.

After dinner there is informal music, made by anyone who chooses to twang a guitar and sing one of the sad-gay airs of the veld. And people gather about the fires to tell delightfully exaggerated stories of what they have seen during the day.

Then sleep, on an unyielding pad made soft by your day in the open air. After the first night you are apt to sleep soundly, taking the din of a thousand savage night voices as a matter of course.

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*Paris on the Indian Ocean*

Around every corner is a new surprise. Who would expect to find Paris in one of the least-visited fastnesses of Africa?

Lourenço Marques is what Paris would be if it were moved to the tropics where your feet can never get cold while you sit at a table in a pavement restaurant.

It may be remembered that during World War II the *Gripsholm* exchanged Japanese and American prisoners in the harbour of Lourenço Marques. The choice was logical since this is the best natural harbour in all of Africa. Situated on the African east coast of Mozambique, or Portuguese East Africa, Lourenço Marques (pronounced Lorenzo Marksh) is a beautiful town of 100,000 people, fine hotels offering the best food south of the Congo River, charming residential districts kept charming by the regulation that all architecture be approved by city authorities. The mid-winter temperature is that of Paris in the spring.

For once one can believe the official prospectus according to which this is 'a city in the continental style. Tree-lined streets and pavement cafés, long white sands and a carefree atmosphere, dancing, swimming, sailing, fishing, hunting, riding...'

Mosaic pavements like those of Lisbon and Rio de Janeiro glamorize the streets. Worked out in small stones of contrasting colours, the designs portray delightful dragons groping their way through exotic flowers.

Real flowers there are in abundance, though this is not the best season. A gorgeous city it must be when all the flamboyant trees are in bloom. Some of the widest streets have four rows of them.

Even under the winter sky it is a flowery city with hibiscus trees – yes, I said trees – in bloom, poinsettia trees, vines of Bougainvillea and Bignonia and any number of garden flowers. Whether in bloom or not the trees are handsome and exotic – mango, coconut palm, cashew, casuarina, frangipani, jacaranda, eucalyptus, fig, bamboo.

But this is not Paris. It is Portugal. The words '*Aqui é Portugal*' are worked out in mosaic in the pavement in front of the City Hall. Mozambique is not a colony of Portugal – it is Portugal. It is a province of Portugal, on the same basis as any of the home provinces. The Portuguese think that is the best way. And they have had plenty of time to prove themselves right.

'You must always remember,' said Cecil Rhodes, 'with reference to the Portuguese, that they were the original civilizers of Africa.'

In 1498, the Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, began white settlement in Mozambique. There are now 70,000 Europeans in the province, 6,000,000 Africans.

Before the recent crisis in Angola there was for centuries a remarkable absence of racialism in Portuguese territory. Gilberto Freyre, the famous Brazilian sociologist, declared after a visit to Mozambique that 'the methods which contributed towards the social and cultural homogeneity of Brazil are the same as those now forming this new Portuguese world, five centuries later'.

Homogeneity with the black is easier for the Portuguese than for any other European people. It has been said that Portugal is really a part of Africa rather than of Europe. This is true only to the extent that the Portuguese, having been ruled by the dark-skinned Moors for seven centuries,

and having considered it an honour to intermarry with their Moorish masters, are less opposed to miscegenation than any other white people on earth. They built Brazil by blending three racial strains, Portuguese, Indian and African. In Mozambique the mixture has not been carried so far, yet it is not blocked by any such social taboo as in the rest of Africa.

The Portuguese claim that their success in Mozambique is due to the fact that they have drawn, not a colour line, but a culture line. They do not divide the population into black and white, but into civilized and uncivilized. As soon as any person of any hue has acquired the necessary qualifications (educational and economic) he has the full rights of a Portuguese citizen.

The theory is excellent; the practice leaves something to be desired.

The African must have education in order to qualify for assimilation. But he is unable to get it. The most recent figures showed only 183,000 Africans in rudimentary schools. This out of a population of 6,000,000. The Government complains that providing schools for all would cost too much. The illiteracy rate still hovers above 98 per cent.

As for the economic requirement, which is that an African earn enough to be able to live like a European, this is close to impossible. The wage-scale of blacks in Mozambique is one of the lowest on the continent. The reason is that the white boss does not have to pay well. He can get all the help he needs at a minimum wage through the Government's system of forced labour.

Officials are proud of this system. They argue, with some justice, that it is good for the African to learn to work. Again, the theory may be good, but in practice it makes the black a serf, if not a slave. The planter in need of labour simply tells the local district officer how many men he wants. Recruiters are sent into the villages, the men required are rounded up



and delivered. They have nothing to say about it. The district officer performs his function well because he is usually rewarded with a payoff amounting to ten times the wage of the labourer for six months! This payoff is illegal, but common practice. Naturally the employer, having paid through the nose to get his workers, pays the workers themselves as little as possible. Any idler or mischief-maker may be turned over to the local police-station to be flogged.

Without schools, without free economic opportunity, it is not surprising that in 1950 there were only 4,353 *assimilados*. More recently a figure of 30,000 has been claimed. But whether the figure is 4,000 or 30,000, it is a negligible part of the black population of 6,000,000.

'This will ultimately be an independent state with a black Government,' a Portuguese professor told us. 'For that is the trend in Africa. And it can hardly fail to happen here where the white is outnumbered by the black a thousand to one.'

'Ultimately'; not long ago the Portuguese using that word might have been thinking in terms of fifty or 100 years. Now, with all Africa caught up in the whirlwind, 'ultimately' could be tomorrow.

*From Lion to Tsetse*

It had been a thrill to see hundreds of wild animals in Bechuanaland, more exciting to see 4,000 on our best day in Kruger. But today we gave up counting after we reached 20,000, for they stood almost shoulder to shoulder on the plains around us all the way to the horizon.

This is the Gorongosa National Game Park, 5,000 square miles of wild bush country in Mozambique eighty-five miles from Beira. The chief reason for its tremendous animal population is that there are few visitors to disturb the game. There is only one rest-camp accommodating sixteen guests as compared with fourteen camps in Kruger lodging 6,000.

Before setting out on this African journey we had heard of Kruger, Wankie, Hluhluwe, Nairobi, Albert National, Queen Elizabeth, Amboseli, Tsavo and the Serengeti Plain, but never of Gorongosa. So far as overseas tourist trade is concerned, it is unknown and unvisited. We had no expectation of seeing much, though the Portuguese claim it is far better than Kruger. We put that down to natural Portuguese pride.

The coastal city of Beira lacks the charm of Lourenço Marques. It is a commercial port that has given little thought to town planning. Its chief feature is a hotel as big as Grand Central Station. This Grande Hotel on the shore of the Indian Ocean was built by the Government to attract

visitors to Mozambique. It is tremendous, larger and grander than any in Portugal, with palatial public rooms, superb handmade carpets, magnificent vases, paintings worthy of the Louvre. Our sumptuously furnished room has private bath and a balcony overlooking the sea. Good meals are served in the echoing vastness of the dining-room. There is an Olympic-size swimming-pool and fine ocean beaches.

Yet the swimming-pool is too often dry, the clerks behind the desk are not too efficient, and a general air of disappointment lurks in the shadows of the quarter-mile lobby. For lack of tourists the great establishment may have to be turned into an office building.

A safari firm in Beira run by three Pakistani brothers took us out to Gorongosa in a private car, an old, black Chevrolet. One of the brothers, Farouk, drove the car. There were two other passengers who introduced themselves as Paul and Elizabeth. We assumed that they were wed, or at least on intimate terms, until we entered Gorongosa and drew up in the camp.

Farouk went to the office. He came back with keys and proceeded to unlock two doors. To us he said, 'You will have this room,' and to Paul and Elizabeth, 'This is yours.'

They stared at him; then Elizabeth said tartly,

'But I must have a room of my own!'

Consternation on the part of Farouk. The two had come to Beira on the same plane from Salisbury. How was Farouk to know that they had met for the first time on the plane?

He went to the office and came back with the news that there was no extra room. This announcement was not received with the furtive joy it might have inspired in Latin breasts. The response of this young English couple was acute embarrassment.

Paul said he would sleep in the car. Elizabeth wouldn't hear of it. We let them suffer for a while. Of course the problem was settled by bunking Elizabeth and Mary in one room, Paul

and myself in the other. Farouk thought it was all very silly. He couldn't understand why the young couple had to be so 'stubborn'.

Paul, an Oxford graduate, worked for a roofing concern in Salisbury. Elizabeth had some sort of clerical job. Both had come to Africa adventure-bent and both were about to return to England after a year of it.

Our rooms at the camp had no water, either running or standing, and electric light was replaced by candlelight when the generator was turned off at 10 p.m. The beds were comfortable and there were public restrooms and showers, also a passable restaurant.

The next morning we were roused by Farouk at 5.30. After a brief breakfast we set out, taking along a guide as required by Park rules. He was black, ignorant of English and for the most part silent, but he did direct Farouk to some lion scenes that we will never forget.

Gorongosa, though called a park, is a perfectly wild region of sparse woods and open plains, waterholes aplenty, and a river muddy and sludgy enough to suit the most exacting hippo or crocodile. It resembles a city park only in that there is little or no underbrush, and the grass is mowed short – by herbivorous teeth. Thanks to its palms and green-trunked 'fever trees' (handsome members of the acacia family which deserve a better name) and its green grass, it is far more beautiful than brown and ragged Kruger.

We began to count the animals we saw: thirty baboons clambering up the golden-green fever trees, or throwing down nuts from the vegetable ivory palms; four gangling, long-legged, long-billed marabou storks standing five feet high; twenty waterbuck with the target-like white circle on the rump and the proudly held head; five humpbacked wildebeest, those Quasimodos of the bush, galloping across in front of us like black rocking-horses; then a good hundred baboons in family groups nestled in the grass enjoying the

early morning sun; then a great lone elephant.

In Gorongosa the visitor has a privilege not granted in Kruger. He may leave his car and stalk game on foot. I accordingly stepped out and approached the elephant. He responded by coming to meet me with ears spread so far apart that he appeared to be as wide as he was long. He let out a blast like Gabriel's last trump. I did not wait for him to come near enough to fill my viewfinder, but pressed the trigger and retreated to the car. Farouk immediately stepped on the accelerator, for an annoyed elephant can easily upset a Chevrolet and has been known to do better than that and roll a locomotive from the track.

We saw fourteen more elephants. Then we emerged into more open country and the animals really became numerous. We passed a herd of 1,200 waterbuck, then some 2,000 wildebeest, then a herd of so many wildebeest that I gave the problem of counting them to the guide. He estimated their number at 4,000 – the total of animals of every sort we had seen in that memorable day at Kruger. And it was still only nine o'clock in the morning.

There are a few roads in Gorongosa, but they are hardly necessary. We took off across the veld with the sun as compass. The rich, green grass was cropped short enough so that holes and hummocks were easily seen. The animal population steadily increased.

We stopped the motor and stepped out of the car and looked and listened. The morning calm was punctuated by snorts, coughs, grunts, sighs, chatterings and a hundred unidentifiable noises.

A dozen mongooses went undulating by, their attenuated bodies making them look like exaggerated weasels. Most of the animals were not exclusive. The elephants stayed by themselves, but other animals associated freely. Within a hundred-foot radius of our car we counted five species: impala, baboon, waterbuck, wildebeest and a dozen snorting

warthogs, nature's grotesque mistake.

A distant roar came over the plain, and the grazing animals lifted their heads and then returned to their breakfasts. There was safety in numbers, and a lion could not eat more than one animal at a time.

We returned to the car and drove in the direction of the sound. Two palms stood alone in the veld and in the shade of each was something big and tawny. Farouk drove up to within twenty feet of them, stopped and turned off the motor.

One of the lions was rolling on his back, paws in the air like a gigantic kitten; he righted himself abruptly as we came up and lay glowering at us, growling softly. The other lion, also a big male, paid no attention to us. He was crunching on a huge, bloody carcass, already gnawed down to the ribs.

'Zebra?' I asked.

'Wildebeest,' said Farouk.

We took several dozen pictures of him. He was not camera-shy and went right on with his breakfast. Farouk at our request manoeuvred the car into various positions so that we could get our subject at different angles. At each roar of the motor the feeding lion gave us only a sideward glance, but the other lion bristled and growled. At last we were within thirteen feet of both lions.

The lions have laid down rules for humans. Humans must stay in the car. If they step out they are fair game. However, the lions do not always observe their own rules and if sufficiently irritated may break into a car and maul or murder its occupants.

It was necessary to have the window rolled down to take pictures. The breakfasting lion was too preoccupied to worry us, but the other lay facing us in position to spring. I reminded myself that a single leap would bring him to the car and one swat of a big paw through the window would finish the pestiferous photographer. I must be alert to crank up the window if he sprang. I was shooting into the sun and asked

Mary, who sat in the middle of the front seat beside me, to shade the lens with her hand.

Now and then the lion half rose and snarled, then sank back. The snarl made a good picture. All went well until I happened to strike the door-handle. To an experienced lion this meant only one thing – I was about to get out. Instantly he leaped to his feet, bristled like a Fuller brush and let out a roar that sent Paul bouncing to the ceiling, caused a spasmodic retraction of Mary's hand, and so startled me that I was not aware until later that I had pressed the release. The resulting picture was a white fog through which a ghostly lion's head as big as a mountain expressed all the savagery of a beast about to kill.

So complete was the paralysis of the moment that I did not remember to close the window until the lion had relaxed and the peril had passed. Then I closed it and we drove on, all feeling that we had aged perceptibly in the last ten seconds.

We saw two other lions. One was several hundred feet away and the terrain would not allow us to get close to it. The other, a great male, was asleep when we pulled up within fifteen feet of him. He drowsily opened his eyes. Seeing that the noise had been made by nothing but humans, he promptly closed them again.

'What's the use of taking a picture of that?' Paul complained. 'People would think we had photographed a dead lion.'

He shouted. No result. He roared like a lion – without effect. He lustily sang a rock 'n' roll song, but the lion gave him only a contemptuous squint, then yawned cavernously and dropped his head on his paws.

Farouk blew the horn. The eyes did not open. Rattling the door-handle which had infuriated the other lion left this one cold and proved that there is individuality among lions. Opening the door and banging it shut made him look at us with an expression as sparkling and alert as that of an operating tired businessman at an opera. The camera was put

away, and we drove off as he rolled over on his side with an indignant grunt and continued his rudely interrupted dreams.

On the shore of the Urema River crocodiles fifteen feet long basked in the sun. Some seventy hippos snorted and sported in the river. Their grunts sounded like the lowest note on a bass viol, sharply struck. Pelicans walked gravely through the shallows. Turkey buzzards, as big as sheep, black with red heads and white wing-tips, feasted along with the crocodiles on a dead hippo that lay like a stranded whale half in and half out of the water.

Vultures, flamingoes and fish eagles fished and hunted and white tick birds rode on the backs of wildebeest and zebra, plucking their dinner from the insect-infested hides. Across the river a pack of wild dogs, evil, sneaking creatures, harried a fallen antelope. And from every direction, if you stopped talking long enough to listen, came the extraordinary mingled sound from thousands of strange throats.

Animals, as far as we could see. Countless thousands of them. Most numerous, the wildebeest, impala, waterbuck, zebra and baboon. Then came the buffaloes (enormous, powerful black brutes), warthogs, leguanas (five-foot lizards), crocodiles, elephants and hippos. Most rare were the hartebeest, great ox-size eland, and of course the lion. Completely absent were the leopard, which is seldom seen by day, and the giraffe, which does not live in this park.

And most dangerous, perhaps, was the creature that brought a sharp warning from Farouk.

‘A tsetse fly.’

It rested on my arm, wings crossed. Farouk swung at it and missed, and it flew away. Whether it had bitten one of us we may know six years hence, the interval required for the development of sleeping sickness.

The red sun was sinking and the white moon was rising, On the way back to camp we spotted a great bull elephant



conveniently near the trail. But the guide would not allow Farouk to stop.

'He says these woods are full of elephants now,' Farouk explained, 'and if they blocked the road we might have to wait a half-hour or so and then it would be dark.'

'Couldn't we proceed in the dark?'

'We'd have to turn on our lights. Most animals just stand and stare at a light, but elephants are apt to charge. Once when I was driving to camp after dark the road was blocked by thirty elephants. I turned off the lights and waited. It's not so pleasant, waiting in the dark, not knowing whether an old bull will take a notion to push your car over. It was nearly an hour before they moved on.'

We had one more thrill before reaching camp. Bursting through the brush came a herd of some thousand buffalo headed straight for the car. The buffalo is, though smaller, as powerful as the elephant and quite capable of overturning a car, and a herd of buffalo in stampede is not easily stopped.

This herd was going places fast, but evidently not in stampede – for they halted upon sight of us, kept us some twenty seconds in tingling suspense, then all wheeled in unison and rolled away in the opposite direction.

We were relieved to get to our quarters where the only disquieting visitor was an anaemic centipede under the bed.

*Marooned in Paradise*

Every traveller should kneel beside his bed each night and pray:

'Oh Lord, disrupt my itinerary.' For the most delightful and unexpected things are apt to happen when carefully-laid plans are broken.

At first we were extremely sorry for ourselves when planes failed to connect at Lumbo and we were left stranded until the next plane eight days later.

'If it could have been anywhere else!'

Lumbo is limbo. It is not a city, town, nor even a cross-roads. Its houses are wedged between the railroad which ends here and the road which also ends here.

Our hotel was not the latest thing in hostelries. We had found African hotels almost uniformly excellent; of course there had to be an exception, and this was it.

True, we looked out to a pleasant garden and the Indian Ocean. The looking out was better than looking in. The sway-back bed required a generous stuffing of pillows beneath the mattress to lift it level. There was a wash-basin with a plug in it and a pail underneath, an iron pitcher of water and a chamber-pot without a handle. The one weak electric bulb was evidently not to be trusted, since tallow candles stood ready on the dresser.

The delicious papaya with which breakfast began raised

false hopes. It was followed by one egg with a blistered bottom and edges that stood up in a brown crinkled wall like crepe paper. The coffee was passable and the milk safe because it was out of a condensed-milk can. The toast looked as if it had been done with a blowlamp.

The other meals were rather heavily dosed with olive oil, and the meat was liberally breaded with sand. But if one could overlook the fish and entrée it was possible to enjoy the beginning and end of the meal – the soup, and the cheese and fruit.

For a hotel at the end of the road it was really not so bad. We quickly learned to order boiled eggs and to scrape away the sand. The Portuguese manager was a delightful host and East African Airlines was paying our hotel bill since it was through their blundering that we were delayed.

The inn was embowered with a fragrant jungle of frangipani, flamboyant, poinsettia, papyrus, Bougainvillea, coral vine, roses, cannas and – most lovely of all – the great graceful fronds of coconut palms shimmering over large clusters of golden-yellow nuts.

Beyond the garden were the thatch huts of the blacks and the thatch houses of the Portuguese in plantations of mandioca and cashew. Sacks of cashew nuts lay piled on the shore awaiting transport to India. They are processed in India, then come back to be sold in Africa, Europe and America. The trip to India and back would of course be unnecessary if Mozambique had processing machinery. Some machinery was brought from Germany, but no one quite knew how to work it and the noise disturbed people who wished to rest.

Mozambique Bay surrounds us on three sides. It is a beautiful bay of sand beaches and overhanging palms and pastel-blue water with purple patches where seaweed lies beneath. The water is so clear that the bottom can be seen plainly even by moonlight, and fish move about in full view as if they were under glass. We find the clean sand beaches

ideal for sea bathing and we take long walks on the red dirt paths through flowering meadows unlittered by beer cans and Coca-Cola bottles.

The most conspicuous figures in the landscape are the enormous baobab trees, which resemble bloated beasts with branches like elephants' trunks curling off in every conceivable direction.

The baobab is the beatnik among trees. Its rule is to break all rules. Most tree-species have a general pattern of growth; one coconut palm looks like another, one mango resembles the next, the branches tend to grow out in the same way and at the same angle. But baobabs have nothing in common with other trees nor with each other. Each tree is an eccentric. The huge trunk, with a circumference as big as a California *Sequoia gigantea*, and sometimes forty feet in diameter, sends out bulging, contorted branches at all angles, changing direction every few feet as if the whole tree were twisted in an agony of rheumatism. Every swollen branch ends abruptly without troubling to taper off gracefully, so the tree looks all thumbs, no two of them alike. It is leafless during most of the year. The upraised stubs look like roots rather than branches and one can appreciate the African legend that God, growing annoyed with the tree, yanked it out and stuck it back into the ground head-first.

Fruits like overgrown sausages hang on the ends of thin strings. The juice squeezed from them cleans the sludge out of oil filters and makes a vile substitute for lemonade. The main trunk is hollow and natives may make their home in it. Livingstone mentions a baobab that could accommodate thirty men in its trunk. In other cases the baobab trunk is used as a burial place for the dead.

Its most frequent use is as a reservoir. There is apt to be an opening at the top and through this hole rain-water trickles down into the natural tank. An ordinary baobab will hold 1,000 gallons. During the dry season from October

to June baobab-water in Africa becomes as expensive as petrol in New York. The owner of half a dozen baobabs is rich.

The wood looks soft and puffy like an elephant's hide but is actually hard enough to blunt an axe. The trees attain an age of a century or more and the older they get, the more paunchy and crotchety their habits.

But the most extraordinary attraction of Lumbo is the Island of Mozambique three miles out to sea. Here was built the first European settlement in Africa south of the Sahara. Vasco da Gama discovered the island in 1498 and built there rather than on the mainland because three miles of open water afforded some protection against hostile African tribes.

It is interesting that only six years after Columbus opened up America for Spain, Vasco da Gama opened up Africa for Portugal. England's and America's Livingstone and Stanley are popularly considered the great African explorers, but they were late-comers compared with the Portuguese.

We crossed to the island in forty-five minutes in the small, wood-burning, steam ferry. Portuguese and blacks from Lumbo were going to Mozambique to do their shopping. Not that stores are numerous in Mozambique; in a morning-long walk through the town we saw four.

It is a quaint old town and the authorities are determined to keep it just so, as a historic shrine. Its white and pink buildings rise abruptly from the water like those of villages on the Dalmatian coast or one of the Italian lakes. The island is perhaps a mile long but only a few streets wide. Every inch of it is built up, except for some small parks, and has been for centuries. The streets are narrow and winding between high white, pink or yellow walls, punctuated by fine carved doors or gates of delicate iron grille through which one gets glimpses of exotic gardens and fountains.

Moss covers the walls and a mossy smell comes from dark doorways. Some buildings extend over the pavement providing cool tunnels. Parks and squares are lush with flamboyants and coconut palms, hibiscus and poinsettia, and one road is lined on both sides with huge old fig-trees that send down aerial roots from the branches, seeking earth where they take root and make new trunks.

An esplanade runs along the seaward edge of the island, and this entire shore is protected from attack by a reef lying about a mile off. The waves break white all along this great semi-circle of reef, which grows higher at two points, making small, palm-shaded islets.

At each end of the island is a solid, high-walled fort with black cannon in the embrasures. In the larger fort are two chapels where divine help was sought against the African raiders and under the floor lie those whose prayers were not answered. Large cisterns collected enough rain-water to last through a long siege. They are still kept full, and seagirt Mozambique would be very thirsty without them.

There are a few cars in Mozambique, so few that you may walk along several streets without hearing any traffic but the soft pad-pad of the bare feet of ricksha boys – for this is one of the very few places left in the world where the ricksha is still used.

Nor is it just a tourist novelty as in Durban, but a necessity in constant use by the people of the town. The rickshas are wide enough to seat two persons, and quite heavy, but the island is without hills and distances are short. The motorlessness of Mozambique reminds one of Bermuda before the fall, and of Miyajima, sacred island of Japan's Inland Sea, where the ban still holds against wheeled vehicles.

Without the fumes and noise of traffic, Mozambique preserves the peace of a bygone age, and the visitor feels he is walking through some sort of old-time storybook. There are no modern structures to break the illusion. The erection

of new buildings is strictly forbidden. Repairs on old buildings must conform to the original lines.

So here is a fascinating, townsized museum of Portuguese life 463 years ago in Africa's first white settlement. Once the capital of the Province of Mozambique, it still has a number of foreign consulates. Since it is a good port because of its protected waters, it brings cashew nuts, copra and sisal from the mainland and ships them to far parts of the world.

There was no hotel built in the fifteenth century, so there is no hotel now. Merchants complain of the old-fashioned and inconvenient business quarters, yet take pride in the old town and would not change it. There are about a thousand whites on the island, two or three thousand Moslems from India who, a Portuguese store-owner told us, 'breed like rabbits', and a still larger number of black folk whom no one seems to have thought it worthwhile to count.

Altogether it is a most improbable and little-advertised isle of enchantment and a considerable surprise to the few travellers who find their way to it.

*Arabian Nights in Zanzibar*

Up the coast over picturesque bays, coral islands in pale-green lagoons, the wreck of a German battleship sunk in the First World War, over the black reefs and rainbow shoals that make these seas beautiful and dangerous, we fly to Dar-es-Salaam and thence to Zanzibar, 'Isle of Cloves'.

Since the Zanzibar Hotel is full we lodge in the Pigalle, which is over a cinema, but the view of the tropical island from our balcony is ravishing, and the food is good.

What an extraordinary island this is. It seems closer to India than Africa. It swarms with Pakistanis and Indians, the men keen and trim, the women pretty, fine boned and charmingly sari-ed. Arab influence is also strong. Many of the blacks are Moslems, the men wearing the fez, the women covering the head and sometimes even the face, though most take their Islam lightly, for the veil is rare.

The town is something out of an *Arabian Nights* dream – a place of narrow, mysterious and twisting streets, balconies and lattices, balustrades of carved plaster, outside stairways, ancient walls, beautifully carved lintels and great brass-studded doors, and everything mouldering gently and looking as if it had not been touched for 300 years. Even the pillows on our beds smell that old.

There's an Indian film playing in the cinema downstairs, the soap was made in India and so was the bath towel. We are



only thirty miles or so from the African coast, yet we are definitely in the Orient.

Zanzibar is an Arab state ruled by a beneficent Sultan, direct descendant of the first Sultan of Zanzibar who was also the Imam of Oman and Sultan of Muscat.

In the gardens of the ruined Marahubi Palace, planted with mango trees imported from India, lived the ladies of the harem of Seyyid Barghash (Sultan 1870-88) and there are other gardens and palaces left by this and later Sultans. The present Sultan is well liked. His father, who succeeded to the throne in 1911 and died in 1960, was also popular. The rule of the Sultans is now more or less nominal since Zanzibar is a British Protectorate administered by a British Resident.

With an English-speaking Indian at the wheel we tour the island. It is one great garden, green all the year round and bursting with a richer profusion of tree and plant life than we have seen anywhere else in Africa.

In this fifty-by-twenty-four-mile island are packed millions of coconut palms, thousands of broad-beamed mango trees, also thousands of jackfruits, breadfruits, bananas, papayas, litchis, coffee, cocoa, kapok, tamarind, avocado, durian, custard-apple and sour-sop trees, also tobacco, sugar-cane, rice, mandioca, pineapple, cinnamon and touch-me-nots.

There is a large trade in copra. The flowers of the ylang-ylang are distilled to make perfume. Lemon grass is processed into an excellent flavouring for tea.

But king of the island is the clove. 80 per cent of the world's cloves come from Zanzibar. The tree is erect and cylindrical, a narrow column of light-green, and seldom grows more than thirty feet high. Its life-span is eighty years. The young tree begins to bear at the end of ten years. What is harvested is not the fruit nor even the flower, but the bud just before it is about to open.

The clove was used in ancient China by officials of the

Imperial Port to make their breath fragrant in the presence of their sovereign. In the Dark Ages B.R. (Before Refrigeration) slightly tainted meat was made palatable with clove and cinnamon. For this purpose alone the 'spice ships' sailed to Arabia, Zanzibar and India.

Today cloves give a delicate aroma to certain Oriental cigarettes. Modern cosmetics are made charming with a distillate of clove. Essence of cloves is used as a preservative in foods and an antiseptic agent in medicines. Toothache is assuaged with clove oil. But perhaps the most delightful use of clove is as a perfume. The girls of Zanzibar use it with delicate and devastating effect, and the fragrance of passing saris fills the narrow byways of the town with a magic that neither eye nor ear alone could provide.

Along the waterfront clumsy and colourful dhows from Arabia lie at anchor. Sometimes there are as many as 400 in the port. The old town is a Bible picture of men of the East dressed as in the days of Solomon, bargaining for spices, copra and ivory.

They are also on the lookout for more valuable cargo. There is still a demand for black slaves in the harems of Arabia. Since the authorities do not countenance the slave trade, it must be carried on furtively, but thousands of Africans are annually smuggled across the Red Sea from Zanzibar, Ethiopia and points north. Young girls are wanted if pretty and well shaped, men if well muscled. The pre-war price for a good slave was about £130. The post-war depression did not spare Arabia and the rate dropped to £5. The boom years brought it back to some £200, a price easily within the reach of many an oil-rich Arab.

Zanzibar is not quite the Eden it seems to the visitor. There are several serpents in the Garden. We learn about some of them from His Excellency, Acting British Resident Robertson in the cool depths of the beautiful Residency on the Indian Ocean shore. The blacks don't like the Indians, the Indians

don't like the Arabs, the Arabs don't like the British.

The Arabs are chiefly responsible for political discontent. They have not forgotten British action in the Suez crisis. Pictures of Nasser hang in Arab stores. The Nasser ambition to extend the limits of the United Arab Republic is felt in this remote island.

The British official view seems to be that the problem may be solved by the rising self-assertion of the African. Far from trying to suppress this trend, the British overlords see in it a desirable development towards democracy. The main grievance of the blacks is that most of the cultivable land is owned by Arab or Indian landlords, many of them absentees. The Africans live on this land as squatters without property rights. They must pay half or more of what they raise to the landlord and are subject to ejection at any time. And there is always the danger of being shanghaied into a piratical dhow and removed for ever from family and friends.

Yet, in spite of all woes and worries, the people of Zanzibar seem to share the radiant disposition of their island. That applies to all three groups, Africans, Indians and Arabs. People with nothing to sell greet us and smile, and the children run out and cry 'Yambo', which doesn't mean 'Foreign devil', nor 'Give me a penny', but just 'Good day'.

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*Make Mine Blood*

I once had a wandering uncle who went about the earth prying open the mouths of astonished indigenes and counting their bad teeth. Dr Weston A. Price had a theory, discounted at that time but now pretty well accepted, that to have good teeth and good bone structure a body must have good nutrition. We of the family were proud of Uncle Weston and his eminence as a dentist and research scientist. And yet there is something about familiarity which, if it does not breed contempt, at least generates a bit of kindly scepticism. Some of Uncle Weston's fireside stories of the Eskimos, Polynesians, Australian aborigines, Maoris and Indians of the Andes seemed rather tall.

Take that one about the African tribe that lived on nothing but blood and milk. The Masai, Uncle said, seldom if ever eat meat or vegetables, and many of them go a lifetime without tasting baked foods or sweets. And they never brush their teeth. Yet they grow more than six feet tall and develop powerful bodies with remarkably strong skeletal structure and sound teeth. Incidence of dental *caries* is a mere fraction of that in Europe or America where the diet includes large quantities of carbohydrates and sugars.

That was the story, as he told it. He retold it in his book, which became required reading in college courses on nutrition. Yet we of the family were amused to notice that our uncle did

not himself turn to a diet of blood and milk, but seemed to prefer jam and hot biscuits. It should have occurred to us that every man has a right to his own type of suicide. Uncle may have thought it was too late, at threescore and ten, to begin his own reformation.

The land of the Masai lies in Tanganyika and Kenya about the base of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain. We could see its snow-cap as we flew in from Mombasa. And beneath us were uncounted thousands of cattle, the property of the Masai.

In talking with a fellow passenger we had found that he was a dentist in Nairobi. Here was our golden opportunity to check a fantastic story.

'Is it true that the Masai live on blood and milk?'

'That's so.'

'And don't suffer for lack of other foods?'

'It's when they take other foods that they begin to suffer. Particularly starches.'

'But, never chewing anything solid, don't their teeth decay?'

'On the contrary. Incidence of *caries* among the Masai is .9. Which means, less than one in every hundred Masai has a single cavity.'

'That covers all ages?'

'All ages.'

'How do whites compare?'

'Depends on their food. Instead of less than one per cent among the Masai, *caries* runs from fifty to eighty per cent in European cities. It's roughly according to the consumption of refined flours, carbonated drinks and all that. People who can't get to town often and eat plenty of meat and whole grains do much better.'

The Masai stubbornly resist change. Their neighbours, the Kikuyu, have a 'civilized' diet similar to the white man's. They are of ordinary stature and without half the strength and stamina of the Masai.

A physician told John Gunther:

'The secret of Masai vitality is their diet. I could withdraw protein from the Masai, feed them nothing but carbohydrates, and turn them into Kikuyu in no time. Similarly I could make Masai out of Kikuyu if I had enough blood and milk.'

A small London lass who had never been outside the city limits is reported to have said, 'Isn't it a pity they have to kill the cow to get the milk?' Similarly one might think it a pity that the Masai should kill his animal to get nothing but the blood.

The Masai is too thrifty to do that. He gets his blood but keeps his cow. This is worth getting up at 5 a.m. to see.

In the company of a Government veterinarian we made a dawn journey to a Masai village. The Masai do not encourage such visits, but the white expert had endeared himself to them by saving their cattle from an epidemic.

'There are some things we can teach them,' he said. 'On the other hand they have taught us a great deal. They have a quite remarkable knowledge of veterinary science. Ah, there's the village - I see a reception committee is waiting for us. Don't be surprised if they spit in your face. Just spit back. It's a sign of good-will.'

But the reception committee may have heard that spitting is not appreciated by the outside world, or they may have lacked good-will. At any rate they did not spit upon us, but spat only on their palms before shaking hands.

They bore themselves as proudly as if they lived in palaces, instead of in domelike huts built of clay and cow-dung plastered over a framework of twigs and so low that the six-foot-plus Masai must bend almost double to enter.

The towering males were haughtily handsome, their narrow noses showing their Nilotic rather than negro origin. Their hair was plastered with red clay and worn in a queue over the forehead and a longer queue behind. Their ears

stretched almost to their shoulders, and the hole pierced in the lobe was large enough to carry a pack of cigarettes. They did not smile easily, and that was just as well, for a smile revealed the lack of two teeth in the lower jaw. These are removed so that a man may eat and drink even if he has lockjaw, once a common complaint.

The men were quite naked except for a cowhide cape over the shoulders. The fact that the edges of the cape did not come together in front indicated that it was worn as protection against the early-morning chill and not with any thought of concealment. The women, hovering in the background, were equally indifferent to the precautions that women of other cultures consider essential, but wore magnificent rings of metal and strings of large beads around the neck, wire spirals on the arms and ankles, and ear-rings varying from three inches to a foot in diameter.

We were taken into the corral where the cattle had spent the night protected from lions by a high fence of acacia thorns. A large placid cow was selected for the blood-letting operation.

'This one will stand and take it,' the veterinarian said. 'If the animal is wild it has to be hobbled.'

A man armed with a bow and arrow knelt within a few feet of the cow and fired an arrow into the neck. A shoulder on the arrow prevented it from penetrating more than an inch. So sharp was the point and so painless the operation that the animal did not even flinch. Immediately blood poured from the jugular vein and was caught in a gourd holding about a quart. When the gourd was full a styptic made of ashes and herbs was applied. It stopped the flow and would also prevent infection.

The cow took the whole thing as a matter of course and placidly chewed her cud as a lad came with another gourd and milked her. Then the contents of the two gourds were poured into a larger gourd and stirred until they had com-

pletely blended. We were invited to drink. Mary was not thirsty.

I was not allowed to get off so easily. 'They will be offended if you don't try it.'

It was really not bad at all. Instead of having a perfectly flat taste as one might have expected, it was enlivened by a slight tang, as if a little lemon-juice had been added. I asked the veterinarian about it.

'You're close,' he said. 'It's an acid, but not lemon.'

'What then?'

He seemed inclined to change the subject, but I persisted. 'It's just due to the way they sterilize their gourds,' he said.

'How?'

'By piddling in them. It kills the germs.' He laughed. 'Don't look so horrified. Remember, these people have to use what they have. There's no pharmacy just around the corner. Nearly everything they need they get from their cattle. The blood and milk are their food, the cow's urine can be used to curdle milk, which is then cooked with blood to make a sort of mash, the dung plasters houses and makes smooth, insect-proof floors and is used as fuel, the hides keep them warm, the tail can be turned into a vicious whip. Most important, the cattle can be used to buy wives.'

'Only wives? How about bicycles and sewing-machines and radios and . . .'

'No. Of course some Masai have caught the modern fever, but not many. They scorn all the gadgets we consider so necessary. You don't see any radios or bicycles here. And why a sewing-machine with nothing to sew? The ladies' ornaments are homemade. They don't bother to buy wire – just steal it from the nearest telephone-line. They hate to part with their cattle because a man's wealth is counted in cattle, not in money. The Masai have almost a million cattle. It's too many for the grazing grounds, and the Government tried to buy some of them and offered a high price in shillings.



The Masai refused the offer; they didn't want shillings. One Masai chief said: "What good shillingi? You can't buy wife with shillingi. I have too much shillingi – you want some?" He took the district officer into his hut, lifted a skin and revealed a hole full of money. "You like shillingi, take all you want, for me no good." '

The labour recruiter knows better than to waste his time in Masailand. Good wages on plantations or in factory or mine are no inducement. The cattle aristocrat's answer to any such proposition is to draw himself up to his full height and say proudly:

'We are Masai.'

Yet no labour is too much in the care of their beloved cattle, and no risk too great in protection of the herds from lions and leopards. The courage of the Masai is proverbial. He will attack a full-grown lion with nothing but a light spear.

Later the same morning, after having supplemented our early breakfast of blood and milk with something more substantial and palatable, we returned to the village to find the cattle had been released from the corral and were grazing on the plain, guarded by two teen-age boys. Each boy carried a spear 50 per cent longer than himself. The boys were continually peering into bushes and around trees.

'They're hoping for trouble. You see, they're junior *morans* or warriors. A junior *moran* can't become a senior until he has killed a man or a lion.'

'But how could they do any real damage with that light spear?'

'You'd be surprised. Some time ago we had a case of a fourteen-year-old boy who was taunted by the women because he had not killed. He lay in ambush beside the nearest road and when two men came along riding on a donkey's back he drove his spear at one thrust straight through both of them and spitted them like two chickens on one skewer. Of course he went to jail for it. Most Masai have learned not to try

out their prowess on men but keep it for the lions.'

This was lion country and nothing so engages the interest of hungry lions as a herd of cattle. A day seldom passes without an attack; but the morning wore on, the sun was hot and we began to think of the cool darkness behind hotel shutters.

Then one of the boys, poking into the shrubbery, jumped back as if he had been menaced by a cobra. At the same time thunder exploded the bush and a huge tawny form leaped out straight towards the boy. He did not run or dodge, but planted his spear with the base in the ground and point slanting towards the charging lion. The weapon penetrated the body in the region of the heart and the razor-sharp metal point emerged between the shoulders. The boy stepped aside and the great body thumped to the ground while the other boy rushed in to make the beast's death doubly sure with a deep thrust of his own spear.

The behaviour of the cattle was remarkable. Even the nearest gave the affair only a casual glance, then returned to their grazing. They had evidently learned to trust their protectors. The boys drew their knives and gleefully went about possessing themselves of the trophies guaranteed by Masai tradition, the mane for the chief spearsman, the tail for his helper. The carcass was left for the jackals and vultures.

The boys scoured the spatter of blood from their bodies and hands by a vigorous application of sand.

'You notice how clean the Masai keep themselves,' said our companion. 'You'd hardly believe they get only two baths in a lifetime – one at birth, and the other in connection with the ceremony of circumcision, or declitorization in the case of the girls. The rest of the time they depend upon sand.'

The Masai, once numerous, now number only 60,000 in Kenya and 45,000 in Tanganyika. While most African tribes are on the way up, the Masai are on the way out. They are physically superior, but brute strength is today of less

importance than adaptability.

The Masai are not willing to learn. Scorning education, scorning modern medicine, scorning agriculture, scorning industry, scorning government, scorning all neighbours, they suffer the soul-sickness that is the inevitable result of scorn. It is not the first time that a race has died because it has lost its respect for the old ways, yet refuses to adopt the new.

‘In this modern world of blackboards, committees and demagogues,’ says Elspeth Huxley, ‘these obstinately conservative nomads, wandering with their enormous herds from pasture to pasture, seem like dinosaurs or pterodactyls, survivors from a past age with a dying set of values – aristocratic, manly, free, doomed. Like everything else in nature that will not or cannot conform to a changed environment, they must perish . . .’

*Black Miracle*

The common notion that an African is an African is belied in Tanganyika.

The Masai is an African, and so is the Chagga, but they are less alike than a Bedouin and a Bostonian. The Masai and Chagga are near-neighbours. Both live on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, Africa's loftiest mountain. It looks like Fuji, but on a grander scale. Pile another 7,000-foot mountain on top of 12,000-foot Fujiyama, and you have Kilimanjaro. Though it stands close to the Equator, snows mantle the upper third of the mountain all the year round. Below the snows are rocky wastes, and, below them, the grazing grounds of Masai cattle and green coffee plantations of the Chagga. Side by side live one of Africa's most backward tribes and the most progressive and prosperous.

The 300,000 Chagga own 12,000,000 coffee trees and produce 6,000 tons of coffee annually.

They follow the most modern scientific methods, irrigate and fertilize expertly, market their product through a strong co-operative. Chagga money has erected in Moshi a five-storey town-hall housing the offices of the co-operative, a college of commerce, one of the best libraries in Africa, a museum, auditoriums and conference rooms, a printing plant and a newspaper called *Chagga Dawn*, a complete hotel open to both whites and Africans, and on the top floor looking

out through modernistic glass walls to Mount Kilimanjaro an excellent restaurant with smart black waitresses and guests of every hue whose only common denominator is good manners. A Chagga Parliament meets in a council chamber on whose wall is blazoned in letters of gold:

‘Co-operation has taught us democracy.’

We went to call on the ruler of the Chagga people, Chief Thomas Marealle. He received us in his home, a fine, modern and comfortable dwelling, but with none of the ostentation of Nkrumah’s castle and country mansion. The Chief was in a business suit. We mentioned the slogan on the wall of the council chamber.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘our success is due to teamwork. But we don’t believe in making co-operation a selfish thing—it should extend beyond the tribe. We have given financial aid to many other tribes. And we work on very friendly terms with our British bosses. We understand European mentality fairly well. Three quarters of the Chagga are Christians—Lutherans and Catholics. Our technical schools are on the European model. We owe a good deal to European example and guidance. We are willing to learn, and we realize we still have a long way to go.’

It was the most modest remark we had yet heard from an African. It came from a man who has every reason to think and act autocratically, for he was born to rule. His ancestors for thirteen generations have ruled the Chagga. Thinking of Nkrumah, I asked:

‘You visited Ghana. What did you think of it?’

‘I was impressed by the men I met, but rather disturbed by later events, imprisonments, censorship, suppression of civil liberties. In Chaggaland we have an active opposition and I sometimes feel like smacking it down, but I know that frank and constructive criticism is necessary to progress. However, I think Nkrumah is basically sound and I don’t pretend to know the inside story of what is going on there.’

Modesty and good-will are not the monopoly of the Chagga. Many other tribes (always excluding the obdurate Masai) are co-operating wholeheartedly with the British overlords to avoid the mistakes committed elsewhere in Africa.

So far as race relations are concerned, Tanganyika is the happiest land in Africa. The underlying reason is that no one has any doubt about the future. Tanganyika will become a black republic, and both the native leaders and British officials are labouring to bring this about as soon as is reasonably possible. The 30,000 Europeans are resigned to the fact that they cannot hope to dominate indefinitely the 9,000,000 blacks.

It has been understood from the beginning of British rule that Tanganyika was to be prepared for self-government. It is not a British possession. A former German colony, it has been a Trust Territory of the United Nations under British supervision since 1946. African officials are being trained for all political posts, and complete independence is available whenever the Africans themselves feel ready for it.

This state of affairs is unique in all Africa. Black nationalists elsewhere can't understand it. White men in neighbouring states worry, for they know that Tanganyikan independence, when it comes, will have a powerful effect outside its borders. Kenya on the north may be caught in the tide, and Central Africa on the south.

Central Africa needs only this match to set off an explosion. A federation of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Central Africa is almost as determined as the Republic of South Africa to keep its millions of blacks firmly pinned down under the small white thumb.

In the copper mines two men, white and black, work on equivalent jobs. The white gets £3-15s a day, the black 2/9d.

Black bitterness is especially intense in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Federation has placed these territories under the control of the considerable white population of

Southern Rhodesia. Murderous riots are the writing on the wall, and general rebellion and massacre are just around the corner. When neighbouring Tanganyika becomes completely independent violent eruption may be expected in Central Africa.

*Kenya Dilemma*

'We feel about giving Kenya back to the blacks just as you Americans would feel about giving your country back to the Indians.'

To an American this remark by a white settler of Kenya must sound shocking and ridiculous. He would point out that there is no analogy. American Indians are negligible both in numbers and influence. The wealth of America has been produced by her immigrants from Europe.

But the Kenya settler might point out that there was a time when Indians outnumbered whites in America, yet there was no disposition on the part of the newcomers to surrender to majority rule. And as for the fact that it was immigrant enterprise that made America, the same has been true in Kenya: 75 per cent of the agricultural output of Kenya is produced by Europeans. This means that one sixteenth of the population is responsible for three quarters of the production. Where would Kenya be without the white rancher?

There is no finer land under the sun than the fertile central plateau of Kenya almost directly on the Equator but cooled by an altitude ranging from 3,000 to 10,000 feet. This area of 16,000 square miles goes under the name of the White Highlands. A Government ordinance forbade ownership in this area to any but white Europeans.

It has been a sore point with the Africans. While the handful



of whites enjoy a tropical paradise, 7,000,000 blacks are pushed aside into the less arable mountains or steaming lowlands. Agitators tell them that they were swindled out of their land. It is not exactly true – much of the land was unoccupied before the whites came. Other portions were delivered over by tribal chiefs on the assumption that the whites were merely leasing the land, not buying it.

The white pioneers who carved out their fortunes in the Kenya wilderness were as courageous as those who built the American West. Naturally they do not wish to lose what they have won. And yet the weight of numbers is against them. The tide of events sweeping through Africa threatens to engulf them.

They feel they get too little sympathy from their home government. As long ago as 1923 the mother country gave them due warning through the Devonshire White Paper that any ambition to make Kenya a white monopoly must end in failure:

‘Primarily Kenya is an African territory, and His Majesty’s Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if and when those interests and interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail.’

Such a point of view is anathema to the white diehards of Kenya. They do not take kindly to dictation from Westminster. Many of them were born in Kenya, and they are more Kenyan than British. They demand self-government (the ‘self’ being of course the white, not the African) and some go so far as to talk darkly of secession. If they could shake off the ‘yoke’ of London and be free to follow the example of the Republic of South Africa, Kenya would be made safe for the white man.

But recent events in Africa have dimmed this dream. Most Kenyans now painfully realize that the star of Kenya’s

destiny is black, not white.

They have every reason for anxiety about their own future and the future of their country. An 'independent' Kenya may become another Congo. There are some forty tribes of differing customs and languages now held together by nothing but the British glue. With this removed there would inevitably be a race for power involving bloodshed and a disruption of the services of government. Not only the Africans would take part in this race. The Somalis, the Arabs, the Asians and Europeans would each take a different tangent.

Unlike Tanganyika, Kenya has not trained non-whites for political leadership. Of the 4,000 names in the Kenya Government staff list, 95 per cent are European.

There are two or three outstanding native leaders but they are not known for their administrative ability. Jomo Kenyatta became famous because of his connection with the Mau Mau blood-bath. Tom Mboya is a brilliant, intelligent and ambitious young man who has remarkable platform presence but has shown more of a talent for disruption than for organization.

He scorns the need for preparation. 'Give us independence first,' he says. 'Then we will learn how to use it.'

'The Africans of Kenya have progressed enormously in the last hundred years,' the Governor told us over luncheon in Kenya's beautiful Government House. 'What they needed was stimulation from the outside. The danger is that they will attain political independence before they know what to do with it. African politicians have great talent as orators. They are all William Jennings Bryans. Their oratory is florid and eloquent. Oratory is part of the tribal tradition. But they are not such great administrators as their oratory would lead one to suppose.'

Has the whole Kenya experiment been a mistake? Faced with the prospect of black domination, some white Kenyans wish Mr Gladstone had been successful in his efforts to keep

the British out of Africa. Britain was reluctant to take over Kenya. She took it to keep Germany out. She had also a humanitarian reason – to stop the Arab slave trade.

Britons flocked to the new land because here were untouched resources and, particularly, an untapped labour supply. Outright slavery they abhorred, but a serfdom that supplied them with an unlimited number of servants and labourers at a negligible fraction of what they would cost at home seemed to them fair enough, since it gave the Africans a better life than they had ever known before. Now it becomes clear that such exploitation, while it may have been good for the exploited, was bad for the exploiters. Not only the whites of Kenya but those of the Rhodesias and the Republic of South Africa have been following a road that could lead only to disaster.

Winston Churchill saw the truth of it as long ago as 1907 when after visiting Kenya he said:

‘It is a grave defect for a community to found itself on the manual labour of an inferior race, and many are the complications and perils that spring therefrom.’

*Poor Man's Safari*

The safari is big business in Nairobi. Any one of a dozen firms will organize your safari, assign a white hunter and a small army of servants including two or three cooks, valet, bootboy, skinner, sweeper, messboy, guards and porters. You will be provided with trucks and Land-Rovers, a dozen tents, food, medicines, armchairs, hammocks, bathtubs, chamber pots . . .

And guns if you want them. The shooting safari is not dead, but it is dying. The camera safari is taking its place.

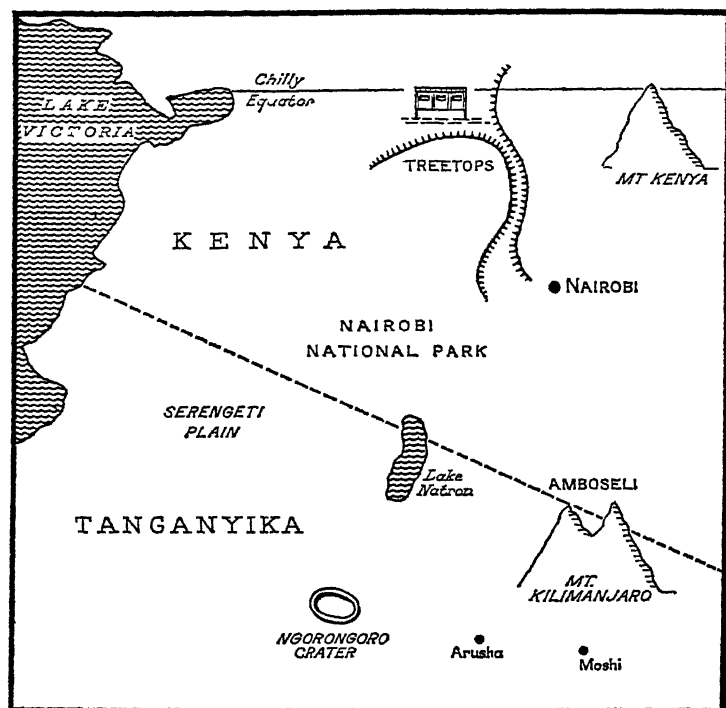
With the rapid diminution in the number of animals, governments throughout Africa are discouraging or prohibiting the slaughter of wild life. And hunters are discovering that there is quite as much excitement, sometimes more, in standing before a charging elephant or rhino with nothing in one's hands but a camera. If anyone gets hurt, it will not be the animal. For those who do not care either to shoot or to photograph, but only to look, there is the 'game-viewing safari'. Incidentally safari is a Swahili word which simply means journey.

A highly-organized safari can be expensive. Thirty days in the bush may cost anywhere from £800 to £3,000. Every year it becomes a little more costly.

But there is one alternative. Go by yourself.

The elaborate safari complete with white hunter and crew

dates from the era when travel in Africa was difficult and dangerous. Tradition has kept it alive. But in this day of improved roads, rest camps and lodges, the do-it-yourself adventurer has come into his own. He hires a car, buys some supplies, and sets out. Instead of taking along a white hunter, he relies upon a map.



Arriving at a likely spot, he may pick up a local guide for a day or so. The guide will probably be black and will speak no English. But a few key words of Swahili are easily learned and gestures do the rest.

The great advantage of this procedure is that it brings the explorer much closer to the realities of the jungle than if he is insulated from them all by the personnel, precautions and

comforts of the conventional safari. And the cost is negligible. Our hired Austin A50 cost us ten shillings a day plus a shilling a mile. This covered rental, petrol, oil, insurance and all running expenses. Without additional charge, the Overland Company, which supplied the car, loaned us an iron chest containing four blankets, four sheets, two pillows and a camp kit including two Thermos bottles, two cups, a few containers and some cutlery – also a pair of Zuiko 8 x 40 binoculars. In a Nairobi store we stocked up with bread, cheese, Klim, packaged soups, Shredded Wheat, tinned carrots, beets and pears, Danish ham, biscuits, sugar, coffee and chocolate.

Warned that the Amboseli country is notorious for its volcanic dust, left by ancient eruptions of Kilimanjaro, we sealed our cameras and watches in plastic bags.

Let us begin the story of our safari about a hundred miles along the main Nairobi-Arusha road to Namanga. Beyond the Nairobi town limits the country was that uninteresting hybrid, neither city lot nor country field, such as you might find outside Chicago or Kansas City. It was flat, treeless and dull, the sort of terrain where one would expect to see nothing more exotic than a cement plant.

So what was our astonishment to spot a group of Thomson's gazelle, then a few wildebeest and a herd of zebras. What looked like a black bush began to move and resolved itself into an ostrich. It raced our car, running parallel, never considering that it would get away from us faster by standing still.

More and more animals. Every quarter of a mile, something new. It is hard to realize that this is not national park or game reserve, but just free-for-all open country along a trunk highway.

At long intervals there was a farmhouse in a clump of trees, the whole wire-fenced ten feet high against marauders. We passed a native kraal protected by an eight-foot barrier of thorns; and a mile from the road, the tents of a safari party.

The country was now rolling, with many trees to shade the lions during the heat of the day. The blue hills rose like steps towards the glistening snows of Kilimanjaro. Termite mounds were vivid red. Nests of weaver-birds dangled from the tip-ends of branches so thin that no leopards or monkeys could reach them.

We were held up by a herd of many thousands of Masai cattle crossing the road to a waterhole. The young men who herded them wore capes over their shoulders but made no effort to cover the symbol of their manhood. Somehow their dark skins made such exposure seem quite natural. Each carried a spear eight feet long. I ran my thumb along the cutting edge of one. You could shave with it.

We stopped beside a weaver-bird apartment-house – an acacia crowded with nests – laid a blanket on the grass and had a picnic lunch: crackers and cheese, Klim, bananas and oranges, milk chocolate.

There was a soft step behind us and the head of an inquisitive giraffe was lowered to within a few feet of our lunch. Others of his kind drifted out from the acacias and we were soon surrounded by ten of the beautiful, ungainly beasts. So long as we sat they regarded us without fear. But when we rose they teetered away in sudden panic. Nine of them crossed the road in front of an approaching car. The tenth could not quite make it. He attempted to leap over the obstacle but evidently miscalculated its height or perhaps its speed. His right fore-foot went through the roof as if it had been paper. There was a scream and the car came to a halt. The giraffe withdrew a bleeding foot and dashed away to join his companions.

We went to see what had happened to the occupants of the car. A man and his wife sat in the front seat as if paralysed. When speech returned to them they inquired after each other's health. Neither had suffered a scratch. The great foot had struck the seat squarely between them. The box camera which

the lady had left on the spot had been crushed as flat as a flounder.

In mid-afternoon we witnessed another fantastic incident. A python had attracted the attention of motorists and a man had left his car to photograph it. The camera-shy snake dived beneath the car and wrapped itself around the rear axle. Africans from a near-by kraal proposed to beat it to death with sticks, but the motorist would not hear of it.

'Leave it alone. It will drop off in time.'

He stepped back into the car and prepared to continue the journey, but his wife objected to the idea of driving away with a seven-foot serpent as a passenger. The humane motorist solved the problem with a coat and a little courage. He crawled beneath the car, managed to get the coat over the python's head, and with the assistance of bystanders pulled the snake free. He tossed it into the grass and it lost no time in making its escape.

The python, of course, is not poisonous, but can inflict a severe bite and crush the life out of its prey by constriction. It seldom attacks human beings, though the Game and Fisheries Department of Uganda reports the case of a thirteen-year-old boy swallowed alive by a python. Beaten with sticks, the reptile was forced to disgorge the boy who by that time, however, was dead.

The full-grown python may be twenty or twenty-five feet long. It has a mild disposition and may even become a household pet, as affectionate as a dog or cat. It coils in the rafters and keeps the house free of vermin. Similarly the Indians of South America make a pet of the boa constrictor. Both of these sweet-tempered serpents belong to the celebrated boa family. Black sheep of the family is the anaconda which we had previously encountered in the Amazon jungle. It hates everybody and everything, will attack on sight, reaches a length of more than thirty feet and the girth of a barrel, and can swallow an ox. This remarkable feat is possible because



the jaws of all boas are not hinged like the jaws of other creatures, but connected by elastic membranes and can be stretched apart to receive objects larger than the snake itself.

Africans have little fear of the python, but they will not trifle with the black mamba or the spitting cobra. These snakes go looking for trouble. The eight-foot mamba uses the rear half of its body for locomotion and raises the forward half so that the head rides three or four feet above the ground. Thus it is in position to strike a man in the chest or even in the face. In Tanganyika we had seen a car stop so that the occupants could get a good look at a mamba crossing the road. Unintentionally they had pinned the snake's tail down under a rear wheel. The infuriated snake struck straight through the jeep from back to front, but the terrified passengers had already tumbled out on to the road.

We had been told by Mr Loveluck, Public Relations Officer in Arusha, of his encounter with a spitting cobra. Like the mamba it can rear itself to a considerable height. It may strike or just spit into the eyes of its enemy, causing complete blindness. Mr Loveluck's cobra reared up in the road, spread its hood, and spat. It was baffled by the windscreen which was liberally covered with spray and had to be wiped clean before the journey could be continued.

This sounds as if one is apt to meet a reptile around every turn of the road. It is not so. One may travel hundreds of miles on African roads or through the roadless bush without seeing a single snake.

At Namanga we turned off the highway on to a dirt road towards Lake Amboseli. Animals of all shapes and colours appeared and disappeared among the trees. What seemed to be a herd of Masai cattle lay in the shade. When we came alongside we were startled to discover that they were not cattle, but an unusually large group of eleven lionesses and their cubs. They rolled about on their backs like oversize kittens,

while their males held a bachelor party several hundred yards away.

We stopped within twenty feet of the ladies, and spent half an hour taking photographs. One big beauty growled softly as her cub tumbled over her. Then she pulled him down and gave him a good licking with a tongue as rough as a file. After the bath, the youngster nosed in under his mother in search of dinner. As for us, we were completely ignored, unless we shouted, when ears would come up and we would be regarded with mild curiosity. But, if a car door had been opened, the chances are we would immediately have had eleven lionesses in our laps.

We kept in mind our previous experience with the door-handle as well as an account we had just heard of a photographer who had been won over by the pleasant manners of a lioness and stepped outside the car door to get a better picture of her. His model killed him with one pat on the head.

Another fifty miles over a worsening trail and we rolled into Ol Tukai Lodge, which consists merely of a group of 'bandas', huts with thatch roofs made of papyrus stalks. The huts are clean, but severely plain inside, and the visitor must bring his own blankets and food.

Our banda was already the home of a bat, a mouse and a cotillion of hungry mosquitoes – the largest aggregation of these insects we had yet found in Africa. There was a living-room, a bedroom, bath, and kitchen with a great, black, wood stove. A boy started a fire in the stove and another fire in a cubicle behind the house to heat water for the bath. It was luxury fully equal to that of a millionaire safari.

Amboseli is a game reserve, therefore the animal population is unusually large. The warden advised us not to stray a hundred yards from camp on foot.

'There are pools just beyond those trees,' he said, indicating a copse a stone's throw away, 'and the lions lie there. They sometimes walk about through the camp at night. That's why

it's best to stay indoors after dark. And if you hear your dustbin going over in the middle of the night, don't be alarmed – you're just being visited by a hungry hyena. You may hear some rhinos snorting about – don't worry about them.'

'But,' protested Mary, 'they could poke a hole through the wall of this banda and spear us in bed.'

The warden didn't deny it, and it seemed best to change the subject. I commented on the comforts of the banda.

'I hope you like it,' he said. 'Charlie Chaplin stayed here. Princess Margaret stayed in the one next door. If you'd like to go out now I'll send you a gunbearer.'

It was late afternoon, one of the two best times to see animals, the other of course being the crack of dawn. An askari in khaki uniform and green kepi, its flap hanging down Foreign Legionwise over the back of his neck, saluted smartly.

His face was black, but more Hamitic than Negroid. His lips were thin and he had a way of pursing them when he was thinking. Two tribal marks were ridged in half-circles over his cheeks around the ears, and two more around the corners of his mouth.

He stood straight as a post and handled his gun with precision. He was Corporal Maoka Mutiso and, the warden told us, had fought for the King of Ethiopia and had a right to wear five medal ribbons – but didn't.

He had a proud but easy way and a glint of humour. We were to find him everything one could wish in a guide and gunbearer. True, he didn't speak a word of English, but his hand signals were clear and his few crisp words in Swahili usually explained themselves. He sat in front with Mary who drove to leave me free to shuttle from side to side in the back seat, taking pictures to port and starboard.

In all our Africa journey to date we had not seen a rhino. Suddenly we saw eight. Five trundled along beside us, eyeing

us suspiciously, two blocked the road ahead, and one came up behind.

This was somewhat too much rhino for comfort. Maoka wrinkled his forehead and pursed his lips. We recalled that the rhino is said to be the most irritable of African beasts and likely to charge without reason; also that he can run his horn through the metal body of a car, or flip the car over as easily as one may flip a penny. Blocked fore and aft and outflanked, Maoka signalled a halt, and we prepared to sit it out. The five beside us stopped and turned to fix their beady, myopic eyes on us. We sat like graven images and talked in whispers, or not at all. Maoka fondled his gun. It was doubtful that he would use it. The warden probably would prefer to lose a couple of tourists than one of his prize exhibits.

The warden had told us of the day his Land-Rover got stuck in a mudhole and, while he was trying to get it out, a rhino, annoyed by the commotion, decided to charge. He came on until his horns were within a foot of the car. Then he changed his mind and went back to his mate. She is well known in the reserve and is called Gladys. Gladys immediately turned upon her spouse and gave him a good goring. It was as if she were saying:

‘Aren’t you ashamed of yourself, charging the warden!’

Another rhino charged a car full of tourists, spilled them out on the ground as the car tipped, and left a hole in the door-panel beside the driver’s seat. Fortunately the horn was short and blunt.

Two of the rhinos in the reserve have extraordinary horns, fully a yard long, and sharp. One of them is Gladys, the other goes by the name of Gertie. They are not always as gentle as their names might imply, and, if one of them had charged a car, she could have pierced not only the door but the driver as well.

These incidents flitted through our minds as we sat paralysed, afraid to make any move that might provoke action. We

recognized Gertie and Gladys by their phenomenal horns. They looked quite as malevolent as the others and joined in the general snorting and horn tossing. The two in front had now ambled over to one side. This relieved the situation, which became unrelieved again when we happened to look back just as the animal behind us made up his mind to stave in our rear. He came head down in a fast waddle. Mary started the car and seized the gear-lever. Accustomed to automatic, and with only two days' experience with this thing of four gears forward, one neutral and one reverse, it was not surprising that she found reverse instead of first in the excitement of the moment.

The car plunged backward, straight towards the approaching rhino. Nothing better could have happened. First gear could not have got us away in time. Reverse brought something new into a rhino's life. Used to having everything run away, what was he to think of this roaring beast charging full at him? A rhino does not change course easily, so they say, but this one did most promptly and dived into the roadside brush. Mary found first, and we did not delay in leaving eight rhinos behind us.

At sunset Kilimanjaro's snows were dyed blood-red. We returned to camp, cooked dinner on the black monster, laid out our blankets on two cots and gave ourselves to sleep with intervals of listening to the weird siren of the hyenas, snorts of rhinos, grumbles and roars of lions, and a hundred miscellaneous grunts, squeaks and chatters. Shortly after midnight the dustbin went over with a crash.

'He won't get much out of that,' Mary said. She had put into it only an empty Danish ham tin.

In the morning we found the tin on the ground, crunched as if a tractor had run over it.

'I'm surprised he left it,' said the warden. 'One night a pack of hyenas ate both the garbage and the garbage-can. Very powerful teeth. They have to be to pulverize the bones

of big game animals.'

'Do they prefer the bones to the meat?'

'No, but they seldom get a chance to eat the meat. The lions take that, and leave the bones for the hyenas.'

We were off at dawn. Maoka directed our course over the open veld, ignoring the roads. Zebras, giraffes, rhino, hyenas, marabou storks, warthogs, buffaloes, impala, baboons, foxes, gnus, Thomson's and Grant's gazelles made it a day of wonders.

The most gargantuan sight was a herd of fifty elephants feeding in a grove of fever trees. These colossal beasts, largest of all land animals and second largest of all creatures on land or in the sea, standing half as high as the trees, breaking off stout branches with their powerful trunks, or backing up against trees and smashing them to the ground in order to feed on the tender top leaves, made us think we had stepped back into the age of prehistoric monsters.

But the most sensational spectacle of the day was a pride of ten lions making a concerted attack upon a giraffe. The walking skyscraper is seldom attacked by lions, for his vital parts are inconveniently high, and he can deliver a terrific kick.

Two lions were knocked senseless by the flailing hooves, but one succeeded in getting such a grip upon a front leg that he could not be shaken off. The giraffe stumbled, fell, and the other lions were on his back and neck in a trice. Within two minutes they were feeding upon a very dead giraffe.

It was getting dark and we had to return to camp. All night we heard the dinner-party in progress, only quarter of a mile from the bandas. Would it be all over before we could get back to the scene?

We were there at dawn. What a sight! A thousand carnivores formed a complete circle around the kill. Only two lions were actually gnawing on the carcass of the giraffe. The other lions had evidently satisfied themselves and retired. At a

safe distance some twenty feet from the lions was a ring of several hundred hyenas, the nastiest creatures on the veld, hulking, skulking beasts with hanging heads, muddy grey skins spotted with muddy black, evil written all over their snarling faces.

They paced back and forth, whining or howling, but did not dare disturb the lions. The sounds that come out of a pack of hyenas are what you might expect from a horde of devils straight out of hell. Their cry ranges from a deep rasping bass up to a treble screech, and rises and falls like the wail of a fire-siren. If lost souls return in animal form, they must be reincarnated as hyenas.

The army of hyenas was perhaps 100 feet deep around the kill. Outside this circle was a ring of silver-backed jackals. The jackal does not have a pleasant reputation, but these animals were surprisingly attractive in appearance, lithe and with a streamlined foxlike beauty. Outside the ring of jackals waited another ring of several hundred bare-headed, gawky-necked vultures.

The vultures were afraid of the jackals, the jackals of the hyenas, and the hyenas of the lions. The lions were afraid of no one. They gave us only a glance as we drove up and stopped within twenty feet of them. One was so gorged that her belly scraped the ground. Yet she turned upon the hyenas with a roar when they came too close, then went back to her feeding. At last she heavily waddled away to sleep it off. The hyenas, jackals and vultures respectfully opened an aisle for her to pass.

Then they closed ranks and set up a demoniac din, for now there was only one lion left, and surely a thousand enemies did not need to fear one lion. They began closing in from all sides. The lion – also a female – faced about and roared thunderously. A dozen times she roared before they fell back, angrily biting each other because they dared not bite her.

As soon as she turned back to her dinner they were all at

her heels, the hyenas screaming, jackals yapping, black vultures swooping close overhead. It was too annoying. With a disgusted look, she turned and walked away through the lane they provided for her.

At once the hyenas rushed upon the kill and began to tear it apart with a ferocity the lions had not shown. The lions had been willing to share – with other lions. The hyenas were not willing to share with other hyenas. Each tried to rip loose a joint and carry it off to enjoy in private. In five minutes the carcass was more thoroughly dismembered than it had been all night by the lions.

As soon as the hyenas had made off with their portions, the jackals swarmed in. They ate with a certain politeness, but would tolerate no interference from the vultures. When they were done, there was little left for the birds of death but bloody sand, which they devoured with gusto. We came away with an impression of the Struggle for Existence more vivid than we had ever gained from Darwin or Huxley.

The warden's daughter had unusual playmates. She befriended the young of the elephants, rhinos and lions. Some time previously she had brought home a lion cub which she named Ambo, after Amboseli. The cub was playful and friendly but grew so rapidly that it became an unsuitable pet. It did not know its own strength. It could not be returned to the jungle because it was unfamiliar with the ways of the wild. So the warden had recently taken it to Mombasa to be shipped to a zoo in Ceylon.

His daughter was having better luck with an ostrich which she had named Seli. She felt that Seli was her very own for she had raised it from the egg. One day a mile from camp she had discovered the egg, as white as Kilimanjaro and as large as her own head, and she had brought it home. Every night she took it to bed with her, and put it behind the hot stove during the day. One morning she was awakened by a commotion under the blankets and out of the broken shell



stepped Seli.

At the time of our visit Seli had become as tall as her foster-mother and picked her way daintily about among the bandas sampling everything from caterpillars to Coke bottles. She learned the kick for which the ostrich is famous and severely beat up a wild dog that invaded the camp, but when she tried the same tactics on a rhino she was dismayed to have it chase her into a banda. The rhino got wedged in the doorway where he was at the mercy of Seli's flying feet and only extricated himself with much grunting and squealing.

From Amboseli the road of adventure leads south over the Tanganyika border past Lake Manyara, pink with countless flamingoes, to the famous Serengeti Plain, home of the greatest concentration of wild game in the world.

Every hundred miles or so is a safari lodge, crude but adequate. The best is the Ngorongoro Crater Safari Lodge on the crater rim. Here, three degrees south of the Equator, the nights are shivering cold at this altitude of 7,500 feet unless you build up a roaring fire in the fireplace of your log cabin and have brought along plenty of warm blankets. Here as in the other lodges you supply your own food and cook your own meals.

The view down into the crater might well rank among the seven natural wonders of the world. Below lies a vast amphitheatre twelve miles across, covering an area of 150 square miles and surrounded by precipitous walls 2,000 feet high. It is a bowl of teeming life, all in miniature, the largest creatures appearing to be the size of ants. Viewed through binoculars they turn out to be elephants, buffaloes, rhinos, hippos and giraffes; and those thousands of smaller specks are resolved into hyenas, cheetahs, civet cats, leopards, zebras, roan antelopes, sable antelopes, kudu, wildebeest, hartebeest, impala and gazelles.

There are many other species that are unfamiliar and only a helpful warden can identify them: topi, oryx, gerenuk, sitatunga, puku, duiker, klipspringer, reedbuck, oribi, steinbok and dik-dik.

No shooting is allowed in this fabulous crater, but you may descend into it and wander at will and at your own risk among more wild beasts than the total population of all the world's zoos. Twenty-five miles away at Olduvai Gorge are animals that no zoo ever saw: fossilized prehistoric creatures including giant sheep as large as hippos, giraffes with antlers, and hogs as big as rhinos.

From the crater the track crosses the Serengeti Plain covering 6,000 square miles of Africa where the masses of game have to be seen to be believed. At the end of a hundred-mile trek is the safari lodge of Seronera in the 'lion country'. In no other like area on the face of the globe may so many of these great felines be found. You do not need to hunt for them, they hunt you. They nose the bumpers and fenders of your vehicle, climb on the hood and look in through the windscreen, clamber up on the roof, but have never been known to molest anyone who had enough discretion to stay quietly within his car. At night it is better to lie awake and listen to their roaring, for if you fall asleep you are apt to dream that the nuclear war has begun.

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*Treetops*

We pass again through Nairobi and continue a hundred miles north into the Kikuyu country, hotbed of Mau Mau terrorism. The Kikuyu are the most Westernized tribe in Kenya, and for that very reason the most anti-Western; for they have heard enough about democracy to resent the white monopoly of Kenya's best land.

The Governor told us that there is now a recrudescence of the Mau Mau trouble under a new organization, the KKM (*Kiama Kiawmingi*, meaning Society for the Many). White estate owners have re-oiled their rifles and their ladies carry revolvers in their handbags. Even Kikuyu servants are suspect. Attacks upon white-driven cars have become more frequent and we were warned to keep up a good head of steam, and, above all, not to stop near a Kikuyu village.

So what was our dismay, when endeavouring to slip by a village unnoticed, to find the car suddenly hard to steer and realize we had a flat tyre. There was nothing to do but to pull off to the side of the road and get out the jack. The bolts did not yield easily. The sun was hot and sweat flowed freely.

Then the bandits arrived. A truck rolled out of the village and stopped beside us and half a dozen men climbed out. They carried guns and knives and we could only hope that they were not out after human game. They watched us for a

few moments, then turned to and helped put on the spare wheel.

They did this unsmilingly, as much as to say, 'We'd do the same for a dog, you dog.' When it was done they proudly refused to take anything for their pains and, still unsmiling, mounted their truck and drove away.

Our destination was the most amazing game-viewing rendezvous in Africa, Treetops. This unique hotel in a tree became world-famous in 1952 when a certain Elizabeth climbed its ladder a Princess and came down a Queen. During the night her father, King George VI, had died. The tree-house was burned down by the Mau Mau two years later. It was rebuilt in 1957, not in the original fig tree, but in a huge Cape chestnut a hundred yards away.

We entered the Aberdare Mountains and were met at Nyeri by gun-toting white hunter Geoffrey Mason-Smith, safari organizer and manager of Treetops.

Three miles more we drove over a slithery forest trail, then walked a quarter of a mile through the forest. Every few hundred feet we passed a ladder nailed to a tree.

'We sometimes need them,' Geoffrey said. 'If I blow this whistle, make for the nearest ladder. If it's rhino or buffalo, climb at least ten feet high – that will clear their horns. If it's elephant, you have to be eighteen feet high to be out of reach of his trunk.'

The story is told of one not-too-agile lady who didn't quite make it. She was plucked screaming from her perch and waved like a banner over the heads of her companions. Then the bull elephant, having had his fun, handed her down into the arms of the white hunter and went off into the forest making small chuckling sounds.

We come out in a small clearing around a pond. Overtopping the surrounding forest is the great Cape chestnut with the tree house apparently floating fifty feet high among its pink blossoms. We climb a companionway which, like a ship's, can

be hauled up out of the way of destructive monsters.

Up three flights and we enter a comfortable lounge off which are dining-room, kitchen, washrooms and private bedrooms for a dozen guests. Here in the top of the tree is a small but complete hotel with electric lights, flush toilets, hot and cold running water, high tea, four-course dinner and sometimes baboons in the men's room. These mischievous beasts have a peculiar liking for toilet paper and, when they manage to break in, wind themselves up in the filmy stuff from head to toe.

From the broad balcony and from the roof garden above one may look down to the edge of the pond where at nightfall great and small animals come to dig in the mud for salt. Carnivores are absent: they get enough salt from the bones and flesh of their prey. But the herbivores are here in full force, elephants, rhinos, buffaloes, warthogs, giant forest hogs, bushbabies, colobus monkeys, baboons and many varieties of deer and antelope.

Treetops even has an artificial moon, a thousand-watt light to illuminate the scene. The light does not disturb the animals, accustomed as they are to both sun and moon. Nor do they catch the scent of humans, for the wind carrying the scent passes fifty feet above their heads. They are, however, extremely sensitive to strange sounds.

It is a house of whispers. Signs warn that any noise will disturb the game. The white hunter whispers, the guests whisper, the servants whisper, while the frogs (bubbling like springs through mud) and the tree-toads (fluting) manage to make a considerable din. We all wear rubber-soled shoes. It's the rule, and tackies (tennis shoes) are sold to those not equipped.

This is a natural salt-pan, Geoffrey says, and the pool has been dug by the jaws of animals who eat the soil to get the salt. The depression thus caused has filled with rainwater to make the pond. To attract animals to the bank just below

the spectators, additional salt is sprinkled there, twenty-five pounds of iodized cattle salt daily.

When the wind blows the cradle will rock, even though the aerial hotel is supported by cedar posts as well as by the tree itself. Great branches of the chestnut pass through the rooms. The guest relives *Swiss Family Robinson* and indeed it was this romantic tale that gave Mrs Eric Walker the idea for Treetops.

The big show goes on all night. Wrapped in blankets (for the altitude is 7,000 feet) we sit at the balcony rail and look down with unbelieving eyes on a spectacle that comparatively soon must disappear from the face of the earth. These are the last of the Titans. In the face of the human overpopulation of the planet, they are on their way to join the mastodon and dinosaur. The huge herds of a century ago have already vanished. For every ten big game shot by licensed safaris, 200 are slaughtered by poachers. In Tanganyika more animals are destroyed by poachers in a week than are taken by safaris in a year.

There was a time when Africans hunted only for the pot. Now killing has been organized on a commercial basis. There is a huge illegal traffic in biltong (dried meat) and ivory. Rhino horn, which is not really horn but a sort of hairy gristle, is ground into powder and exported to India, where it is in great demand as an aphrodisiac.

The authorities regulate big-game hunting; why do they not control poaching?

Answer, Africa is too big. A single game warden must patrol an area half the size of New York State. To supply enough wardens to police adequately the entire African hinterland would be quite impossible.

What will happen when the Africans themselves come into power?

To the average villager, elephants, rhinos, lions and leopards are pests that trample his crops and kill his livestock. He has little appreciation of their aesthetic qualities or their value

as tourist attractions. He begrudges the large areas shut off as animal reserves. Besides, it is too much to expect that a newly independent country, faced with a thousand problems and inexperienced in handling them, will give much attention to this question. Experts have come to the unhappy conclusion that over much of Africa all large animals will be completely eliminated during the next ten to twenty years. Now is the time to see them.

We returned to Nairobi, settled down in a luxurious hotel with nine courses and no 'ors' on the menu, and rested after a slightly arduous 2,000 miles of desert and jungle travel. It had been a rewarding experience, yet for those who prefer to take their wild animals the easy way it is really not necessary to safari to the slopes of Kilimanjaro, the Crater of Ngorongoro, the Serengeti Plain or Treetops.

Ten minutes' ride outside Nairobi is the magnificent Nairobi National Park where within five miles of the bustle of a modern city one may see an astonishing variety of wild life including lions, hippos, giraffes, antelopes and birds in natural surroundings and without human molestation living the life they have known for thousands of years.

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*Mountains of the Moon*

Sir Winston Churchill has written: 'Uganda is a fairytale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk and at the top there is a wonderful new world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa.'

After a flight from Nairobi we landed at Entebbe on the shore of the world's second largest lake, Victoria, to find a 'hire car' waiting. In a small Hillman Minx we set out on a tour of some 1,200 miles through Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi, the back-yard of the Congo, the famous Albert and Queen Elizabeth animal reserves, the territories of both the tallest people on earth and the shortest, to the impossible Mountains of the Moon.

But we carried no blankets and little food, for this route is punctuated with inns of an excellence that one would never expect in the heart of the Dark Continent. It must be said that the road was not as good as the hotels. It was for the most part a dirt road, dusty in dry weather, muddy in wet. Even the paved stretch from Fort Portal to Kampala was bad. It is supposed to be a trunk road and is indicated by a heavy red line on the map. For a main highway it is atrociously rough. Neither the Romans nor the Incas would have tolerated it, and even the Greeks would have had a word for it.



Nevertheless this is a journey to be highly recommended. The tropical vegetation is incomparably beautiful. The 'African Riviera' on Lake Kivu deserves comparison with the shores of Lake Maggiore. In gorgeous Albert National Park we saw almost every kind of wild life except the mosquito. In Queen Elizabeth Park we were entertained by the hullabaloo of hippos, a good thousand of them, in the Kazinga Channel directly below our papyrus bungalow.

Imagine a full orchestra with no instruments but tubas. The hippo theme song is a rollicking thunder, a deep diapason beginning with a sepulchral 'wah-wah-wah-wah-wah', half-roar, half-laugh, rising at last to a terrifying screech.

We got a closer look at these beasts the next morning from the deck of a small launch. All about us were eyes, bulging eyes, like periscopes, the rest of the huge bodies being submerged. Occasionally the eyes also disappeared when the beast chose to take a stroll on the bottom, which he can do with ease, remaining under water for about four minutes at a time. He makes himself useful by clearing the passage of papyrus and weeds. He is not exclusively herbivorous, but holds his great mouth open against the current and engulfs unsuspecting fish.

But when one of these submerged monsters happens to rise beneath the boat the results can be disconcerting, as we found out when our craft suddenly humped into the air and then slid to one side from a great grey back. Water poured in over the gunwale. The commotion disturbed the other hippos, which began ploughing through the water with amazing speed regardless of direction, bumping into the hull and emitting bubbling snorts that sent up clouds of spray.

We had been advised that the hippo is quite harmless except . . . The 'excepts' are quite numerous: except when startled, except when cornered, except when with young, except when its four-ton weight happens to land in the wrong place, except when it is irascible because of a stomach-ache or an old

wound, except when it has too keen a sense of humour.

The ranger told us of the fun-loving hippo that had chased a plump lady up a tree and then amused itself by stripping off her skirt, petticoat and panties and nibbling her bare buttocks. Her screams gave rescuers the impression that she was mortally wounded. Upon inspection it was found that her big playmate had not drawn one drop of blood.

The tusks of an annoyed hippo with a four-ton push behind them will penetrate metal, upset a car or even a locomotive.

In a mile-long stretch of the Kazinga Channel we counted some 3,000 hippos. Most of them preferred the water, but just to show that they are amphibian, some of them climbed ashore and mowed the grass. The enormous mouth cut a neat swath four feet wide. What devastation such an animated mowing-machine can cause in a native's mealie field can be imagined. The beast's hunger is not easily assuaged, for the monster's stomach is eleven feet long.

The stomach almost drags on the ground and the stubby feet look incapable of fast motion, so we were astonished to see the gambolling behemoths chase each other with the agility of greyhounds.

'We've timed them,' said the ranger. 'They can run thirty miles an hour.'

If the hippo is the chief of the hundreds of species of animals to be found in Queen Elizabeth National Park, the elephant is lord of Albert. Driving through this vast wilderness our trail was frequently blocked by forty or more of the great beasts, and twice we had to throw the car into reverse to escape a head-on charge. Once as we retreated frantically from an oncoming beast we backed into another behind us. This astonished both beasts as well as ourselves and they consoled each other while we made our escape.

The most nerve-trying incident occurred at dusk when a lone bull elephant blocked the road, nibbling at the bushes on either side. It is a rule of the park that there must be no

driving after dark, and we were still thirty miles from camp. Fortunately we had a ranger with us and he would make the necessary explanations to the warden.

At some points we might have left the road and gone around but here large rocks made a detour impossible. For an hour we waited as the night thickened. The lights were off, since elephants don't enjoy lights. Whether they could be turned on again was an anxious question, for I had already discovered that our light switch was temperamental.

At last the elephant moved a few feet off the road. The ranger gave me the word. 'Fast!' he said. If the unpredictable gears had failed at this critical moment – but they did not.

As we passed, the great hulk whirled about, the huge ears spread angrily and the charge was begun with the car only ten feet from those businesslike tusks.

A sudden rise in the road slowed the car and it had to be thrown into third. We ground by within a few feet of the reaching trunk and I kept a heavy foot on the accelerator until we were well out of danger.

But something was wrong. I turned the light-switch. The lights did not come on. While I fiddled with the switch the ranger got out and felt the ground. He reported that we were off the trail. We had to back up some hundred feet to regain it.

More tinkering with the switch, and the lights flickered on, then off, then on again. Suppose we had to drive thirty miles in the dark over twisting, rutted dirt trails with the possibility of colliding at any moment with an unseen monster.

It was not quite so bad as that. Half the time the lights were on and we sped along, regardless of jolts and bounces. Half the time they were off, and we crawled apprehensively imagining black masses blocking the trail. We were relieved to pull into camp at last to find a good meal and an understanding warden.

. . . . .

Did the author of *Gulliver's Travels* know that such folk as the Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians really existed? Possibly he did, for Pliny, centuries before, had written about them.

The customs officer who admitted us to Ruanda-Urundi was a Watussi. He bowed his head every time he went in or out of the door of his office. His height was a good seven and a half feet. He was as slender as a greyhound and probably did not weigh more than 150 pounds. He had the manners of an aristocrat, the courtesy of a man sure of himself.

The waiters who served us in the Bugoyi Guest House on Lake Kivu were Watussi. They had none of the arrogant manner of the servant who suffers from an inferiority complex. Each might have been the king himself, solicitous to make his guests comfortable.

The Watussi come easily by this kingly poise, for they have historically been the lords of Central Africa, holding other tribes in subjection and slavery. Though the tallest people on earth, they are not all tall, but tend to be slim and straight, hold their heads high, move swiftly, gracefully and silently. They are sensational dancers, as was demonstrated in the motion picture, *King Solomon's Mines*. Their colour is a deep copper, not black. They are not heavy-lipped and flat nosed like the Bantu. They are believed to be Caucasian, not Negroid, and may have come originally from Egypt or Ethiopia. With them came their lyre-horned cattle, exactly like those depicted on ancient Egyptian tombs.

But now the rule of the giants seems about to end. Their serfs have risen against them. The 4,000,000 Bahutus of Ruanda-Urundi are setting fire to the villages of the 600,000 Watussi, killing their cattle, chopping down their banana and coffee trees.

Ruanda-Urundi is a United Nations Trust Territory under the care of Belgium. Since it belongs to the United Nations, not Belgium, it has not shared the fate of the Congo next door

and is still under Belgian control. Nevertheless the disturbance in the Congo and elsewhere has had a profound effect on both the serfs and their masters.

The political overtones are curious. Strangely enough, the Bahutus, who form the vast majority of the population, do not want independence, which they fear would place them again under the yoke of the Watussi. Their servitude has been lightened by Belgian administrators who refuse to countenance slavery. This naturally has annoyed the Watussi, who seek to regain their former dominance and are therefore demanding immediate independence.

Adjoining the land of the Brobdingnagians is Lilliput. The pygmies stand little more than four feet high, not much better than half the height of their towering neighbours.

We see them first by ones and twos as we enter the Ituri Forest. What a forest! – gigantic trees, curtains of vine a hundred feet high, vine-matted underbrush that only an elephant or a bulldozer could batter down. As we go on the trees seem to climb still higher, the greatest trees we have seen in Africa, yet this is the home of the smallest of people.

The pygmies we disturb take to the trees. There they are almost invisible, blending with trunk and branches, and could easily be mistaken for monkeys. They become more numerous as we go on, and bolder because of their numbers.

We pause at a pygmy village. The huts are rounded like beehives, or birds' nests turned upside down, and the highest point of the roof is below our shoulders. The mode of construction is simple but ingenious. Flexible sticks are bent to form a dome and this framework is covered with leaves. A hole is left to serve as a door. There are no windows. There are no tables, chairs or beds, for the family sleeps on the bare earth. No clothing is worn except a G-string made of pounded bark. The brassière is unknown. The breasts of the women hang limp and lank as razor-straps. Both men and women have a wrinkled and shrivelled look, and yet a dignity quite

out of proportion to their size.

We see a boy pop a huge live caterpillar into his mouth and eat it with relish. Large white worms from the palm trees are also appreciated, as are spiders, water insects, termites, beetles and grubs extracted from rotten logs. Moths are lured to their death by torches.

But the chief pygmy diet is meat, and the pygmies are famous for their skill in obtaining it. We studied with admiration their beautifully made bows, arrows and spears.

These tiny folk will attack without fear the greatest beast in the forest.

The diminutive elephant-hunter rolls himself in elephant droppings to destroy his man-scent, then noiselessly creeps up towards the elephant, runs in beneath the beast and slits open the belly with his broad-bladed spear. The guts and stomach drop out and the hunter and his companions scramble inside the huge carcass, ensure death by tearing out the heart and, before the elephant has stopped kicking, they are devouring the internal organs, which they regard as the choicest titbits.

We were urged to stay for lunch. A little dubious as to the nature of the repast, we remembered a prior engagement at the Mountains of the Moon.

This too was a land of giants, but the giants were not Watussi.

The Mountains of the Moon, also known as the Ruwenzori, pierce the sky at 16,600 feet, look down on lakes Albert and Edward, slope precipitously to the Congo on the west and Uganda on the east. The upper reaches are buried under as much as a hundred feet of snow and ice, and directly through this eternal chill passes the Equator.

A path climbs the range and six huts are provided for climbers. We ascended to a point short of the snows. It was a wonderland that would have astonished even Alice. The

growth is prehistoric. One is under the eerie impression that one has moved back a million years and has shrunk to the size of an ant.

Plants grow as they did before the time of the dinosaur. Lobelias, which stand only a few inches high in our gardens, here rise fifteen feet. Ferns still grow as they grew in ages past to a height of fifty feet. In the Carboniferous Age giant ferns were the tallest of trees and spread over much of the world in vast forests the remains of which make up the bulk of our coal deposits. The past is repeated before our eyes. Great trunks the size of palm-trunks rise around us and fronds fifteen feet long wave above our heads.

The heather that lies low in a thick carpet over the hills of Scotland here stands more than forty feet high. The Scots regard white heather as a sign of good luck. That, if true, should make this region the luckiest spot on earth. But the many climbers who have come to grief on Ruwenzori might doubt the virtues of heather.

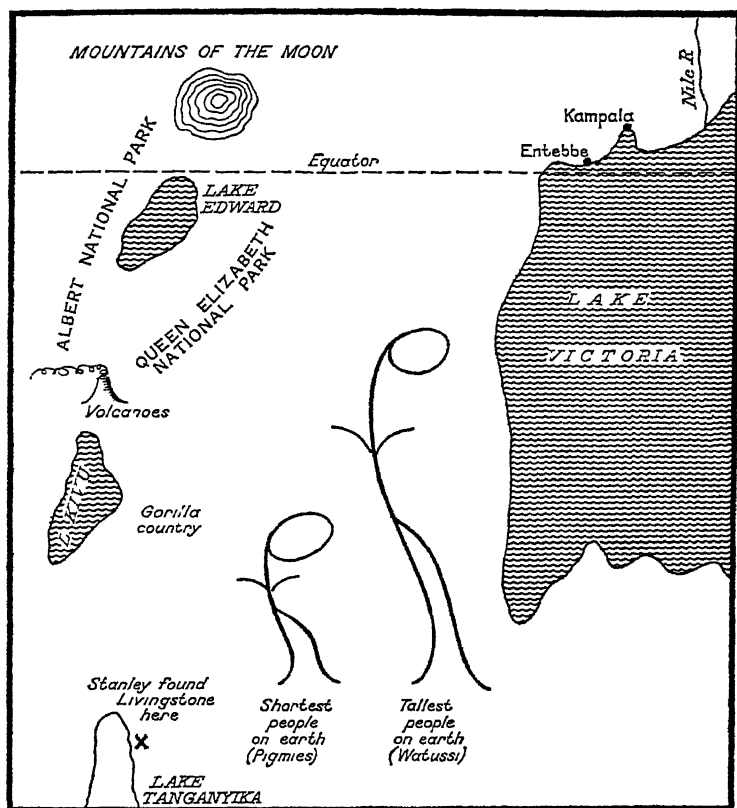
Mosses do not merely lie a half-inch deep over ground and tree-trunks. A few feet off the trail on the apparently firm surface of the green moss one may sink to the waist in the stuff and find beneath only soft mud as hungry as quicksand.

Groundsel that we buy in small bunches to feed the canaries here constitutes thick forest thirty feet high. One would hardly be surprised to see hovering over them canaries of proportionate size, say a hundred feet from beak to tail.

And the meat dish that we garnish with parsley would here have to be large enough to hold a roast mastodon, for the parsley is tree-size.

Perhaps the weird vegetation of this other-worldly world inspired the name, Mountains of the Moon. Moreover the mountains do seem to tower moon-high. Peaks incredibly lofty that we see through gaps in the clouds are suddenly overtopped by still higher peaks. The mountains rarely show themselves completely. Almost daily rain makes the growth

a flagrant green, unnaturally rich, a fantastic Disneyland of monstrous plants. The strange growth is also due to the character of the soil, and the position on the Equator where



a plant can never stop to rest. The altitude is certainly a factor, for none of these prehistoric monsters is found below 4,000 feet.

In this remote spot, at the foot of the unbelievable mountains, your hotel provides room with bath as usual, superb meals, and the waiters even wear shoes – the first we have seen on black waiters in Africa. One waiter sticks to the barefoot



tradition and moves with a speed and silence that the others cannot equal.

Below your balcony rolls a mountain torrent. Most ingeniously and imaginatively the river has been induced to send off half a dozen brooks of assorted sizes that go babbling through the grounds, so that no matter where you go you hear the merry tinkling or guggling of hurrying water. In places the flow spreads out to form a swimming-pool and two lakes. A swaying bridge is suspended over the cascade of the main stream. The melting of the equatorial snows on the peaks keep the waters at full flow the whole time.

To complete this Shangri-la, the inn is embowered in blooming acacia, hibiscus, lantana, oleander, African tulip, Bougainvillaea, canna lilies, poinsettia, frangipani and bignonia.

In this continent of the unexpected where the visitor is astonished to find modern comfort in a prehistoric world, he is surprised in reverse when he travels on to the brisk, up-to-date little city of Fort Portal and reads this news item in the daily paper:

‘Residents of Fort Portal have been warned to keep off the streets at night because of prowling lions.’

*Where Civilization Began*

Returning to Lake Victoria, we surrendered the car and took flight to Khartoum.

Below us there emerged from Lake Victoria a small and modest stream showing no sign that it was to become the second greatest river of the world, excelled only by the Amazon. Here the Nile starts its 4,000-mile journey to the Mediterranean.

Rocks and rapids give it trouble, and at Murchison Falls it is choked into a narrow spout and plunges 140 feet. We almost lose sight of it as it squirms darkly through a narrow gorge in the mountains. It changes its name as often as a Paris boulevard. First it was the Victoria Nile, then the Albert Nile, now it is known as the Bahr el Jebel, River of the Mountains.

Now it appears again and spreads to make vast swamps, the so-called Sudd, where half its water is lost through seepage and evaporation. If this half could be saved what would it mean to the Sudan and Egypt?

Here the river splits into numerous sluggish channels so choked with masses of drifting vegetation that elephants can walk across the floating islands and the obstructions must be dynamited to provide a steamer channel. The River of the Mountains is joined by the River of Giraffes and later by the River of Gazelles. The enlarged flow leaves the swamps

under the name of the White Nile because the water becomes light in colour, its sediment having been dropped in the marshes. As we lose altitude above Khartoum we see the White Nile, wan and weary, joined by the much more vigorous Blue Nile which has foamed down through deep canyons from the Alpine heights of Ethiopia.

We step out of the plane into furnace-like heat, for we have left behind us the cool geographical Equator and are now on the thermal equator.

Khartoum is the capital of the Sudan, not to be confused with the former French Sudan 2,000 miles farther west. The Sudan, long a dependency of Britain and Egypt, became an independent nation in 1956. It is a big country, one third the size of the United States, and not all desert. In fact its soil is rich and only needs water to produce bountiful crops, including long-staple cotton as fine as any in the world.

Many races and many languages make a struggling polyglot of the Sudan, and its difficulties are made more distressing by 95 per cent illiteracy. Chief of its problems is Egypt. Several times since independence drastic measures have had to be used to discourage Nasser from meddling in Sudanese politics.

Why is Nasser interested in the Sudan? The answer is in one word – water. The Sudan controls the Nile, and the Nile is the life of Egypt. The Sudan's diversion of Nile water for irrigation purposes worries Egypt. Even more disastrous than too little water would be too much. If a mischievous Sudanese Government should *open* its dams and pour out a sudden flood too great for Egypt to use, the Egyptians could lose 25 per cent of their irrigation water. Hence Nasser's ambition to control the Sudan.

The plane from Khartoum to Cairo flies much of the time directly above the Nile. The sand-dunes stretch away on both sides, wriggling and twisting like Arabic characters.

Judging from the shadows they cast, the dunes must be several hundred feet high.

Through this barren waste the Nile stretches down like an umbilical cord to Egypt and without it Egypt would not exist. She has no rivers of her own. For 1,700 miles the Nile has no tributaries.

We pass over Nubia and recall our voyage from this land in a 23-foot sailing felucca with two Nubians as crew a thousand twisting miles down the river to end in shipwreck in a cyclonic *khamzin* at the gates of Cairo.

The trip by plane is more comfortable and two months shorter. Yet it is a poor substitute for the slow progress from village to village with intimate visits in a hundred homes and thirty cups of coffee a day! Such villages seldom if ever see a non-Egyptian, and as we strolled down the main street nearly every door would pop open and we would be invited in to drink and eat. Our Nubian boatmen stayed with the boat. They thoroughly disapproved of these adventures. The Nubians do not trust the Egyptians any more than the Egyptians trust the Nubians. 'These people are all thieves,' they told us.

Storm held us up at the village of Nawasir. The mayor took us to his home for coffee. Children crowded the windows. The mayor excused their curiosity by explaining that they had never before seen an Anglo-Saxon in all their young lives.

When we returned to the felucca, we found our black boatmen very nervous. They were convinced that the people of this village were brigands. They were for putting off immediately, storm or no storm.

Put off we did, the two men rowing. Presently there was a shout from the bank. A dozen piratical-looking men of the village were calling after us. Our men bent to the oars. The pirates leaped into a small light boat and dashed after us. When they came alongside, we saw that one of them was the

mayor. He handed a huge turkey in over the gunwale.

'This is for your dinner,' he said.

Cairo is not Egypt. The sparkling modern city adores French ideas and patterns itself accordingly. It is a saying in Cairo that when an Egyptian dies he goes to Paris. But the real Egypt lives much as it has lived for 6,000 years. Anthropologist Sir Arthur Keith is of the opinion that no other people has retained its individuality over such a lengthy period.

In the village of El Aqaba a funeral was being celebrated by wailing women, screaming at the tops of their voices, dishevelled their hair, tearing their clothes, soiling themselves with dust.

It was the relief on the wall of the tomb of Ra-Mosé at Thebes come to life. In the days of the Old Kingdom, five millennia ago, death was mourned in exactly the same way.

'Don't you feel as if you had stepped back into history?' asked the young Egyptian engineer at the Binban Pumping Station.

'Well, this looks modern enough,' I said, nodding at the spruce little power-house that raises Nile water to the level of the fields.

'Yes, but look at the village. I'm an exile here. Of course I come from Cairo. I am a graduate of the Royal School of Engineering. Cairo is modern. Here I feel as if I were on another planet – an older one; in some ways a better one, perhaps, but not the one I'm used to. Come through the village and I'll show you.'

From the power-house to the village it was only thirty feet, but easily 3,000 years. The houses were made of Nile mud, the immemorial building material of the Nile Valley. Some of the best were of mud bricks. We saw men making the bricks by exactly the same method as is depicted on the tombs.

Everywhere we saw re-enacted the scenes of the ancient reliefs: the potter turning a water jar; an old man sitting under a palm tree pulling fibre from the palm trunk behind him

and twisting it into rope; women making baskets of the Third Dynasty or weaving on a Twelfth Dynasty loom; a dyer working in the old way; girls putting out the same old sun bread to rise in the same old sun.

Here is a most remarkable persistence of a racial type; and what makes it more extraordinary is that even in towns where Arabs, Turks and Greeks have mixed their blood with the old stock, the final result is not composite but Egyptian. There is something about this land ruled by the river, the sun, and the desert that stamps all men with the same brand.

We flew over the old Aswan Dam soon to be supplemented by a new and greater. The United States agreed to finance the Aswan High Dam, then withdrew its offer because of Nasser's unfriendly policies. The Soviet stepped into the breach and is building the dam. It is expected to increase arable land by one third.

It will do little good. When it is finished, population increase will have made conditions as bad as before it was begun.

'We are a nation smothered by ourselves,' said a university professor. 'Most villages do not have electric light. There is nothing for people to do after sundown except have sexual intercourse.'

Population density in the Nile Valley is the highest in the world, 1,600 to the square mile. It increases at the rate of 44 births per thousand per year (as against 24 in the U.S.A.).

Nasser is making magnificent efforts to provide more land by breaking up big estates and reclaiming land from the sea. Scientists in the field of demography believe his efforts to be misdirected. Egypt's most desperate problem is population increase. Until some courageous effort is made to solve this problem the living standards in Egyptian villages will remain the lowest in the civilized world with an average income of £29 per year.

What a land, what a history! We pass over the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak, the Valley of the Kings, the Tombs of the Nobles, the Colossi of Memnon, the lovely temple of Queen Hatshepset, the thousand-ton statue of Rameses II, the eternally astonishing Pyramids and Sphinx. We come down at Cairo to find pictures of Nasser plastered on every available wall.

'He is very popular,' a French diplomat tells us. 'Farouk and his gang only wanted to make themselves rich at the expense of Egypt. Nasser's officials today work earnestly for their country.'

We can only hope it is so, and that the qualities that made Egypt the fountainhead of all civilization in the Western world will recapture at least some of their ancient glory.

*Is the White Man Done?*

Is the white man done in Africa?

There is no doubt that Africa will be ruled by its majorities, and its majorities are dark-skinned.

Will the pigmented rulers of the new Africa have so deep an antipathy towards their former masters that the continent will be closed to European and American enterprise?

The first impulse of a newly-independent state is to get rid of all foreigners. Morocco has been replacing French officials with Moroccans. Even the United States was asked to remove its bases and has agreed to do so. Guinea gave its French population eight days to get out. The Congo drove out the Belgians in the most cruel and ruthless pogrom in the history of Africa.

Even the missionaries, the most staunch defenders of the natives, who opened schools, introduced Western medicine and offered Christian ideals in place of pagan practices were expelled with the rest.

Islam has been growing in Africa three times as fast as Christianity. Africans who import any religion are more willing to take it from disinterested Moslems than from European colonialists who, they say, have given them the Bible while at the same time stealing their land.

Evangelist Billy Graham, returning from a tour of the continent, predicts the waning of Christendom in Africa,



'with Christians fleeing into caves and catacombs to escape persecution'.

The picture is not quite so dark in former British colonies where there has been long and fairly conscientious preparation for self-government and the change has been made with considerable good-will on both sides.

In Ghana many officials are Britons hired on contract. On Nigeria's Independence Day Dr Nnamdi Azikiwe declared:

'We give credit to Britain for an imperishable legacy of the rule of law and respect for human dignity and freedom.'

Tom Mboya, leader of the campaign for an independent Kenya, wants Englishmen to stay on condition that they stay as Kenyans, not Englishmen.

Yet there is bound to be a long-lasting aftermath of bitterness, kept alive by the inhuman treatment of blacks in the Republic of South Africa and to a lesser extent in the Rhodesias.

The United States, though it has never been numbered among the colonial powers, will not be much more popular so long as it continues to make the front page of African newspapers with stories of discrimination against the American negro.

The one white man in a position to reap the fruits of African independence is the Russian Communist. He knows no colour bar. He has never made slaves of black men. He is innocent of colonialism in Africa.

It is the sourest irony that the world's greatest colonial power should be regarded in Africa as the champion of oppressed peoples. Soviet propaganda has been so successful that Africa is blissfully ignorant of the subjugation by the Soviet and Chinese Communist colonial empires of the Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, East Germans, Poles, Czechoslovaks, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Armenians, Georgians, Azerbaijanis, Uzbeks, Turkmen, Kirgiz, Tadzhiks, Kazakhs, Tartars, Yakuts, Buryats, North Koreans, North Vietnamese and Northern Laotians.

As a matter of fact, Africans are not opposed to colonialism so long as it is practised upon someone else. They themselves are prepared to practise it. Morocco claims Mauritania, Ghana puts the squeeze on Togo, the French Congo declares its intention of ultimately taking over the former Belgian Congo, Somalia demands a chunk of Ethiopia, Egypt covets the Sudan.

But since Russia has a clean slate south of the Mediterranean she is able to assume the role of Africa's fairy godmother. She is taking full advantage of her opportunity. She came promptly to Egypt's relief with a loan of £33,000,000 when the United States renounced the Aswan project.

When France threw Guinea to the wolves, the wolves turned out to be Russians. Under the guise of angels of mercy, diplomats and technicians were at once flown in from the Soviet and her satellites. Guinea's trade was diverted to the East. The Communists immediately built a radio-station with a strong enough signal to propagandize most of the African continent.

President Touré of Guinea appealed to the U.S. for weapons to arm his police force. The State Department did not even acknowledge the request. Within two weeks Soviet planes were bringing in firearms, ammunition and police uniforms. Again Touré appealed to the United States, this time for American teachers, since he wished English to become Guinea's second language. The U.S. Information Agency sent one teacher. The Soviet sent more than could be used. Also she transported 300 Guineans to Russia for training. An £11,600,000 loan came from Moscow, ostensibly with no strings attached. Czechs were flown in to take advisory jobs in the Ministries of Economy, Plan and Finance. Czechs run the airport. Czech officers instruct the army. A Pole is adviser in the Bureau of Mines. Sixty Chinese agronomists are on the job. Russian cartographers make maps of Guinea's bauxite deposits, the world's largest, and rich iron reserves. Russia

needs both bauxite and iron.

All over Africa much the same thing is happening wherever the departing colonial powers have left a vacuum. Markets and natural resources are being pre-empted by the Soviets. Soviet embassies are established with amazing speed and staffed about seven to one in comparison with the American – if there is any American representation at all.

‘Beware, Africa,’ booms the Communist radio. ‘America bargains for your soul. Don’t let the West invest. White Americans seek by investment at high interest to bind you in serfdom.’

Moscow has created a mammoth African Research Centre. African languages are being introduced in Leningrad University. Textbooks on Zulu, Swahili and Amharic are already available. Students must learn to speak at least two African tongues. Soon Moscow University will also teach African languages.

More than a thousand African students are already enrolled in schools in Moscow, Kiev, Odessa and Leningrad, and special institutes in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Leipzig and East Berlin. Communist trade and cultural missions have been established in Ghana, Guinea, the Sudan, Nigeria, Senegal and Cameroun.

And these are only a very few examples of Soviet penetration, the full story of which would weary the most patient reader.

Of course the new countries of Africa do not want a Communist master. But they desperately need help and if they cannot get it from one quarter they must take it from another. They may consider themselves neutral, but being inexperienced in international politics and the ways and wiles of economic penetration they are apt to realize too late that they have taken on the yoke of a new colonialism.

With aid pouring in from Russia, the new Governments will hardly be inclined to block Soviet projects on the floor of

the United Nations. This could be a grave threat to the free world. Twenty-five African nations now send delegates to the United Nations. This is the largest single bloc in the organization, outstripping that of the twenty-one American republics.

The Africans and Asians make common cause against the white world. Together they command forty-six votes, while the combined European and Latin American blocs can muster only forty-eight.

If the Afro-Asian group should make common cause with the Soviets, we would have complex European and world issues decided by the backward and inexperienced small nations of Africa and the Orient.

Comments the *Milan Corriere della Sera*, 'Substantially, the United Nations is about to become an uninhabitable place for free and advanced countries, for the basic reason that they are becoming a small minority.'

But it is not inevitable that Africa and Asia should be swept away by Soviet 'good-will'. Britain through the years has built up much good-will. France by liberating most of her African possessions has won favour, diluted only by her reluctance to free Algeria. The United States is well able to extend both financial and technical aid, but may need to be more adept about it than in the past to avoid the resentment that those who are given help so often feel towards the giver.

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*Night and Day*

How dark is dark Africa? When can we expect the dawn?

A mammy in a Congolese market sat behind a broad tray filled with meat cut into small pieces. An inquisitive policeman studied the contents of the tray. Then he picked up a piece the size of a child's finger. It *was* a child's finger.

At the police station, the woman admitted that the meat was the flesh of a young girl. 'But she died of a disease,' she insisted. 'We did not kill her.'

Richard Wright, an American negro author deeply sympathetic with the Africans, asked an African doctor educated in England and Germany and now stationed in Kumasi, Ghana:

'Does human sacrifice still exist?'

He was told that it does. It is not publicized. The authorities discourage Press reports of the practice. Ghana naturally prefers to be considered a thoroughly modern and civilized nation.

But the belief persists, particularly in the great Ashanti tribe, that the ghosts of ancestors haunt and harry the living. They can be appeased only by blood. Whose blood, does not matter. Any person walking down a lonely lane may be seized, knifed through the cheeks and tongue so that he

cannot cry out, then decapitated and his blood collected in a pan. The bones of the ancestor are bathed in the blood and the rite is accompanied by the chant:

‘Venerable ancestor, we give you strength and comfort.’

A British doctor who preferred to remain anonymous verified this story. He reminded Mr Wright that it has always been and still is Government policy to interfere as little as possible with the religious habits of the people. For example, they consider their chiefs semi-divine and therefore capable of great mischief after they die. They can be quieted only by the sacrifice of many persons. After the slaughter is completed the police collect as much as a barrellful of human heads and cart them to the police station. The killers are seldom arrested – they have only done what they were required to do by tradition and religious custom.

And if the Asantehene (King) should die all the paramount chiefs of Ashanti would have to provide victims. At such a time citizens who care for their lives stay indoors until the sacrifice is completed.

And all this happens, not in some remote pocket of savagery, but in Ghana, one of the most modern and advanced nations of the ‘new’ Africa.

The world expects great things of Nigeria. With 40,000,000 people, it is the largest nation black or white on the entire continent. It has enlightened and highly trained leadership. It is expected to play the leading role in pan-African affairs. As the world’s greatest black nation, it may well be the spokesman for all negroes everywhere.

And yet cases of cannibalism are still reported in Nigeria. In the back country the housewife who wishes to be sure that she is not buying human meat will select a piece with a bit of animal hide attached. The secretary to Nigeria’s Prime Minister admitted to a visitor that she believes in *juju*, death by sorcery. This in the office of a deeply respected statesman educated in England and the United States. Missionaries

have reported the grinding of human skulls into powder to be devoured like sugar. Persistent and unavailing efforts have been made to stamp out the Leopard Society, the members of which dress in leopard skins, leap upon the unwary and tear them apart with metal claws. Leopard murders rose to a peak in 1947 and seventy of the killers were caught and executed. A postmaster opened a suspicious-looking package to find parts of a dismembered girl being sent to friends on the coast as a Christmas present. An inland hospital employed an ex-cannibal as a medical assistant because he had learned from personal experience the nature of human organs and how to dissect the joints of the body. Human meat is referred to as 'intelligent meat'. Animal meat is 'non-intelligent meat'. Intelligent meat is preferable because the one who dines upon it absorbs the intelligence of the deceased.

Constant warfare is waged against cannibalism and related barbarities, yet they form part of the living memory and heritage of the Nigerian people, the largest and most advanced black nation on earth.

When Kenya becomes independent she will be dominated by her most Westernized tribe, the Kikuyu, who in the Mau Mau barbarities as recently as 1952 disembowelled white women, cut babies in half, extracted eyeballs and drank the liquid from them, sawed off heads, amputated genitals, forced initiates to take the killer's oath in a ceremony which required them to eat a ritual dinner of human brains, blood, excrement and sheep's eyes and to practise obscenities beyond description. The death roll of this outbreak numbered some 20,000.

The terrorists were reorganized in 1958 under a new name and 350 arrests were made in the first four months of that year, bringing the uprising temporarily under control. It is not dead but smouldering. Children have been indoctrinated in terrorist philosophy and the effect on character and behaviour

can be expected to endure for generations.

The point is that these are not ignorant, primitive savages. They are among the most progressive tribes of East Africa. They wear European clothes, read and write, drive cars. Many are mission-educated. Some have been to Europe.

These three lands are the bright spots in the African scene. Nigeria, Ghana and Kenya are the hope of Africa.

Then what can be said of the really dark spots – Guinea, Gambia, Dahomey, Cameroun, Gabon, Angola, Bechuana-land, South Africa, Mozambique, Nyasaland, Uganda, Somalia, Sudan?

We expect too much of Africa. The distinguished ebony gentlemen in well-tailored dark suits and Homburgs, speaking perfect English or French, behaving most creditably for their countries on the floor of the United Nations, impeccably mannered, sharing the civilized astonishment when Krushchev beats on the desk with his fists, carrying themselves well in interviews on TV and radio, convey the impression that the countries they represent are quite in step with the most advanced. The delusion is fostered by sentimental Americans who have seen liberty succeed in their own country and see no reason why it should not succeed in Africa, forgetting that the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock had centuries of civilization behind them. It is fostered too by the many thousands of talented and devoted colonial officials, especially the district officers who have laboured unceasingly to bring light into dark places and like to believe that they have succeeded.

But the period of training has been too brief. British rule was not firmly established in Ghana until 1901. Nigeria became a colony in 1900, Kenya in 1920. The Congo had been a Belgian colony since 1908. France did not come into complete control of Morocco until 1933. The Union of South Africa



was formed in 1910. In only rare cases have African territories been under civilized tutelage for more than a hundred years. What does this amount to against a background of more than two millennia? Two or three generations are not enough to change habits entrenched by twenty centuries of custom. After the long night it was not day that came but only a few flashes of light to be succeeded now by night almost as dark as before.

When can we expect day to come?

Even the record of African nations which have had plenty of time to prove themselves is not reassuring. Liberia has become notorious for corruption and inefficiency. It has been an independent nation for more than a century. The Kingdom of Ethiopia reaches so far back that its origin is lost in the mists of pre-history, yet tourists are not allowed to take pictures in the streets of Addis Ababa lest the outside world see the squalid conditions in the city of the King of Kings.

Even Egypt, mother of civilization, harbours superstitions that have persisted since before the time of the Pharaohs.

A woman who had lost twenty-two children explained to me why she was letting her little son's hair grow in a braid down his back. The 'Afrit' would think him a girl and let him alone.

Three pounds of charms burdened one baby, the last of eighteen children whose talismans had been removed one by one from their dead bodies and placed upon this final hope.

Age-old charms were worn by all villagers and even hung on automobiles as a protection against the Evil Eye.

A superstition some six millennia old is the dread of the sister under the ground. One does not dare throw out water without asking permission of the sister under the ground. It is wise to keep the children dirty so that the sister under the ground will not want them and take them away. If a child

stumbles, humour the sister under the ground by saying to the child, 'You're falling on someone better than yourself.'

The poverty of the Egyptian fellahin is unbelievable: three quarters of the population cannot read or write, disease takes a heavy toll, infant mortality is 129 per thousand (as against 29 in the United States).

When a missionary doctor advised an Egyptian mother not to feed bread and meat to a child four months old, the woman said:

'What do you know about children? Haven't I buried nine?'

But if the sentimental optimists expect too much from Africa, the equally sentimental pessimists who declare scornfully that the African has never amounted to anything and never will may also have to revise their opinions. The African has made astonishing progress in the last fifty years. He has had help, but he has also had hindrance, for, after all, the main objective of the colonialists has not been to advance the Africans but to make a profit on their investment. Many officials thought it dangerous to educate the blacks; others realized it was more dangerous not to.

Schools have multiplied, but not fast enough to keep up with the increase in population. The African demand for education is overwhelming. Sir Charles Dundas, after forty years in the Colonial Service, writes in *African Crossroads*:

'Even children asked for more schools for, unlike our own juveniles, African youngsters are eager for schooling, and they go to school keen to learn. Once I incurred the displeasure of the pupils in a school by asking that they be given a holiday. What, they asked, had they done to annoy me that they should be denied coming to school? To my horror I found that even in the vicinity of Uganda's capital young children tramped daily up to twelve miles to get to school.'

But, says the pessimist, how about the little matter of

basic intelligence? The negro is an inferior being. He is the missing link between ape and man.

Anthropologists do not agree. Measuring skulls and mental patterns, they rate the negro on an average with the rest of mankind. As for the relation between a black skin and anthropoid ancestry, they point out that a newly born African baby is not black, but pink. The frizzy hair of Africans is not so ape-like as straight hair. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in respect to hair the white man stands in closer relation to the higher apes than does the negro.

Writes anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer: 'It may be said as a generalization that the darker the skin, the farther evolved epidermically from the ape. The European with his coarsely hairy skin and straight lanky hair is uncomfortably simian; the Oriental is a less hairy animal, but it is only the negro with his almost complete absence of body-hair and his short, curly head-hair whose surface does not recall the ape's.'

Certainly many Africans, like many Americans or Englishmen, are stupid. Others seem stupid only because we fail to understand them. The less intelligent the white man is, the more stupid he thinks the African. And does the white man ever ask himself how stupid he himself might appear if he had been raised in an illiterate home, denied schooling and enough food to hold brains and body together? Many of the African's deficiencies are due to environment, not lack of basic intelligence.

A South African professor who came to Uganda to examine Makerere College medical students found that they did better than his own European students in Cape Town. In Nigeria and Ghana Africans compare well with European students in equivalent courses.

Speaking of educated blacks in South Africa, Stuart Cloete says:

'Such people know themselves to be superior in education, and as citizens, to many of the lower class and more degraded

white men. This is an incontrovertible fact, yet they are officially regarded as inferior to them.'

An American doctor in Zululand tells how white medical students who had come to his hospital to gain experience in obstetrics were coached by a black nurse. 'Now, Doctor, do you want this knife?' she would ask quietly. A little later, 'Do you want these scissors, Doctor?' And then, 'Do you want to tie here, Doctor?' And the young white medicos never seemed to suspect that they had actually received their instructions from the little black nurse.

In Tanganyika European veterinarians take lessons from African cattlemen. In the engineering shops of the Union Minière at Jadotville, Congo, more than a thousand highly skilled Africans do precisely the same work as the European craftsmen, though paid only a fraction of their wage.

A good mind requires a good body. In physical strength the negro who has escaped disease and hunger is often superior to the white. On safari the white sportsman carrying nothing but himself has difficulty in keeping up with black porters bowed under heavy loads. A Kikuyu woman will carry 200 pounds of firewood from the forest to her fireside (a donkey carries 100 pounds). On the West Coast negro divers can remain submerged without air two or three times as long as their white companions.

In Kano, Nigeria, a woman carrying a heavy basket stopped, put down the basket, squatted down and had a child. A benevolent white bystander called an ambulance. By the time it arrived the woman had already placed the basket on her head with the baby in it and proceeded on her way to market.

Morally, the African has standards quite different from those of Europe but not necessarily inferior. Discerning missionaries have found that putting clothes on a naked forest-dweller does not automatically turn him into a respectable citizen. Some explorers have gone so far as to say

of the African, 'The more naked, the more moral'. It is at least true that it is dangerous to 'civilize' the African too abruptly. It is the African who has been torn away violently from the customs and taboos of his tribe who is apt to get into trouble with the police.

The African has his own peculiar virtues, understood only by those who have lived with him long and intimately. Albert Schweitzer quotes with approval a white timber-trader who said to him:

'What a good thing it is that the negroes have better characters than we have.'

Schweitzer has found that the Africans 'have an inner life which we should never have suspected in them. Anyone who has once arrived at knowing the inner personality of the African knows that he has a fine nature in spite of his curious weak points and faults. During the many years in which I have had to do with negroes, I have learned to respect and value them, and I believe this will be the experience of every European who associates with them not alone as a superior but as a human being.'

The intelligence, skill, strength and character of the African hold promise for the long future. But they do not mean that he is immediately ready for self-government. The step from tribal organization to national organization is extraordinarily difficult.

African leaders in the independence movement know perfectly well that Africans are not ready to assume the responsibilities of nationhood. Some do not care, so long as they can seize power. Others sincerely believe it is better to stumble and fumble than not to move at all.

It's like marriage, they say. If you wait until you are emotionally, educationally and financially ready for it, by that time the girl has married someone else.

One learns to swim in water, not on land. To learn to fly, the bird must leave the nest. Tom Mboya claims that once

people have the responsibility of self-government they do everything they can as fast as possible to improve their lot and their opportunities.

Whatever we may think of Africa's sudden plunge into self-government, the plunge has been made and we must live with it. We cannot view the immediate future with much hope, nor the long future with complete despair. It is quite probable that Africa during the next hundred years will have more internal troubles than any other continent on earth. The internal troubles will cause external troubles, possibly even the disruption of the United Nations, and world war.

These eventualities can be avoided only by wise statesmanship, profound understanding of the African's own difficulties, and appreciation of the increasing contributions he will make to society as time goes on. The negro definitely has something to give and we can use it to advantage.

The remark of the sympathetic mayor of a Tennessee town is applicable the world over as well as in Tennessee:

'If you want to get good music out of a piano, you have to play both the white and black keys.'

## *Travel Note*

A few comments on travel in Africa may be of use to prospective visitors to this continent.

Travel in Europe is a simple matter. Even a trip around the world is easily arranged. But Africa seems difficult, dark, dangerous. It is supposed to be a land of bloody chaos, primitive transportation, poor accommodation, blistering heat, mysterious diseases, cannibalistic savages who prefer white meat, steaming jungles, man-eating leopards and lions, rogue elephants, red-eyed rhinos, strangling pythons, spitting cobras and – most to be dreaded – virulent insects.

The prosaic truth is that the visitor, if he merely takes the trouble to avoid certain disturbed areas, may travel as comfortably and safely in Africa as in France or Sweden.

There are many ways to visit Africa. One is by ship, making a complete circuit of the continent. One is by plane direct to some point, say Nairobi, where a safari may be fitted out for a jungle journey. And one is our way.

Our way served our purpose – it may not serve yours. It is possibly the best way for one who wishes to get an overall idea of the entire continent. It makes use of the round-trip-with-stopovers plan offered by most airlines.

We bought tickets from Palm Springs, California to Johannesburg and return. Whether no ‘stopovers’ were to be made or many, the rate was the same. The only condition

was that the round trip be completed within a year.

We requested 'stopovers' – thirty-eight of them. That meant thirty-nine flights, one coupon for each. The coupons were attached end to end making each ticket ten and a half feet long! We were entitled to 'stop over' in Los Angeles, New York, Lisbon, Madrid, Tangier, Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakesh, Dakar, Conakry, Robertsfield, Abidjan, Accra, Lagos, Douala, Port Gentil, Lambaréné, Brazzaville, Victoria Falls, Johannesburg, Lourenço Marques, Beira, Lumbo, Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Arusha, Nairobi, Entebbe, Khartoum, Cairo, Istanbul, Athens, Rome, Zurich, Brussels, Copenhagen, Los Angeles.

Each of these stops was a hub from which to radiate in any or all directions by hired car (self-drive or chauffeur-driven), bus or steamer; for example, from Lambaréné by dugout canoe to the mission station of Albert Schweitzer; from Brazzaville across the Congo River to the Congo and upstream by stern-wheeler to the back of beyond; from Victoria Falls by local plane over the wild game country of Bechuanaland, South-West Africa and the Rhodesias; from Johannesburg by bus to the Kruger National Park; from Beira by guide-driven car to the unbelievable Gorongosa animal country; from Nairobi by self-drive to three great wild-game haunts including the famed Treetops; from Entebbe on a self-drive auto-safari to the lands of the Watussi and the pygmies, the inner Congo, Albert Park, Queen Elizabeth Park, the Mountains of the Moon.

It must be said that by and large Africa is not a land of good roads. Some are excellent, others are tortuous trails through mud or dust and sometimes blocked by irritable elephants.

But the traveller may pick and choose. He may select the admixture of comfort and discomfort that best suits his spirit of adventure and state of decrepitude. He may live on the fat of the land, or on blood and bone. If he so elects, he need never



leave the asphalt. One of the greatest wild-animal preserves in the world is just outside the city limits of Nairobi. One may spend an early-morning hour with the lions, hippos and giraffes and get back in time for breakfast.

And what a breakfast! The visitor to this rich continent lives high. Most of Africa escaped the two great wars. While Europe was stripped bare, Africa waxed strong. The traveller is astonished by the superabundance of tempting food.

Hotels in British Africa serve a seven-course breakfast, a nine-course lunch and a nine-course dinner – not to mention early morning tea, mid-morning tea, high tea in the afternoon, and, if you are equal to it, a bedtime snack. The cuisine is English, but far and away better than we had experienced in an 8,000-mile tour of Britain. Lodgings too are superior. Surprisingly fine, fresh, modern hotels are to be found even in the remote back country. In five months of travel we were poorly lodged but once.

Perhaps that is not so astonishing after all when one reflects that this is a new country, most of it opened less than a century ago, its hotels built within the last decade or two and incorporating as a matter of course such modern conveniences as the private bath, still unknown in many of the country inns of Europe.

Climate? It is impossible to make an overall tour of Africa and have perfect weather everywhere. However, no other continent has so little temperature variation during the year.

Balanced on the Equator which knows neither winter nor summer, and surrounded by seas which tend to equalize the climate, Africa may be visited at any time of the year. After several African journeys we have come to prefer the months from May to October. True, this lands you in Johannesburg in mid-winter, but it is a Californian winter, crisp, snowless and bracing.

As for tropical Africa, it is no sweltering inferno. Africa in general is a plateau, lying at an average elevation of some

4,000 feet. The Equator, which we crossed eight times during this journey, never gave us a temperature above 80° F. As a matter of fact the line of the greatest heat does not lie along the Equator but some ten degrees north of it. Khartoum is really hot, and the great Sahara thinks nothing of a mercury reading of 130°. But the Saharan furnace is walled off by the Atlas Mountains from the lands bordering the Mediterranean. Tangier we found cooler than Madrid. Morocco has been called 'a cold country with a hot sun'.

If the traveller wishes to avoid the climatic discomforts of Africa he will skip the Sahara and not spend too great a time in the countries under Africa's western bulge. The shores picturesquely named the Grain Coast, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, though intensely interesting because of the experiments in independence to be seen in Guinea, Liberia, Ghana, Nigeria and Cameroun, are so steaming hot that drip-dry will not dry and shoes may take on a coat of green mould in a night. But even here there are modern hotels that mitigate the heat with air-conditioning and running ice-water.

Health? In Lisbon my wife had dysentery and I followed suit in Madrid. 'Traveller's Complaint' was taken for granted. In hotel lobbies one heard tourist query tourist: 'How's your plumbing?'

We expected worse in Africa. Actually we did not know one moment of gastric discomfort in five months of Africa.

Africa is rife with terrifying diseases: malaria, filariasis, sleeping sickness, hookworm, bilharziasis, blackwater fever, yellow fever, relapsing fever, smallpox, framboesia, leprosy, bubonic plague . . . The visitor may share these afflictions if he lives in a mud hut in a jungle village. The average visitor does not. He carries his own world with him, and, if he is inoculated, as required, against smallpox, typhus and yellow fever, and takes his anti-malarial chloroquine weekly, he is quite likely to enjoy his usual good health, or better.

Cecil Rhodes went to Africa prepared to die. He got well,

returned to England and entered Oxford University. Again his health broke down and his doctors gave him six months to live. He returned to Africa, recovered and became one of the great builders of the continent. Thousands of white immigrants to the dark continent could tell more or less similar stories.

Wars, riots and savage beasts? At the present moment there is civil war in Algeria. Yet the visitor to Algiers is not aware that there is any trouble unless he reads the newspapers. There is a fantastic struggle for power in the Congo of the gravest economic and political significance, yet the actual total of casualties to date is less than the annual traffic toll in New York City. One has about the same chance of becoming involved in African troubles as of being molested in Chicago. Either is possible, neither is probable.

As for wild beasts, they are as dangerous as taxis in Times Square. This means they constitute a real hazard not to be taken too lightly. Every year a few visitors who do not observe ordinary precautions are killed by charging elephants, rhinos, buffaloes or lions. Only a little common-sense is necessary to avoid such accidents.

By far the most dangerous of Africa's savage creatures are the mosquito and the fly. Yet during our dry-season journey mosquito nets were hung over the beds in only four inns, we dined in open terraces, rode jungle trails with open car-windows, and our one and only tsetse lit on my arm and was shooed away by our gunbearer before I could get a good look at it.

This is not to say that hazards do not exist, but they are readily met and serve only to give piquancy to the experience. Our own conclusion, after some thirty years of travel in 105 countries, is that the African journey is the most fascinating and rewarding to be made on this planet – the trip of a lifetime.

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